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CRITICAL STUDIES
AND
FRAGMENTS

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DUCKWORTH & CO.
COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.



Arthur Strong
at the age of 39
A portrait by Marshall Smith

CRITICAL STUDIES AND FRAGMENTS

BY THE LATE

S. ARTHUR STRONG, M.A.

LIBRARIAN TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND AT CHATSWORTH
PROFESSOR OF ARABIC AND LECTURER IN ASSYRILOGY
AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

WITH A MEMOIR

BY

LORD BALCARRES, M.P.

*FOUR PORTRAITS
AND NUMEROUS
ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONDON: DUCKWORTH AND CO.
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NOTE



ORDIAL thanks are due to the Editors of the "Times," the "Morning Post," the "Athenæum," the "Academy," the "Guardian," the "Realm," the "Art Journal," the "Architectural Review;" to the Open Court Publishing Co. of Chicago, to the Editor and Publishers of the "Quarterly Review," to the Editor and Publishers of "Longman's Magazine," to the late Sir Wemys Reid, former editor of the "Speaker," for permission to reprint the articles or reviews which first appeared in their periodicals. The Editors of the "Art Journal" and of the "Architectural Review" have, in addition, lent the blocks for the illustrations to the articles on the Lorenzo Lotto and the Diptych of Richard II at Wilton. His Grace the Duke of Portland has generously allowed the essay prefixed to Mr. Strong's "Catalogue of Letters and Documents at Welbeck" to be separately reproduced here, while Lady Wantage has given a similar permission in the case of Mr. Strong's Preface to her own Catalogue of the pictures at Lockinge House. Mr. Franz Hanfstängl of Munich, the Berlin Photographic Company, Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, and the publishers of the present volume have, in the same way, allowed the Prefaces contributed by Mr. Strong to the large publications issued by them of pictures or drawings in English private collections to be reprinted. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire has, with his usual kindness, allowed a selected list of one hundred books from the purchases made by Mr. Strong for the Library at Chatsworth to be given as an Appendix. This short but interesting list has been drawn up by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum from slips prepared by Miss Mary E. Lowndes.

As Mr. Strong never kept a record, and scarcely ever a copy of anything that he wrote, it is to be feared that even important

articles may have escaped the search of the present editor. The majority of the articles, written previous to 1897, have been traced with difficulty, by the help of old proofs, old rough copies, pencilled notes or remarks casually made by Mr. Strong himself. It was only after 1897—the year of his marriage—that any regular record of his writings was kept.

Last, but not least, the Countess Feodora Gleichen, Monsieur Alphonse Legros, and Sir Charles Holroyd, have permitted reproductions of portraits which will, at the same time, serve as records of three of Strong's most valued friendships.

The frontispiece is from one of several admirable photographs taken by Miss Caswall Smith ("Gainsborough Studio"), only three months before Arthur Strong's illness took the fatal turn.

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. . . the distinguished gentleman, one of our most eminent scholars, the Librarian of the House of Lords. . . .

SIR WILLIAM HAROURT in the HOUSE OF COMMONS,
April 18th, 1898.

. . . . Strong's critical powers were of the highest and rarest order, whether exercised in the domain of philology, literature or art. On every subject handled by him he threw a flood of light. . . . Perhaps the most striking feature of his character was its sturdy independence. His individuality was so marked that he was uninfluenced by environment and without any kind of self-assertion or evidence of his native scorn for Philistinism, his personality could not fail to receive its due recognition. He was perfectly simple and without affectation, his only object in life being the vindication of truth. . . . Leighton and Acton we have lost, and now the premature death of Strong inflicts an irreparable loss on English culture.

LORD REAY before the ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY,
February 9th, 1904.

THE House has to deplore the death of Mr. S. Arthur Strong, its distinguished Librarian.

The greatness and variety of his intellectual gifts and accomplishments, as evidenced by his works and universally recognized, render his premature death a severe loss to literature and art.

In the Library, where he placed his vast stores of knowledge at the disposal of the Peers, his work included the compilation of two Catalogues, one of the General Library and one of the Law Books, to the latter of which, under the direction of the Lord Chancellor, he made many important additions.

Report from the Select Committee on the HOUSE
OF LORDS OFFICES, August, 1904.

MEMOIR



T is fitting that this volume of essays should be preceded by a general sketch of Arthur Strong's personality—a sketch indicative of the lines upon which a remarkable biography may one day be written. The task is exceptionally difficult. One frequently has to record the uneven struggle between powerful intellect and delicate physique, or how ambition gains the mastery over environment. In this case one must also account for the paradox of concurrent fame and obscurity. Strong was a man of many friends but of few intimates, though only those who knew him intimately knew also how influential he had been in the world of learning, and was fast becoming in that of politics. Yet even where he led, he remained to a great extent anonymous, from necessity at first and afterwards from choice. He liked inspiring books, composing political speeches, coining epigrams, directing the trend of criticism, and not unfrequently deciding the turn of affairs, while remaining himself in the background. As yet nothing of this can be told in detail, though the material is not wanting. Letters, which as a rule form the biographer's main resource, can only be drawn on here to a very limited extent, for in the matter of correspondence, as in so much else, Strong knew no middle way, the brevity of his letters being proverbial among his friends. In the one case—it was perhaps

isolated—in which he chose to unbend towards his correspondent, he wrote on every conceivable topic, with a mingled vigour and freedom which confer on these letters an unsurpassed charm and interest, but which make their publication impossible for many years to come. There were, however, outstanding features in Strong's short but crowded life—how short it was many of his friends scarcely realized, for his profound learning and mature judgment were apt to conceal his youth: in fact, he was only forty years old when he died.

His first years of boyhood were spent at St. Paul's School, where he was unhappy; then at the age of fifteen he went into Lloyd's, where he unconsciously laid the foundations of a rare commercial perspicacity and knowledge of "business" conditions, which latterly bore unexpected fruit when fiscal and industrial problems came to the forefront of British politics. Though not disliking his City life, he was haunted by dreams of an University career, and found time, though at the cost of already failing health, to keep up his studies and to attend classes at King's College. He left Lloyd's in 1880, after a period of mental high pressure, and in October, 1881, matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. A bad start led to an indifferent degree. After taking the second part of the Tripos in June, 1885, he moved to Oxford in November of the same year, on being selected for a post in the Indian Institute, where he remained three years working under Sir Monier Williams, Max Müller, and Professor Sayce. After a sojourn abroad, mainly in Berlin, where he continued his Oriental studies under Schrader, and in Paris, where he enjoyed the uncommon privilege of Renan's friendship and hospitality, he returned to England. Ade-

quate academic recognition was still denied him. Though elected a Hutchinson student at St. John's, he was twice disappointed of a Fellowship, nor did he secure nomination to an Oriental Chair either at Oxford or Cambridge.

It was not till 1895 that he became Professor of Arabic at University College, London. In the same year he was made Librarian at Chatsworth to the Duke of Devonshire. In 1896 the Duke of Portland gave him a similar position at Welbeck, and he was finally appointed Librarian to the House of Lords in March, 1897, an honourable post which he occupied to the end of his life, nearly seven years later.

From the time he left Cambridge onwards Strong's literary activity, if intermittent, was yet considerable. In reality he produced more than most people imagined, for his contributions were mostly unsigned or issued in the transactions of learned societies with which the public is unfamiliar; while in later years much of his labour, owing to the nature of his official duties, went into Calendars and Catalogues, and as such attracted no special attention. Considering the disability imposed by constant ill-health and the early age at which he died, the amount of his work and the vast range of interests which it covers, may well come as a surprise, though its high quality and ripe wisdom will surprise none who were acquainted with the writer. Rather may it be urged that these papers—incidentally provoked and not deliberate studies of chosen themes—cannot entirely disclose his individuality. They indicate and reveal it, no doubt, in brilliant sentences and finished verdicts, but do not give it complete expression. In truth, Strong belonged to a class of men whose genius is more fully shown in their actual personality than in their

writings, who survive even more as sources of inspiration than by virtue of positive achievement. Though forced by the conditions of his life to produce, Strong's creative impulse, too swiftly satisfied in an imaginative flash, was hampered by something of the dreamer's detachment. Moreover, he had the secretiveness of the born collector, who keeps his finest treasures concealed lest they come in contact with apathy or indifference; though he was none the less prodigal of time and trouble to all who sought his assistance or advice. The sensitiveness which made him shrink from publicity was counterbalanced by a stern virility, not of course so clearly shown in his literary work as in his conversation and political views. As Librarian to the House of Lords his political ability and insight were promptly recognized. Members of both Houses and of both parties eagerly sought his counsel in conversation, and at times his help in the composition of their speeches. Few could have been prepared to find that the ascetic-looking scholar of thirty-four was an accomplished and acute politician, showing a grasp of domestic and continental problems which won him the friendship of men holding the most divergent views and positions in the political world.

He scorned the "Mandarin," whether in literature, politics, or art; his quiet humour was alike aimed at the *clique* and the *claque*, but though often sarcastic he was never cynical. At all times of his life he kept aloof from every kind of *côterie*. If this caused him to be often suppressed or ignored, it also gave him the freedom which was necessary for the exercise of his genius. The power conferred by his extensive learning and knowledge made it difficult to attack him: it was easier and more safe to

neglect him. Fortunately, in spite of an almost abnormal sensitiveness, he had early steeled himself against the indifference and hostility of criticism. The sense of compromise, a source of strength to some, and a sign of weakness in others, was utterly absent from his nature. This fearlessness and independence may perhaps have made him dictatorial at times, preventing his complete success in society, to which he offered the best of himself: and yet he made warm friendships among those who might be supposed to have little sympathy for intellectual achievement. There was a curious lack of prejudice or prepossession which justified his uncompromising attitude, for one felt that his detached and critical mind had weighed things in the balance before passing judgment. "*Je suis un intransigeant*," he used to say laughingly of himself, thus explaining his sympathy for whatever may have been uncompromising—the Roman Catholic Church, for instance, or the Free-thinking movement. He shared Macchiavelli's admiration for Cesare Borgia, and was ready to admit that political murder had often served worthy ends. These views almost reconciled him to the annihilation of the Obrenovitch dynasty at Belgrade, which was so thorough as to emulate the uncompromising excesses of the Byzantine Empire. Yet his orderly mind protested against all cataclysm. There was a latent regret that the French Revolution, the Reformation, the introduction of Christianity itself, should each have dealt in so harsh and remorseless a fashion with the orders which they displaced. But these views of things were never exaggerated and seldom expressed. Himself a strong Conservative, he was too shrewd and reasonable not to accept inevitable change; what he really pleaded for was that the old order should

pass away with dignity, retaining to the last those things which had made it great, while for himself he used to add, "When these things go I had rather go too, for we shall have to get worse before we get better." Any tendency to extremes was held in check by a passionate patriotism which was backed by the historian's knowledge and a love of England, from its cathedrals and its palaces, to its villages and its country lanes. His local knowledge was varied and complete, and his astonishing experience in the bye-ways of learning, such as the study of entomology, enhanced the pleasure and interest he took in the country. Nowhere was he happier or more himself than among the Norfolk broads, or on that Hampshire border of the New Forest where he spent the best holidays of his later years. He was delightful also when pioneering some sympathetic friend through the great collections of Chatsworth or Devonshire House, of Wilton or of Welbeck. Only once was this loyalty to England eclipsed by the melancholy majesty of Rome. Of his first visit there in the spring of 1897 he writes:

Rome has left a deeper impression upon me than I expected, and England, now that I view it with a new eye, looks ugly and forbidding as it never looked before. How easy death seemed in Italy, and how much the better part!

His habitual preference for England was due, indeed, to no insensibility to the magic exercised by other lands, as another letter shows. He writes from England to a friend in Italy:

I am afraid that a visit to Italy is now out of the question. Strange to say, though I have never been there, I seem to know some of it by heart, and your little sketch of the Tuscan villa with the distant Duomo had the effect upon me of a piece of poetry which I once knew, but had since half forgotten.

But the seat of Strong's affections was in England; his patriotism was so deeply rooted that he gave his full assent to national movements elsewhere, when a state had to take the precedence of an individual. Thus, vicarious patriotism made him an Anti-Dreyfusard, not, indeed, from any specific belief in the guilt of the chief victim of that drama, but because he felt that the agitation in favour of revision was conducted by those whose love of France was less keen than that of their zealous opponents: perhaps some vein of French blood in him may have intensified his opinions. To him as to Charles Lamb, "a Hebrew was nowhere congenial," but his political hatred of the Jew in general was in singular contrast to his tolerance and admiration for individual Jews. On two memorable occasions, when scholarly and not political interests were at stake, he was found to cast his influence (and it proved decisive) in favour of Jewish *savants*, against an action which he held to savour of persecution.

He was singularly impersonal both in his likes and dislikes, which invariably sprang from intellectual rather than personal causes. Of a loveable disposition, he was yet a man of few affections in the ordinary sense of the word. His interest in people was mostly measured by the intellectual stimulus he derived from their company: but this gave an added intensity to his affections when once aroused. His friends have not forgotten his anguish at the death of Renan, and it was from the depths of his sorrow that he wrote as follows, continuing a conversation he had had about Renan a few hours before:

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth must have spoken. You can imagine how my thoughts turn in that direction now, when between me and what was in reality the only home my spirit

ever had a curtain has fallen with the terrible words upon it, "*Never again.*"

In one respect only did his temperament betray a vein of harshness. He, so gentle and abstracted that he would forget the very name of critics or detractors, was actually roused to bitterness when a friend proved false to the intellectual standards he imagined they had mutually set up. It was no use to argue with him then; no remembrance of the past, no consideration of kindnesses received, could compensate for what he called the basest of treacheries—that of the intellect.

For a short period of his early manhood he had himself shared certain great enthusiasms for religious and political liberty, for the Italian Risorgimento, and for larger humanitarian ideals. But he soon reacted from what was a passing mood, and he himself expressed this reaction of his hopes in a phrase once addressed to John Bright: "I prefer the old superstition to the new hypocrisy."

Related to Strong's hatred of compromise was his intolerance of mediocrity. Towards mediocrity which assumes the airs of wisdom he was merciless, directing upon it his fiercest irony and most poignant wit, which sometimes, however, mellowed into jest: "Wise as a magpie looking down an empty marrow-bone" was his droll comment on a venerable platitudinarian; while of a critic who had contrived to quarrel with most of his colleagues on absurd charges of plagiarism, he once said more ironically, "If a man remains on good terms with —, it stamps him at once as a person of no consequence, whose views are not worth laying claim to." The inverse proposition is true of Strong, for it may safely be asserted that if ever he hated a man thoroughly, that man was probably some nonentity

who drew prominence upon himself by systematic and organized self-advertisement. On the other hand his tolerance for the faults or weaknesses of genius was inexhaustible, and only to be equalled by his tender-hearted sympathy for the humble and painstaking efforts of those who were limited by natural or accidental circumstance. Where there was pain or suffering his sympathies were eagerly aroused, for ill-health had hindered his own progress and thwarted his cherished ambitions. He probably overworked the physical machine; for he was always frail and never spared himself. There were marked contrasts in his physical appearance; he had the careworn look of a tired man, and yet for many years his figure retained the alertness, and his step the rapidity of youth. Then suddenly, some two years ago, when the wasting disease that undermined him began to gain the mastery, the boyish gait turned to the slow carriage of a sexagenarian. The features were strong in structure, delicate in their formation and very mobile; the face was illuminated by a smile of singular gentleness and penetration. The glance of the deep-set, finely cut eyes seemed to probe and lay bare an interlocutor's every meaning and intention. There was something of the anchorite in this austere countenance which reminded one at the same time of Gian Arnolfini and of Erasmus.

The complexity of his character defies analysis; but orderliness of mind was perhaps a dominant feature. Though a classical scholar, an Orientalist and a diligent student of the art and literature of the Renaissance, the eighteenth century appealed irresistibly to him. He was not over-fond of its tastes or productions, but he found a source of perpetual admiration in its spruce and well-marshalled genius—in the precision of Swift, the *netteté* of

Voltaire, in Mozart's classic form, and in the sane and sober qualities of Dr. Johnson. The great writers of that century attracted him because they were obviously so well equipped for the fray, so professional in their intellectual training and calibre. Strong's essay on "Lady Sarah Lennox" shows how easily he moved in the political world of the eighteenth century, how much he felt himself at home in the company of Sheridan, of Fox, of Georgiana the beautiful Duchess, to whom he has consecrated such charming pages, and yet how unflinchingly he could put his finger on the weak or dangerous spots of that society.

Orderliness of mind pervaded Strong's own studies; it coloured his mental attitude throughout, contributing not a little to the systematic rotation of his mind, memory, and eye. His studies were followed up in logical sequence. Beginning as a boy to read classical authors, he soon became familiar with Greek and Latin literature. He revelled in the sanity of the Pagan world, in its supreme reasonableness, and though probably never a finished scholar in the Oxford and Cambridge sense of being a good writer of verse and prose, the range of his reading contributed not a little to that breadth of outlook which was so distinctive in him. His sympathies with antique art were more limited. Though his keen insight detected a priceless product of early Greek art in the bronze head of Apollo at Chatsworth it is probable that had he not married a lady of exceptional distinction in Greek archaeology, his interest in such pursuits would have remained in the background. As a fact, precisely as he disliked the decadent or the immature, he shrank from the mutilated and the incomplete. Even in presence of the figures from the Parthenon he would confess his inability to judge them

fairly or fully to appreciate their beauty because of their present fragmentary condition.

His ultra-logical mind made him distrust anything in which there was a lack of precision or exactitude; thus he found a distasteful element in Walter Pater's writings from feeling that Pater first developed his formula—especially in "Marius" and in the "Studies in the History of the Renaissance"—and afterwards adapted the subject to the theory. Such a method was antithetic to the independent and unbiassed mind with which Strong himself would approach a subject, and the following passage from a letter partially illustrates his feeling :

I read the first chapters of "Gaston de Latour" some years ago when it was coming out periodically in Macmillan's. I was delighted with it then. Pater's phrases are very pretty, but they do not seem to me to hit the mark like Renan's. For instance, to say that Montaigne had a genius for "qualification" is to express only a half-truth. He had a genius for qualification because he had a genius for *precision*; he chose to be *accurate* about life, about himself, perhaps even about God, when so many others—Englishmen especially—would have preferred falsehood or fable. As for "Marius" I can never get over what I believe to be its central defect. *It is not true.* If it had been true, or even possible, depend upon it the world would have been spared much of what has actually happened. But I quite agree with you about his scholarship. He had a right to which his imitators, open or unconscious, cannot pretend—to make the creatures of his own magic perform at his will. But like all people who deal with magic he did so at his own peril. He melted away in an atmosphere heavily charged with images and memories like incense, until there was no *man* left.

Intellectual reach and equipment were the qualifications he most highly prized in writers. The imaginative thought of Shelley and Byron appealed more strongly to him than the sensuous charm of Keats, and among latter-day poets

he warmly admired Robert Browning. His taste for the intellectual ingredient in literature was, however, for the intellectual on the higher plane where it illumines rather than blots out the wide and imaginative view of things. He could appreciate Lord Acton's saying that "a great man may be worth several immaculate historians," and if Froude were criticized in his presence on the ground of inaccuracies, he would promptly defend him with "*Il a vu juste.*" For his own powers of intuition always put him in sympathy with writers who evinced the same quality. Intuition, in fact, was perhaps the greatest of Strong's natural gifts, and it largely explains many of his most remarkable characteristics and tastes, such as his absorbing study of Shakespeare, his enjoyment of George Eliot and of Meredith, and perhaps also his great love for Dickens, a literary preference one would somehow not have expected of him. "Strong knew Dickens's books as few people know them" writes a friend of his who is also an ardent Dickensite; "he had assimilated them with the penetrative knowledge of the student." The aristocratic turn of his intellect, on the other hand, made him somewhat contemptuous of Thackeray, for "pointing the finger at precisely those things and people that do not matter."¹ As a rule, however, he read no novels, but gratified his curiosity as to the drama of life by an almost indiscriminate perusal of biographies, no real life, however apparently insignificant, seeming to him uninstructive.

It was in Oriental scholarship, to which he turned after taking his degree, that he was most widely known. Even here he did not publish extensively, but a glance at the bibliography² will show how varied were his attainments.

¹ See page 183.

² See Appendix, p. 348.

His proficiency as an Oriental linguist was simply amazing; Sanskrit, Pali, Assyrian, Arabic, Hebrew, Egyptian, Persian and Chinese, all of these he mastered, not merely gaining a consummate knowledge of their literature and philology, but acquiring also a profound insight into the hidden *secrets* of the Eastern world. Meanwhile he devoted much of his leisure to examining problems of Western, more particularly Italian art. A thorough technical training under so competent a master as Albert Varley gave him an advantage over most critics, and his drawings, full of talent, but betraying a certain old-fashioned precision of outline are still extant. A notebook dated 1874, when he was eleven, is filled with anatomical studies of skeletons in every imaginable pose, giving one the key to Strong's incomparable knowledge of the nude—a trait which no one who had ever heard him discourse on Michael Angelo's masterpieces is likely to forget. For many years he was occupied with translations of foreign art books, with editorial work and reviews, showing that he was always abreast of the most modern research, and often enough his intuition anticipated the final outcome of documentary and aesthetic discoveries. Strong compiled a selected catalogue of the drawings at Wilton, and wrote several introductions to catalogues of great art collections—at Chatsworth and Devonshire House, at Lockinge, and at the National Gallery. These introductory essays, which form the bulk of the first section of this volume, are noteworthy for originality and freshness of treatment, and for several brilliant discoveries; nor must one forget how delicate is the task of revising names and attributions dating back to the days of Continental “grand tours.” His quickness of eye was astonishing: besides rehabilitating the bronze head in the Library at Chatsworth,

which had before been described as of late Roman workmanship, he detected in an "Homme inconnu" hanging in the Louvre the sketch for Rigaud's portrait of the *First Earl of Portland*; in the *Wheel of Fortune* at Chatsworth, so frequently exhibited and so widely known as a Holbein, he discovered the monogram of Hans Schaeufelin beneath the forged H. H.; and at Wilton he rescued from a dark corner and restored to its true author the characteristic *St. Anthony* by Lorenzo Lotto.¹ Indeed his discoveries among pictures are almost as numerous as those he made in his own peculiar province of books, but Strong himself made light of these art-studies, which he looked upon as a mere *παρεπονή*. At one stage he was caught with the fervour of "Morellism" as his essay on the Malcolm collection of drawings² shows; but his first zeal for the Morellian method suffered a reaction for reasons which he has himself indicated.³ He came to feel an undisguised contempt for the prevalent habit of rebaptizing pictures for the sake of introducing new painters and dethroning the old, with results, which, as he expresses it, "hardly encourage the amateur to join the oracular circle of differing doctors." He capped the scorn on these connoisseurs for the "mere archivist" with scorn of the connoisseur who is nothing else. His own utterances of the subject of art are among the most distinguished in the English language, and affect one the more powerfully for being soundly based on an unparalleled knowledge of the facts of history.

His excursions into the more serious realm of pure history were rarer, because more difficult, but they were equally brilliant. With his triple equipment of politician, historian, and patriot, he approached an historical subject

¹ See p. 65.

² See p. 29.

³ See p. 146.

with a sureness of touch and a breadth of vision which are manifest even in what he wrote for journalistic purposes, such as the review of Froude's "Erasmus," or in the paragraph with which he prefaces his publication of an inedited letter of Warren Hastings, discovered by him at Nostell Priory. The paper on Lady Sarah Lennox, and the Introduction to the Catalogue of the papers at Welbeck Abbey, which he arranged and in great measure rediscovered, show where his literary powers would have found their most complete and satisfactory expression.

The Calendar of Welbeck papers, and similar researches he had made among the Devonshire archives, were intended as the basis of a large work on the Cavendish family and its cognate branches. The subject was congenial to him from personal and historic reasons alike, and Strong's early death has deprived us of a scientific and historical treatise which would have been of unusual value. The personages to be treated of were remarkable. We should have learned much about Bess of Hardwick, about the Duke of Newcastle and his brother Charles the mathematician whom even Descartes recognized, and that Colonel Charles Cavendish, also a scholar and mathematician, who was killed at the battle of Gainsborough when only twenty-two. The Elizabethan explorer, the Palace builder, the Cavalier, the Scholar Earls, who were successively pupils and patrons of the philosopher Hobbes—all these figures would have been portrayed to the life, from their own writings and deeds. Strong would have drawn no ordinary character sketch; he would not have contented himself with a picturesque description of scholars or patricians from the time of Elizabeth to that of George III. To some extent he was an idealist, and although disposed like

Bismarck to associate Utopian theories with defective breeding, he was himself apt to idealize the cultivated and adventurous Englishman of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In his view their patriotism and zeal for learning were potent factors in the national welfare. Their qualities would illustrate the discipline of their race: failures would supply the warning, successes the encouragement to their posterity; and in editing these memorials we may be sure that Strong, by means of antithesis and comparison, would have gratified his desire to influence the actual trend of current events.

Henry Cavendish the physicist was among the objects of Strong's particular regard and affection, for he warmly admired the man whose desire was to lead a life of secluded scholarship. His valuable Library, illustrating the whole course of mathematical science from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, is preserved at Chatsworth; and Strong found a specially pleasing task in re-arranging this notable collection. These books, moreover, have another interest for Strong's friends, for they suggested the last great project of his mind, active to the very end in re-surveying the world. During the last week of his life, he reiterated his desire to write a history of mathematics, based upon the Library of Henry Cavendish. The theme was suited to his talents, and nobody could have dealt with so technical a subject in a more broad and comprehensive fashion.

The post of Librarian at the House of Lords gave play, both *ex officio*, and through informal intercourse, to Strong's familiarity with historic and legal knowledge. His acquaintance with the intricacies of the law and his ready memory of cases and precedents (as also of ecclesiastical events and disputed points of theology) surprised those

who knew him primarily as a man of literary and artistic culture. He utilized this knowledge in the compilation of two new Catalogues (one of the General Library and one of the Law Books) which won him a due tribute in the Select Committee's Report.¹ But it was at Chatsworth rather than in the more official Library that his varied attainments could find most scope. With what zest he studied the collections there and added to them, may be seen from the list of one hundred books selected by Mr. Alfred Pollard from among his actual purchases and printed at the end of the present volume. The selection will serve also to illustrate a feature of Strong's interest in books which was that of the historian, and not that of the bibliophile; the purchases he would recommend were seldom those in which accidental scarcity was the sole claim to value; and where rare books were secured on his advice it will be generally found that their rarity is due to the natural coincidence of the scarce with the original document.

People have somewhat heedlessly regretted that Strong did not specialize. The complaint is ill-founded, for few can claim to have specialized so much. Had he confined his energy to one branch of learning, say to Oriental literature, he would doubtless, in his own phrase, have earned "an immortality of foot-notes among the Dryasdusts"; but it would have been *over*-specialization, to the exclusion of other topics in which his interest was equally great, and in which he could equally claim fundamental knowledge. In one of his letters he says:

The specialist gets into a groove in which he seems gradually to solidify (like a candle in a mould) until he becomes impervious to other plans and ideas than his own. . . . On the other hand, the

¹ Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords Offices, August, 1904.

amateur with his “brilliancy” and his “culture” and his irrepressible tendency to save people’s souls is a blind guide without knowing it, certain sooner or later to fall into the style of —’s Essays.

Strong steered clear of both rocks. In reality his great assimilative faculty enabled him to explore everything to its foundation. He was never excited or absorbed by any one thing at the expense of others, and his encyclopaedic research, aided by an abnormally retentive memory, led him to achieve in many directions what few people can do in one. This was of course owing to his inherent genius, but the orderly mind assisted him to make the most of his opportunities, to amass and hoard information from every source, to secure that nothing should be wasted, and that everything should rest upon a logical and scientific basis. Thus it came about that when questioned he was never unprepared, so rich and varied was the storehouse of learning; nor did any problem ever present itself which he was unable to meet fully equipped. The one thing needful, he used to say, “is that no manifestation of nature should find us without response.” And, indeed, so harmoniously blended were the different phases of his knowledge, so truly did he possess a brain “cut with facets,” that he seemed to speak from unconscious inspiration rather than from acquired learning.

As a rule, the conventional and complimentary phraseology of testimonials conveys little of a man’s real worth. Yet Strong’s attitude of mind has nowhere been better indicated than in the testimonials which Renan and James Darmesteter, a scholar with whom Strong had many points of contact, gave him in support of his application for an Arabic professorship. Renan’s testimonial is sufficiently remarkable to be quoted in full:

J'ai fait la connaissance de M. Arthur Strong dans l'été de 1889. L'étendue et la sagacité de son intelligence me frappèrent. Ses connaissances littéraires et scientifiques sont vastes et sûres. C'est certainement un des esprits les plus distingués que j'ai rencontrés. Je suis persuadé que M. Arthur Strong rendra les plus éminents services dans l'ordre des études philosophiques et critiques. Je le recommande vivement aux personnes qui auront à décider de son avenir.

Darmesteter writes similarly:

Il m'a frappé à la fois par l'étendue de ses connaissances, la vigueur de son esprit et de sa méthode, et l'ardeur de son enthousiasme scientifique. . . . Il est un de ceux dont la génération nouvelle a le plus à attendre. . . .

And Darmesteter asserts that to whatever branch of philology Strong may direct his attention he will bring to it: . . .

Les vues larges et générales qui vivifient l'étude du détail et éclairent les rapports cachés et lointains. . . . Vous porterez dans l'enseignement à la fois l'exactitude et la précision du spécialiste et les vues étendues du savant dont la curiosité a embrassé le domaine le plus vaste possible.

Mr. S. Reinach, another member of that brilliant group who had welcomed Strong so warmly to Paris, compliments him on:

An extensive learning such as I never met with excepting in François Lenormant . . . a straightness of reasoning which leaves no room to the *vague* and the *à peu près*, an equal knowledge of the primary sources of science and of the huge bibliography pertaining to its various provinces. Such are the high and exceptional qualities which appear in you and which induced such a giant as Renan to speak to me about you in the highest terms after having passed the first few hours in your company.

It seems incredible that the man who was recommended in this style should have failed to secure any academic post

either at Oxford or Cambridge. The real reasons for this singular fact can only be known when Strong's full biography is written. These early discouragements, however, were keenly felt by Strong, as the following extract from a letter, with his characteristic use of quotation, shows:

Yes, I sit at home *thinking*—not “thoughts that mortal man never dared to dream before”; but thoughts which occur again and again, as often, in fact, as the sun rises, such for instance as the following (in the words of Dr. Johnson): “Consider a man whose fortune is very narrow; whatever be his rank by birth, or whatever his reputation by intellectual excellence, what good can he do? or what evil can he prevent? That he cannot help the needy is evident, he has nothing to spare. But perhaps, his advice or admonition may be useful: many more can find that he is poor than that he is wise; and *few will reverence the understanding that is of so little advantage to its owner.*”

It is happily true that Strong lived to forget such gloomy moods—the brilliant young scholar with an European reputation as Orientalist, commanding the treasures of two famous collections and appointed Librarian to the House of Lords, cannot be held up to pity. At the same time it is also true that Strong was never entirely satisfied. There was a strange dualism in his nature by which he almost combined the attitude of a convinced Buddhist with the practical ambitions of a man of affairs. Even at what many would call the height of his success, it was evident that Strong's ambitions were by no means at rest, for the simple reason that his powers were not fully employed. His friend, Mrs. Hugh Bell, in an unpublished appreciation, has stated the matter with insight:

Strong himself gave the impression of being conscious almost to bitterness of the discrepancy there had been between his possi-

bilities and his opportunities. If I say that to some he gave also the impression of a boundless ambition, I do not mean an ambition aiming at success for the sake of being successful. I mean a deliberate conviction based upon self-knowledge that by sheer intellectual force he could do whatever he chose to undertake.

It is doubtful whether this sort of temperament can ever find full satisfaction in the scholar's life. Pushed by necessity into the path of learning, Strong's ideal was never that of the mere scholar. Learning was his *métier*, and therefore he suffered secretly from the sorry place which is at best accorded to it in English life, in a generation divided, as he used to say, between "sport and specialism"; yet at heart he was perhaps not altogether without sympathy for this English view. Though not dissatisfied with his post at the House of Lords, nor insensible of its advantages, he would yet say, not unreasonably, that the post was more suited to honourable retirement than as an opening for the activity and ambition of a young man. As a fact a dominant and essentially English ambition was gradually absorbing all his minor interests. At the age of forty the turn of his mind was towards politics, and had his life been prolonged and his health permitted it, he would probably have found his ideal occupation in governing Orientals. Within the last few years he had returned with fresh vigour to his Oriental studies¹ as if by some premonition that they would lead him to a wider field for the exercise of his powers.

Grouped together as the third and closing section of this volume are Strong's essays on Greek or Oriental mythology or philosophy, and the history of religions. They are

¹ At the time of his death he was editing for the Royal Asiatic Society the Arabic Text of Ibn Arabshah's "History of Jakmak, Sultan of Egypt"

chiefly reviews of books, some of which are now out of fashion, while others never possessed more than a passing interest. Moreover, the greater number were written at a comparatively early age—in 1887 and 1890—immediately previous and subsequent to his first sojourn abroad. Yet we have in them the same sureness, if not quite the same lightness of touch as in the sections on history and art, and the same broad treatment with—when called for—the same ironic handling.

The greater weight of the themes may make them heavier reading for the general public, and neither Max Müller nor Dr. Martineau are now of “the day.” But no abler *exposé* and criticism of the former’s “Science of Thought” or of the latter’s “Seat of Authority in Religion,” could be found than these reviews written by a young man of twenty-four or five. The essay on Darmesteter’s “Zend Avesta,” again, shows how admirably Strong could write in sympathetic agreement, ready always when occasion warranted to subordinate “criticism” in the narrow sense to exposition. Certain of his reviews, indeed, as of Robertson Smith’s “Religion of the Semites,”¹ or J. G. Frazer’s “Golden Bough,”² and others, have been omitted as bearing too wholly the character of *comptes-rendus*, to add to our knowledge of his own thought. The reviews, however, of Renan’s “Histoire du Peuple d’Israel,” though of this character, are retained by the Editor, both for the more general and continued interest in Renan’s work, and as exemplifying Strong’s own attitude towards the French *savant*. One regrets deeply that this is the sole record of his esteem, but in this case personal feeling was a bar to

¹ “*Revue de l’Histoire des Religions*,” vol. xxi, 1890, pp. 312 ff.

² “*Athenaeum*,” August 2, 1890.

expression, and Strong always evinced a singular reluctance to write about the Master he uniquely loved. Of Strong's writing as a whole it may be remarked that at all times, like his conversation, it showed a tendency to be too elliptical, leaving too much to the imagination or the knowledge of readers and hearers.

Besides his regular pursuits, he had innumerable hobbies and tastes. Unfortunately, save for scattered allusions and one fragment which is apparently the beginning of an unpublished essay on Mozart, his favourite composer, there is no written record of Strong's love of music and powers as a musical critic; but his technical knowledge of composition, the instinctive detection of authorship after hearing a few chords, and his familiarity with the evolution of musical instruments, showed that he must have given prolonged study to this art. His preference was for classical music, and while ready to acknowledge the genius of Wagner, he regretted that the spontaneous music was smothered by the artificial stage-properties, by the fairies, the dragons and the nymphs. "Wagner," he writes after one of his visits to Munich:

Wagner . . . , by the way, I seem to have learnt to understand since my visit to Munich. . . . I seem to have come close to the world which he represents, a world in which Nature *dominates* man—quite the reverse of what we in peaceful England are accustomed to. In such a world man would be only half articulate, and he would inevitably people it with beings all violence and all lust.

And again, in another connection, he writes:

For me, I still feel that the expression and assertion of a personality, however colossal, is dearly purchased at the price of the ruin of a whole art. And from this point of view Tintoretto (as I dream of him) reminds me of Wagner.

The almost religious awe with which he regarded Beethoven finds expression in the following sentence, in which we catch at the same time a glimpse of another of Strong's heroes:

How I envy you the "solemn harmonies of music" with all their power to elevate and console. The "Eroica" is enough to overwhelm anyone, inspired as it was by the appearance of the *Weltgeist* on horseback; but he has other messages—*der grosse Meister!*

The variety of his tastes was equalled by the variety of his friendships. Apart from his learning and the readiness with which he helped anybody who wanted advice, his personal nature, simple, kindly and sincere, proved a magnetic influence which accounted for the welcome which was extended to Strong in all ranks of society both in England and abroad. During the last year or two, whenever his convalescence permitted, there was a daily levée of all sorts and conditions of people anxious to see the invalid even for a few moments. One was always impressed by the vigour and manliness, by the broad outlook of the historian, by his massive habit of suppressing detail and by the synchronous power of considering it with minuteness. The physical weakness never affected the singular beauty of his voice, nor did it impair for an instant the finished phrase in which he was wont to express his thoughts, and which endowed his speech with the dignity and the precision we English, at any rate, associate only with the written word. His intellect seemed indeed to live on detached from the body, and unaffected by its malady. This pre-occupation with interests remote from his own personal condition was present to the very end. Complete repose and isolation from outside excitement were needful to give rest to his weakened frame. But Strong rebelled

against such restraint, and awaking one day from a long somnolence, he asked for the newspapers, "as I am anxious about the speech of —," alluding to a statesman who was to make an important pronouncement on the fiscal question. Only when reminded that the speech would not be delivered until the next day did he add: "Very well, then, I can rest a little; I will not speak any more just now." These were actually his last words. It is significant that the affairs of the nation rather than scholarship—least of all, his own private business—claimed his last thoughts; a few hours afterwards he died, at the early age of forty, when the careers of most men have scarcely opened. Short as his life was, he nevertheless measured the round of human knowledge and experience with a completeness granted to few older men. He never had the opportunity for which he undoubtedly longed, of applying his rare knowledge of East and West to the active service of the State: but his personality, in itself a vast achievement, is stamped upon the circle of his friends, all the more emphatically by his early death. Where a life has passed into that of its contemporaries, there need be no oblivion or eclipse: Arthur Strong's is merged into that of the two generations which he influenced, and which must already realize how irreplaceable is the personality which has vanished.

ART



PAOLO VERONESE—THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

(DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.)

ART

AN EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS FROM THE MALCOLM COLLECTION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.¹

[1894: AET. 31]

I

HE Malcolm collection of drawings and engravings by old masters has long been known to students and amateurs of art. Not only have the choicest examples been reproduced; but there are not a few of them of which almost every line must be familiar to those who have either followed or taken part in the controversies provoked by the sudden appearance—among the critics without eyes and the painters without knowledge—of a redoubtable free-lance, namely, Ivan Lermolieff. At the death of the owner this priceless collection was not bequeathed to the British Museum, but only deposited there, like the Portland vase, which still forms one of the brightest ornaments of a collection to which, strictly speaking, it does not belong. However, as one would have expected, the Keeper of Prints and Drawings has taken prompt advantage of a unique opportunity. Side by side with the finest and rarest of the Malcolm drawings he has placed examples from our own collection that either illustrate them or fill up links in the historical chain; and the result is a display which for completeness no less than for artistic interest is probably without a rival in Europe.

To begin with the Florentine school. Of the great masters that immediately preceded the so-called golden age, Pollaiuolo, Botticelli, and Verrocchio are each represented by important designs. To

¹ "Guardian," April 11th, June 27th, and October 3rd, 1894.

the first is ascribed a composition of naked men, representing a prisoner dragged before a Judge. The forms are correctly drawn, but their meagreness betrays the fact that the artist was still moving cautiously and timidly in an almost untrodden field. The superb allegorical design by Botticelli of a female figure accompanied by children, is well known. The delicacy of the sinuous lines, over which the master never once relaxes his subtle control, reminds one of Leonardo in the mood in which he seems to be experimenting in quest of some recondite formula of sweetness or grace rather than directly reproducing a particular object or idea. This and the study of hands close by are of themselves sufficient to prove that the final test of the genuineness of any picture ascribed to Botticelli must lie in the character of the drawing. As a painter he shared the weakness of his Florentine brethren; but, though his cold touches in an unsympathetic medium spread like a mask over the panel, they never disguise a certain sharpness and vigour of outline which his best-intentioned copyists toiled after in vain. The celebrated drawing by Verrocchio of a woman's face, framed in a mass of fantastically twined and plaited hair, will be gladly recognized by all those who have concerned themselves with the Verrocchio question. We have here a provisional definition, as it were, of a type of beauty to which Leonardo returned again and again with loving persistence until he had brought out its most secret subtleties and capacities. And this brings us naturally to Leonardo himself. Only one period of his development—namely, the Florentine—is here represented by genuine examples; and it is certainly true that he makes a far less imposing appearance than his great rival Michelangelo, whose whole artistic career seems to lie spread out before us. Nevertheless, there is one of the Leonardo drawings that even in this assemblage of masterpieces stands out unapproached and unapproachable—namely, the head of a warrior, long known as the gem of the Malcolm collection. It is a profile to the left in a helmet sumptuously decorated and of fantastic shape. The features of this ideal *condottiere* are of that aquiline type which Leonardo after his manner studied in all its phases. Here the dominant note is that of resolution and daring, but in other drawings the same features are hardened and sharpened into an expression of cruelty, while in the profoundly conceived head of Judas in the *Last Supper* they are furrowed and contracted by the paralysis of despair.

Following the order in which the drawings are hung, we come to the North Italian masters. Gentile Bellini, the brother of the better known and more popular Giovanni, left few easel-pictures behind him, though of these at least three—namely, two in the National Gallery and one in the South Kensington Museum¹—are accessible to students in London. His two drawings in this collection have a peculiar interest as souvenirs of his visit to Constantinople, whither he was despatched by the Government of Venice to take the portrait of the Grand Turk. They represent a Turkish soldier and a Turkish lady both seated cross-legged on the ground, and they display a delicacy and a mastery in the handling of pure line which even Dürer himself could hardly have surpassed. It is only on classic ground or in view of classic ideals that Mantegna rises to his full height. The pen-drawing of the *Madonna and Child*, though undoubtedly genuine, shows his genius in the shadow of a long line of tradition, but in the *Calumny* and the *Allegory of Ignorance* we feel that he is himself in full possession of his unique power of combining classical symmetry of form with intense dramatic feeling. It is this quality which makes his *Triumph of Julius Caesar* at Hampton Court such a real pageant in spite of the profuse display of antiquarian learning. In the hands of any one else it would either have lost its Roman character altogether, or have looked like a series of illustrations to a student's handbook of classical antiquities. One of the rarest gems of the Malcolm collection is the portrait of a man by Antonello da Messina. It is a study for the well-known picture in the Louvre, and is the only drawing by the master in existence. To Carpaccio we should be inclined to attribute the realistic, but rather heavily executed, drawing in black chalk, presumably of a Venetian senator.

Luca Signorelli, though he does not here exhibit all his strength, is represented by two drawings of great interest. The subject of one of them is a scene from Dante's "Inferno," and the design may well have been prepared for the series of monochrome paintings which the artist executed in the cathedral at Orvieto, though, for some reason or other, he does not appear to have utilized it. Eminently characteristic of Signorelli are the pose of the figure of Virgil on the right, and the straining attitudes and coarse, bony shapes of the figures representing the soul and his

¹ [Since removed to the National Gallery.]

tormentor. The other drawing is a vigorous study from nature for one of the groups in the picture of the *Adoration of the Shepherds* in the National Gallery; and the most superficial comparison of the design with the finished picture will be enough to show that the execution of the latter must have been largely, if not entirely, left to assistants. By the side of the rugged master of Cortona, Perugino, in his drawings at least, appears smooth and flaccid. Three only of the designs attributed to him seem to us to be genuine—namely, the well-known study for the figures of Tobit and the angel in the altarpiece at the National Gallery, and the two heads of saints, one in pen and ink and the other in silver-point heightened with white. The latter is surrounded with an ornamental border in the debased Florentine style of the sixteenth century, which proclaims the interesting fact that it once formed part of the rich collection of Messer Giorgio Vasari.

One of the most important among the many services rendered by Morelli to art-history was the rescue of Timoteo Viti from that oblivion which is, strangely enough, the usual price paid by small men for the—at most temporary—privilege of influencing great men. Raphael was not one of those who, like Michelangelo, dwelt alone, secluded from the world of men by the tyranny of an imperious ideal. All his life he shone to a certain extent with a borrowed lustre; but the rays he encountered fell upon an exquisitely symmetrical and receptive surface, and were blended with a tact that amounted to genius. Though he had no chance of outshining such giant luminaries as Michelangelo and Leonardo, however closely his orbit may have approached theirs, with a man of Timoteo's calibre it was very different. The influence of his limited and provincial art was brought to bear upon the young Raphael at a time when the latter had still almost everything to see and to learn; but as soon as ever Raphael's horizon widened he discarded or transformed what he had borrowed in his rapid passage. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that critics, proceeding on the axiomatic principle that the greater includes the less, should have got into the habit of assigning to the early days of Raphael drawings and even pictures of Timoteo's maturity. Now, however, thanks to Morelli's acute and painstaking researches, it has become possible to detect and isolate the genuine Timoteo Viti among the mass of pictures and drawings labelled indiscriminately Raphael.

In the present exhibition there is a whole group of such drawings of the first importance. The two studies evidently from the same model, one of which was long known as Raphael's sister, give a clear idea of the scope of Timoteo's art. The motives, and to a great extent the feeling also, are what we are accustomed to call Raphaelesque; but the treatment is that of a master who has reached his maturity, not that of a beginner feeling his way, unconscious as yet of his great destiny.

II

One of the accusations most frequently brought against Morelli and his now famous method—a method which, by the way, has many enemies, but no rival—is that of having invented artists, whom he introduced, as it were, *ex machina*, to solve difficulties or to stop gaps. Such artists are—to the uninitiated, of course—Timoteo Viti, Bacchiacca, and Ambrogio de Predis. But, strange to say, this criticism is met and negatived by the counter-objection—urged, it must be confessed, chiefly by amateurs—that the application of the Morelli method generally results in the discredit, if not the destruction, of those great monumental reputations about which the thoughts and feelings of lovers of art have clustered for generations like ivy. In the case of Raphael, for example, who in the mist of popular thought has been transfigured from a painter almost to a personification of painting, the destructive effect of a criticism that denies the genuineness of the *Fornarina*, the *Vision of Ezekiel*, the *Spasimo*, and the *St. Michael* by no means ceases when the pictures are re-labelled; nor is it felt by the professional critic alone. For if the *Ezekiel* is not by Raphael, what becomes, say, of the amateurish ecstasies of Macaulay when contrasting it as a model of the grand style with the “acres of spoiled canvas” of West and Barry? And what a crowd of literary people will have to break their pens—like the suitors in the *Sposalizio*—at the giving away of the *Fornarina* to Sebastiano del Piombo! However, the few who have learnt to look at the phenomena of art more for themselves and less as the cause and occasion of preaching—whether in prose, as by Ruskin, or in verse, as by Browning—these few can be trusted to console themselves with the reflection that where truth is concerned it is not the *method* of bringing her to the birth, but

her living face that matters. And this needs only to be seen to expose by contrast the ungainliness and inadequacy of the most venerable or the most sonorous counterfeit. To return to Raphael. To distinguish what he actually produced from what he only inspired is not to impair his reputation, but to purify its lustre. It was not before they had forgotten how to read the "Aeneid" that men began to call Vergil an enchanter, and to tell of his having built a magic city in the sea on a foundation of eggs.

I have been led into this digression by the reflection that, if many of the pictures hitherto assigned to Raphael—and on this ground admired, interpreted, and preached about—have been degraded to a lower plane by modern scientific criticism, his drawings, on the other hand, have gained in interest and importance from the same cause:—

Per damna per caedes ab ipso
Dicit opes animumque ferro.

In the present collection every stage of his development is represented, though no single example stands out to challenge comparison with such gems as the *Poetry* at Windsor, or the *Transfiguration* at Chatsworth.¹ The two studies for the picture of the Coronation of the Virgin in the Vatican afford a good illustration of the truth of Michelangelo's criticism of Raphael—namely, that what he had of art came to him more by study than by nature. In the first place, the picture, as a whole, is so permeated by the influence of Perugino that for a long time it was actually supposed to be by that master, and yet of the two drawings before us that in black chalk, for the head of St. James, is a copy, or rather a free rendering, of a design by Pinturicchio; while in the other, a silver-point study of the head and hand of one of the angels, the influence of Timoteo is unmistakeable. The art which thus adopts the characteristics of two different masters, to combine them in a whole that can barely be distinguished from the work of a third, will be variously estimated according to the standpoint and attitude of the critic. Morelli places it in the same rank as those of the great innovating and constructive geniuses; but, without pronouncing upon what is after all more a matter of feeling than of formula, I may observe that our master's most powerful and permanent appeal has

¹ [Cf. page 118—where Strong, without entirely withdrawing the attribution of the drawing to Raphael, states it with more reserve.]

always been to the art lover rather than to the artist. The fine drawing of a man's head ascribed to a Florentine imitator of Raphael seems to me a genuine study from the hand of the master himself. The type is one that meets us frequently in the works of Perugino, as, for instance, in a small silver-point drawing in this collection; while a familiar example of its employment by Raphael is the head of St. Nicholas in the Ansidei Madonna at the National Gallery. An interesting relic of Raphael's momentous visit to Florence, where, in presence of the gigantic rivalry of Michelangelo and Leonardo, he put away Umbrian things, is preserved to us in his pen-and-ink sketch of Michelangelo's David. For some reason or other he has chosen to represent the back view of the statue—a proof that the question where to place it had not yet been decided by the board of experts; but apart from its historical interest the drawing, which seems to have been made hastily, has little merit either in itself or as a copy. It may be worth noticing that Leonardo also made a drawing of the David;¹ so it seems that from this school, like the Trojan horse, *meri principes exierunt*. From the Florentine period, again, we have one of the numerous studies for the Borghese *Entombment*, so much admired by Winckelmann; while the latest or Roman phase of the master's development is represented by at least two examples. Of these the pen-drawing of Venus and a Satyr—such are its purity of flowing line and classic symmetry of composition—strikes the beholder as something unusual even for Raphael. "The Greeks," says Mengs, "soared between earth and heaven; Raphael walked with propriety on earth." The productions of the Roman school of painting are not necessarily classical because they are un-Christian. The true classical spirit is either inborn or unmade; and, as a matter of fact, Raphael and his pupils, working at a time when imperial Rome was rising as if from her grave all round them, remain, when all is said and done in the way of eulogy and explanation, as remote from the infinite *χάρις* of classical antiquity as a nun is from a nymph. While to one who never set foot in the Eternal City—to Correggio alone of Italian masters—was it given to—

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
And hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

¹ This has been published by Dr. J. P. Richter in his magnificent edition of Leonardo's Literary Works.

Under these circumstances Dr. Richter has suggested to me—and I think with great probability—that the drawing in question is not an original composition at all, but a copy from an ancient wall-painting. Indeed, it is only on some such theory as this that we can account for the fact that a particular group of Cupids is common both to our drawing and to the famous *Bacchanal of Children* designed by Michelangelo for Tommaso Cavalieri. For that Raphael could have copied from Michelangelo is in this case at least out of the question; nor, on the other hand, is it likely that Michelangelo would have condescended to imitate the man of whom he protested, with more acidity than accuracy, "Whatever he had of art he had from me."

The importance of Fra Bartolommeo is not to be measured by the figure he makes in an exhibition of drawings. Being first and foremost a painter rather than a designer, he stands somewhat apart from his Florentine contemporaries, and at the opening of the way that was afterwards followed by Andrea del Sarto. In his early days he drew chiefly with the pen, but in a style the timidity and mechanical feebleness of which give little or no promise of the flowing lines and broad masses of his later work. A whole group of such immature productions is here ascribed to him; and it will be observed that they differ in no essential particular from a drawing on the opposite wall set down to an artist who never outgrew his youthful limitations, Lorenzo di Credi.

It has been said that men receive truth in the pitchers they bring to the well. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between Fra Bartolommeo and Michelangelo; and yet they both hung upon the lips of a preaching monk at a critical time for themselves and their country. But while to one it meant a permanent mood of religious melancholy, the other caught a spark that inflamed zeal, ambition, and indignation, and hurled him into the solitary pursuit of his "terrible way." In one respect Michelangelo is better represented here than either of his great rivals—namely, that his drawings cover the whole range of his seventy years' activity. The genuineness of the large pen drawing for one of the figures in the cartoon of Pisa has been doubted, but on grounds which, though real, are not conclusive. The fact of anatomical exaggeration proves little or nothing with regard to a design by Michelangelo, even of the period when theory had not yet begun to supersede truth;

while the same formal—almost mechanical—use of the pen recurs in undoubted examples of the master's prime. For the Sixtine frescoes we have at least two studies which seem to be genuine—a careful drawing from the model in red chalk for the figure of Haman, and a vigorous, but rather hastily executed sketch in pen and bistre of a voluminously draped figure, the pose of which has been compared with that of the prophet Isaiah. But interesting as are these early studies, it is not until we approach the latter half of his career that we discover the full extent of Michelangelo's power as a designer, when, inspired by his love for Tommaso Cavalieri and for Vittoria Colonna, he produced elaborately conceived and finished drawings, not as mere studies, but as artistic efforts complete in themselves. "The master, Love, a more ideal artist he than all"! Nevertheless, no sooner is the stage of ripeness reached than a further stage sets in. We see that Michelangelo has begun to discontinue that habit of constant appeal to nature which bore such splendid fruit on the ceiling of the Sixtine. His conception of the human form is reduced to a kind of canon. His ideal man has a small head poised on a neck like a tower, prodigious breadth of chest, and limbs massive as tree-trunks, tapering off into small and delicately-shaped extremities. So indifferent is he to any expression of the emotions except by gesture and bodily contortion that the head, when it is not left out altogether, is often only indicated, while the extremities are sketched with just enough detail to complete or explain the action of the figure. It is as if a composer had written out the theme with its majestic movement and large intervals, leaving the chords of human emotion to be filled in from the figured bass. On the other hand, from the point of view of technical dexterity, these drawings show an enormous advance upon the more summary methods of his earlier years. Discarding the bold touches of pen and crayon with which his youthful drawings are blocked out as if with crisp, regular strokes of his beloved chisel, he now revels in the expression of the softest undulations of surface with a studied delicacy of gradation, that only Leonardo in his subtlest mood has ever surpassed, and no one else has equalled. Among the finest examples of Michelangelo's style at this period are the *Archers*, the *Bacchanal*, and the *Phaeton*, at Windsor; but there are one or two drawings in the present collection which fall naturally into the same group with them. Such, for instance, is the

remarkable conception of the risen Christ, who, under the form of a beardless giant as in the *Last Judgment*, seems, with lithe, nervous arms, to be oaring his way up through the heavy air.

The two designs in black chalk for the Crucifixion, though in their present state they can hardly be accepted as works of the master's own hand, undoubtedly represent his mood and method, when the influence of Vittoria Colonna, working in the direction of his own deepest feelings, drove him to vary the theme of Christ's Passion again and again, as if seeking to exhaust its capabilities of tragedy and pathos. More dramatic, on the other hand, than devotional, is the extraordinary vision of the Crucifixion slightly sketched in red chalk, in which three colossal crosses tower up against the horizon like the last limit and monument of the world. There are no genuine studies in this collection for the frescoes of the Pauline Chapel, the offspring of Michelangelo's old age; but in a large pen drawing we have the work of a forger who has taken the principal figure from the fresco of the *Conversion of St. Paul*, and sketched it in with a clumsy imitation of the master's long-lost dash and vigour. And here we take leave of Michelangelo. *Corruptio optimi pessima*: and the influence which he exerted in his decay upon the course and character of Italian art remains the most conspicuous example of the melancholy truth that it is always upon the rotten parts of a great career or a great system that the swarm of parasitic imitators fastens and feeds.

III

I rage, and weep to think of the fate of this poor Antonio; so great a man—if, indeed, he were not rather an angel in the flesh—to be lost here, to live unknown, and to die unhappily!

Thus Annibale Carracci, writing from Parma, where, remote from the beaten paths leading to Rome, Florence, and Venice, he had suddenly come upon a whole world of beauty unconquered and, indeed, undreamt of, by the chiefs that were supposed, like Alexander's generals, to have divided among them the empire of art. He saw Correggio, and "named a star."

The Renaissance has borne its last flower. Its conquest has been pushed as far as it can possibly go, and henceforth Italy will have

no new message for the nations. The poet will be succeeded by the pedant, and from the dust of the creator will spring the critic analyzing a hundred pictures to make one sonnet on the grand style. At the same time we feel that Correggio has reached a height at which even he can only maintain himself momentarily, and that one step further will bring a fall. So subtle in their intensity are the elements with which he works his magic, that even his cunning is occasionally at fault, when a thin veil of affectation hangs about his perfection of grace, and the ecstasy of his seraphic love evaporates in the excesses of hysteria. And herein lies the explanation of the fact that not one of the great masters—not even Michelangelo in his decay—has fared so badly as Correggio at the hands of his imitators, and their name is legion. For Michelangelo, working as he did only with naked bodies, setting them to tumble and twist in an ideal atmosphere of their own, makes no demand upon the world of fact; indeed, he seems scarcely to touch it. Those who would know him must go out to meet him in his great gaunt world of strain and struggle, and the few who are bold enough pay dearly. Unnerved by his terrific fascination, his followers become his creatures, incapable of achieving independent artistic manhood.

But, as in the case of Mozart's music, so direct and irresistible is our response to Correggio's emotional appeal that we sometimes allow the depth of his artistry to escape us. We doubt the potency of the charm; we doubt even if there be anything in it at all—until we see it work in the votaries of the enchanter. Moreover, we are not dealing now with a message half uttered or a problem half solved such as Giorgione and Leonardo left behind them to tickle the ingenuity of three centuries of critics. A perfect type in art no less than the solution of a problem in science, while it bears the stamp of its creator's mind, detaches itself from his personality like a living thing. From being in correspondence with reality it comes as it were to mate and mingle with it.

We shall perhaps make this point clearer if we examine and compare our impressions of two well-known pictures in the Louvre—the *Fête Champêtre* of Giorgione and Correggio's *Antiope*.

We can well believe—in fact, we can see—as we watch the *Fête* from this distance of time, that those who heard *understood* that “ancient melody of an inward agony,” that low fluting in the hot, still air, winding like a silver thread in and out, in and out, of the

measured melancholy chords of the viol, and dying at last in the agony of unison; but it is in vain that we break the stillness now with our critical conjectures as to what manner of man the artist was, and what he could have meant. But with the *Antiope* we are on a different footing. She is something more than a shadow cast by her creator's "short candle." That only which is perfect is real; but that which is real is immortal, and *Antiope* so far has certainly not neglected the opportunities of immortality. We have seen her as a Royal concubine, bending from a bank of clouds to crown a florid captain introduced by Mars and supported by Minerva; or, again, when she changes her apparel, if not her profession, and poses as a Magdalene with book and skull in the shelter, though not too far in the shade, of a leafy cavern. It is the same with Correggio's angels. They can no more be confined within the dome at Parma than a swarm of bees in a hive. Their playful roguery makes an easy conquest of child-loving Sir Joshua, and they gambol upon the ceilings of ducal halls and chapels—"where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

Here, however, our business is only with Correggio as he shows himself in his drawings, and it must at once be confessed that these are not only few in number, but of little value as evidence of his skill. Like Reynolds, one of the few whose power over the brush was at all commensurate with his own, he probably found it easier to paint a picture than to make a cartoon. What Correggio understood by a sketch is well seen in the design for the celebrated *Notte* at Dresden, which is probably the only genuine example here. The composition of the scene differs widely from that which he ultimately adopted, and the whole is as purely and simply an experiment in "values" as a sketch by Rembrandt. Another interesting drawing is that labelled "a mythological composition." In reality it is a design for the figure of Eve in the fresco of the Assumption of the Virgin at Parma, and the original, of which this is a replica, is in the Louvre. In the fresco Eve appears more violently foreshortened than in the drawing; but the pose of the head and arm—not to speak of the apple—leaves no doubt as to the relation between them. On the left of the figure of Eve there is a Cherub's head, slightly sketched, and of that type which Correggio created, and which influenced Reynolds so profoundly in his conception and representation of children. In fact, we are

almost tempted to believe that in this very drawing—which came from the collection of Reynolds—we may have the germ, as it were, of *Puck*, *Cupid as a Link-Boy*, and *Robinetta*.

“If you want to know the defects of your pictures,” said West on one occasion, “set somebody to copy them;” and the zeal with which the Carracci and their school multiplied drawings after, or in the style of, Correggio has certainly not tended to enhance his reputation. Not only are Bolognese school-copies of the principal groups in the Parma frescoes generally attributed to Correggio himself; but the original figure studies of Annibale and his pupils, being executed in the same way, have naturally come to be included in the same category. These latter can easily be recognized, for indeed there is scarcely a collection which does not boast one or more of them. They exhibit the vulgar types for which the Carracci seem to have had a predilection; the forms are vigorously outlined, but somewhat coarsely and squarely shaded with horizontal strokes. The study of an angel with a violin is a good specimen of this class; while in the large nude figure, probably of St. Sebastian, we seem to detect the softer touch and rounder modelling of Guercino.

We are told that when Michelangelo saw Titian’s *Danaë* he took occasion to lament that the Venetians were not trained in sound principles of design. If they had been, he thought that nothing could have surpassed them. The fashion of modern thought and talk has outgrown the limitations of Michelangelo; or rather, it expresses itself within a new set of limitations, for, because we meet or pretend to have met Titian at a particular point in the cycle, it by no means follows that we have come by the same road. It is true that the naturalism of the mature Titian has many features in common with the practice, or, at any rate, with the preaching, of modern “impressionists,” with whom the problem reduces itself to a question of treatment; but results, outwardly similar, have, at least in this case, flowed from causes essentially different. In Venice it was the full-fed, complacent satisfaction with the external gloss of life that kept men from the temptation to break away from impressions; and from this point of view the much misunderstood *dictum* of Reynolds—namely, that the Venetian school expresses “the Dutch part of the Italian genius”—seems perfectly justified. If men would chase shadows, they must keep in training, and asceticism was not the fashion. “Venice spent what Venice earned.”

But with us "impressionism" is one result of anaemia. Those who are too exhausted even to cope with their sensations are not likely to wrestle with thoughts. The tables are turned; and so far from pursuing ideals, our weaklings are themselves hunted by ghosts, though it is only in human nature that they should try to put a bold face upon the matter—*belli simulacra gerentes*. Nevertheless we should beware of allowing ourselves to be overborne or taken in by this boldness. It has been said that Pope borrowed from the ancients out of poverty, Addison out of modesty, and Milton out of pride; and it is probable that in the matter of drawing, the "impressionist" depreciates out of ignorance what Titian disregarded out of pride.

The few genuine drawings by Titian in this collection are, as usual, slight sketches with the pen. The most important is the *St. Jerome*. It has been reproduced by Morelli, and closely resembles a fine study of the same subject at Chatsworth. The drawing of a shepherd under a tree exhibits in the cleverest manner what Ruskin in his "Elements of Drawing" long ago pointed out as defects in Titian's trees—namely, that the angularities of the branches are rounded off until they look soft and leathery, while the foliage, though it is disposed naturally enough in graceful masses, resembles that of no actual tree in particular. This, to Ruskin—who did not paint—a defect, was a quality to Reynolds, who did; and similar generalizations will occur to every one in the landscape backgrounds not only of Reynolds himself, but of Gainsborough as well. With these drawings the student should compare Titian's *Noli me Tangere* at the National Gallery. Equally open to Ruskin's censure, it calls for notice on another ground—namely, that it contains as good an example as can be seen in England of the celebrated "brown tree." What Giorgione planted Titian watered, and the brown tree grew with its "dark, mysterious boughs" shutting out the light of nature from the cultivated composer of classical landscape, until Constable roughly and readily, as became a mere underbred copyist of reality, laid the axe to the root of it. Constable one day found Sir George Beaumont—an elegant amateur and a munificent benefactor to the rising National Gallery—in great trouble over a landscape. The difficulty was this. He could not make up his mind where to put his "brown tree"; and to paint a classical landscape without a brown tree in it would have been as

improper as to write a classical drama in less than five acts. Great, therefore, was Sir George Beaumont's surprise when Constable, taking him to the window, showed him that there was no brown tree in nature. However, like the minuet which survives in the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart to tell us that the symphony itself was originally nothing but a suite of dance-tunes, so the brown tree in classical landscape deserves the respect, if not the admiration, of the art student, as a relic of the golden prime when landscape was not yet a self-sufficient motive, but a mere setting to the "history." Even its outlandish colour is a sign that it grew in the twilight, when the face of nature, as we see it in Giorgione's *Venus* at Dresden, was overspread with a soft, even glow, and the pictorial sun had not yet risen in the pictorial sky. In fact, if no other evidence were attainable, we might guess from their pictures alone that the world, as Bellini and Titian understood it, was still in Ptolemaic leading-strings. That is to say, we see the earth as it would look if the sun went round it, and it were inclosed in a crystal sphere. Turner, on the other hand, puts the sun in his right place, and he knows that there is nothing to soften or dilute his rays but the air.

It seems a pity that the Venetian drawings were not more carefully sorted and labelled. As it is, several of Campagnola's drawings are given—as so often happens—to Titian; and yet not one of the many interesting figures whom Morelli rescued from neglect and oblivion stands out more clearly and convincingly before us than Domenico Campagnola. The fate of the middleman in art history is always hard. His chief use is to hand on the message of one generation to the next, and though his private interpretation may be original and valuable, it rarely gets a separate hearing. Thus Campagnola, so long as he keeps close to Giorgione and Titian, is generally hidden by one or the other of them, while his more original efforts tend to get merged in the mass of respectable work turned out by Grimaldi, Bolognese, Gaspar Poussin, and others, who learned from him how to surpass him.

And now that we have come within sight of the Bolognese, it is time to turn back, not because reason deserts us, but because *fashion* refuses to advance; and however we may brave it out, reason follows fashion in these matters as Sancho Panza followed Don Quixote. He made many a grumbling protest, occasionally he

tipped a wink to the amused lookers-on; but follow he did all the same. The motto of fashion is *vae victis*; so if the next turn of the wheel should bring Guido and Domenichino to the front again, their admirers will give no quarter to that "hard, dry, Gothic manner"—as Reynolds called it—which happens to be in fashion to-day. But if we wish to be free from these periodic oscillations, we must reach the *terra firma* of science, on which all things that exist share the equal right to explanation. Of such a science the groundwork has been laid, and the scope defined by the genius of Morelli, but "much remains to conquer still." The scholar and the historian must contribute, or we shall have nothing but a *pseudo*-science after all, mimicking the assurance of the older dogmatists, but without their literary charm, as in the case of Ruskin, or their practical authority, as in that of Reynolds. *Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt.* But, however this may be, the part that the exact study of drawings will have to play in these inquiries is now assured and undoubted. No longer mere curiosities of the cabinet, they have come to be potent weapons of precision in the hands of contending critics, nor can we do better in conclusion than recall the words of the great master himself:

If I could succeed in inducing even two of my friends to undertake the wearisome but interesting study of old master's drawings, I should look upon my trouble as richly rewarded.

DRAWINGS OF ALBERT DÜRER AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.¹

[1894: AET. 31.]



ÜRER may be said to hold a unique position midway between those of his own magnitude and rank who appeal to the expert and those who appeal to the populace. It is true that the number of his admirers includes experts; but they approach him in a very different attitude from that of the professional cultivators of Velasquez, who are supposed to be dealing with his problems, but on a higher level, and in a superior style. Velasquez, in fact, hardly seems to stand upon his own legs, or on the basis of his own achievement. On the contrary, refracted by egoism, he appears, as it were, topsy-turvy, and the most we can do is to praise him for having been lucky enough to anticipate those who are now enlightened enough to exploit him. Dürer can hardly be said to be a popular favourite to the whole extent of his production; nor are his admirers actively engaged in applying what can be learnt of his lessons. His utterance is much too involved and voluminous ever to become the password of a clique, and his depth renders him difficult to read. However, when his appeal is heard, it is heard with an intensity that makes the voices of all the rest sound thin and artificial, and in this he resembles his great countryman and spiritual kinsman, Sebastian Bach. His very defects are, as it were, the *ultima linea* of his qualities, and throw them into higher relief. We would far rather have him as he is, in his naked massiveness and ruggedness, than "rosy with a robe of grace that softens down the sinewy strength."

It is in his drawings that Dürer gives of himself the best and the

¹ "Ninety-three Drawings by Albert Dürer. Reproduced in facsimile from originals in the British Museum, accompanied with descriptive text by Sidney Colvin." London; "Realm," Dec. 7th, 1894.

most. As with sculpture in the case of Flaxman, painting with Dürer was a mask that confined expression rather than a medium that conveyed it. Even in his engravings he was hampered by technical limitations, which science, perhaps, has done more than art to widen or remove since his day. But when he takes the pen or the point he becomes free to work his will; and thus it happens that Dürer's drawings, unlike those of the other great masters, are something more than a preface, as it were, or a key, to the main body of his performance: they are the very anthology of his life's work.

The present volume, which has been specially prepared for the English student by the Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, consists exclusively of examples belonging to his Department.

The first reproduction shows us the hand of Dürer in his giant youth. It is a drawing, made before he was fifteen, of a lady holding a hawk, and in its present state is rather interesting than charming. The inelegant bend of the figure recalls the traditional pose of numerous Madonnas and Catherines painted or carved in German churches. In the splendid drawing of *The Prodigal Son*, the artist produces a quaint and essentially German effect of contrast by making his penitent kneel in fervent supplication in the midst of the unconsciously humorous swine. It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that, of all his work, Dürer's landscape studies are the most modern in feeling and effect. He joins hands, as it were, with the moderns through his perfect innocence of the conventions which they are only too well aware of and take pains to avoid. A good example of his artless mastery in this field is No. 13, a drawing in body colour of a house on a solitary island in the river Pegnitz. The lonely expanse of water reflects the cold colours of the sky, in which heavy rain clouds are gathering; and it is wonderful to see what Dürer has been able to accomplish without the machinery of conventions such as the Italians employed from Cima to Claude. If he had been more of a "colourist," he would probably have been less of a realist; but, as it is, we are brought face to face with the scene as the artist saw it, and it speaks to us directly, not through the metaphor of another mind. This and the superb drawing of the deep pool in a pine forest, with the sun going down sullen behind black clouds, well deserve to be pondered by the latter-day impressionist, for it would seem as if

those who blame "line" for the profoundly scientific reason that it is not "colour" might be in danger of missing the comprehension of both. The celebrated drawing, No. 18, shows us an attempt on the part of Dürer to bring Apollo to Germany. The artist has evidently been inspired by the newly-discovered *Apollo Belvedere*; but his attempt, at least in this form, came to nothing, for the Apollo was converted at last into the Adam of the well-known engraving. The uncompromising realism (not to say vulgarity) of the dead Christ will probably shock those of us who are more in tune with the flattering fancies and smooth amenities of Italian art. But "I drew this face in my sickness," writes Dürer, obviously in no mood to flatter the too familiar features of pain and death. Besides, it is universally true of him that the more deeply he felt the more definitely he saw. Like Luther, he was saved by strength from the incontinence of mysticism, in which the subject buries self in the all-embracing voluptuous vagueness of an object with no outline.

Dürer, when on his travels, made a practice of taking the portraits, generally in charcoal, of people he met, in return for hospitality or other service. The present collection is rich in portraits of this character. They are marvels of penetrating realism: in fact, Dürer's sitters seem to tell us everything but their names. The fine portrait of Bernard van Orley does not belong, strictly speaking, to this category; for the date, 1521, shows it to be a study for the picture now at Dresden, not the drawing which Dürer, as he himself tells us, made at Brussels in 1520. "Master Bernard van Orley, the painter, invited me, and prepared so costly a meal that I do not think ten florins will pay for it. . . . I took the portrait in charcoal of Master Bernard, Lady Margaret's painter." But among all these drawings the English student will probably turn with most interest to the likeness of Henry Parker, Lord Morley. Gentle, shrewd, thoughtful, equally at home in the world of books and in the world of men, he seems to breathe the very atmosphere of the Court of Henry VIII, as Erasmus saw and described it—to the indignant amazement of a particular school of modern historians, who pretend reason to promote reaction, discover the "conscientiousness" of Philip II, but deny the patriotism of Henry VIII, extol the moral grandeur and spiritual beauty of priesthood, and then stickle for "truth."

ART IN THEORY¹

[1894: AET. 31.]

HE owl of Minerva does not start upon her flight until the shades of evening have begun to fall." In these words Hegel described what history seems never tired of repeating. Creation and criticism, action and talk, follow one another like day and night, and the analogy between the two successions goes far deeper than the mere colour of a phrase. For, though we may while away the long hours of the critical dusk in talking or in dreaming, the subject is always something seen or done by day, and those who want to work must either use artificial light or do the best they can in the dark.

From this point of view, then, it is not so much that a critical age is known by its barrenness, as that what it does produce is inevitably forgotten as soon as the light of another day rouses men to a fresh spell of activity. And herein lies the salvation of criticism. In art the propagation of an inadequate type is stopped once and for all as soon as the adequate type appears. Even a Ruskin cannot put back the hands of the clock. But the critic, as he makes no real conquests, rouses no serious enmity. Van Mander was never refuted by Rembrandt, nor Pacheco by Velasquez. Mengs, from his lofty theoretical standpoint, grieved that Reynolds was only acquainted with "superficial principles of art"; but if Mengs had been able to paint as well as Reynolds, he might have saved his own profundity from oblivion. To come down to our own day: Does anybody suppose that if a great musician were to arise now, to "lighten our darkness," he would waste time over a solemn refutation of the charlatanic theories of Wagner? On the

¹ "Art in Theory," by George Lansing Raymond. London and New York; "Realia," Dec. 7th, 1894.

contrary, there would be no need to take the trouble to hang what might safely be left to drown in an ocean of melody.

In the preface to this work the author, in answer to an earlier critic, raises the question of the character and scope of the historical method; and, as we are more familiar with that than with the method which he himself pursues, it may be well to consider his criticism, and so to gather a negative idea of what will afterwards show itself in positive form. We are told, then, that the historical method implies two propositions—"first, that art is the expression of the age in which it appears; and, second, that all art, for this reason, is of interest to the artist." And our author adds that "neither proposition is true." With regard to the second proposition: It is as difficult to affirm it in practice as to deny it in theory. Practically it is true that only such art as he selects for approval or imitation is of interest to the artist; but as soon as we examine the theoretical grounds of his selection and rejection, we shall find that, whether he is aware of it or not, all art in its aspect of good or bad has gained a footing there. For the fact that the artist judges a particular thing involves the claim to comprehend it; and the network of relations that binds any phenomenon, however we may arbitrarily and artificially isolate it, to every other phenomenon of the same kind, is not broken at those points where it may be ignored. All art, therefore, has a theoretical interest for the artist, and the extent to which he realizes this interest as feeling exactly measures the value of his judgment.

With regard to the former proposition Dr. Raymond observes:

If there be anything which, very often, the higher arts are distinctly not, it is the expression of the spirit of their age. Greek architecture of the fourth century before Christ, and Gothic of the thirteenth after Him may have been this, although even they were developments of what had been originated long before. But all the unmodified examples of Greek or Gothic architecture produced since then—and at certain periods they have abounded to the exclusion of almost every other style of building—have been expressions, not of the age in which they were produced, but of that long past age in which their models were produced.

But this argument seems likely to overbalance itself by proving too much. To say, for example, that the Parthenon expresses the spirit of the age in which it was built, and that St. Paul's Cathedral does not, is to set arbitrary limits to the character and effects of

that vague influence or tendency which we call the spirit of the age. In the first place, the fact that Wren chose a classical and not a Gothic type is directly and in the highest degree expressive of the spirit of his age, and if an artist of equal genius were to arise now the spirit of the age would impel him just as irresistibly to go to the past for inspiration and guidance. He would certainly not choose the same models as Wren, or employ them in the same way; but in this very difference we should detect the working of the changed spirit of the age. Again, the spirit of the age is not always or everywhere creative. While Newton was creating, Wren was adapting and combining; but, like corn in a field, they were—each according to his position and stature—moved by the same breath. To argue that the spirit of the age stirs only in what is new in substance as well as in form is like contending that a man ceases to live when he ceases to grow.

However, though we cannot share the author's views of the historical method, we are none the less grateful for the results of his own subtle and elaborate inquiry. A book like this is specially welcome at the present day, when the plague of putrid anaemia is wasting the very substance of mind, when in literature egoism dominates, and impressionism in art, to the exclusion in the one case of truth, and in the other of thought.

The following passage, for example, throws a clear light upon a question which in this country it is very difficult to approach, or even to see, for the dust raised by contending amateurs:

No one will deny, probably, that most of the present French painters of the highest rank excel in imitation—*i.e.*, in reproducing the exact appearance of nature; or that most of the English painters excel in expression—*i.e.*, in arranging these appearances so as to be significant of ideas. As a consequence, the French are accused by their detractors of caring only for *technique*, and the English, especially so far as their arrangements suggest a story, of being *literary*. But why cannot, and why should not, a work of art be equally successful in imitation and in expression, in execution and in invention? There is no reason except that the most of us are narrow in our aims and sympathies, and prefer to have our art as contracted and one-sided as ourselves. But this is not the spirit that will ever lead to the development of great art. It may foster the mechanical school, where everything runs to line, and the impressionist, where everything runs to colour; but it will not always blend both lines and colours sufficiently to produce even satisfactory form, and it will never make this form an inspiring pre-

sence by infusing into it the vitality of that thought and feeling which alone can entitle it to be a work of the humanities.

In the course of his wide survey, the author glances now and again at music; but, though much that he says is original and suggestive, we are not satisfied on the whole with his treatment of "the perfect art." For example, he tells us that "there would be no melodies if it were not for the natural songs of men and birds, or for what are called 'the voices of nature,'" and, again, that "the term *nature* may apply to every effect that is not produced directly by the agency of distinctively human intelligence." On the contrary, we hold that the very pre-eminence of music as an art is due to the fact that its realm lies inward, in the depths of personality. Like number, it is a faculty of that inner sense, the form of which, according to Kant, is Time; but its freedom and power are even greater, for it comprehends and exhibits that which is "inexpressible by numbers that have name." The ancients, if we may judge from their choice of metaphors, were aware of this fact, and Leibnitz neatly expressed it when he said that "music is unconscious mathematics."

In conclusion, we would cordially recommend this book to all who desire to import something of deliberation and accuracy into their thinking about matters of art. For even if, as we believe, no theory in itself will outlast the dusk of the critics, on the other hand there is a chance that, when day does dawn, it may find us unnerved and untuned by bad dreams.

JOHN RUSSELL, R.A.¹

[1895: AET. 31.]



At first sight it would seem as if the biographer in search of a hero would have to extend his inquiry far beyond the limits of the eighteenth century, for the wealth of this period both in matters and in men has attracted a host of explorers, after whose loving labour there is not much to glean. To most periods distance lends their enchantment. What we half invent we entirely approve. But it is otherwise with the eighteenth century, for here enchantment lessens the distance. Though we may have ceased to read "Rasselas," we are never tired of reading about "our great friend," as the late Master of Balliol called Johnson, and the "dear dead women" of Reynolds are far closer to our hearts than the domestic pruderries in ringlets and crinolines of the early and middle days of Victoria. In fact, now that the painter and decorator has arrived to finish up with "vignettes," it looks as if the solid and formal work of the historian were almost done.

It is, therefore, all the more surprising that a great portrait-painter of this brilliant and popular epoch should have had to wait until yesterday not only for the exhaustive biography which comes in due time to those that wait, but for any biography at all. Allan Cunningham, though he would squeeze in Runciman, Harlow, and Bird—only one of whom was a Scotchman—among the immortals, had no place for John Russell. This neglect our author is inclined to attribute in great part to the fact that the painter's diary, being written in a difficult system of shorthand, remained, as it were, locked away from those who might and would have rescued him from unmerited obscurity. But this surely is to mistake a mere accident for an efficient cause. What system of shorthand, or even

¹ "John Russell, R.A.," by G. C. Williamson; "Guardian," February 13th, 1895.

of hieroglyphics, would have kept the world from a diary of Reynolds, if such a treasure had existed? On the contrary, the causes of the sudden decline and speedy disappearance of Russell's popularity must be sought in the man himself and the character of his art. As an oil painter he was no match for his great contemporaries, while his favourite medium, in force and range, is no match for oil. If Michelangelo stigmatized oil-painting as an employment only fit for women, what would he have said of pastel? It is true that the works of Russell still maintain their pristine prettiness almost unimpaired, while Sir Joshua's colours fleeted faster even than the youth and beauty they rivalled; nevertheless the grounds of Romney's opinion, that a faded Reynolds was better than a well-preserved picture by any other master, are so far from having been obscured by the lapse of time, that at the present day they look clearer and more decisive than ever. Again, while Reynolds and Romney are seen as much in the reflected light of their illustrious friendships as by their own achievements, great as these were, Russell, by embracing Methodism at a time when society did not suffer enthusiasts gladly, lost the chance of being carried down to posterity by the main stream. Only the stars of the very first magnitude shine alone; the rest maintain a corporate splendour in constellations, an arrangement which we see beautifully reflected in the theory now universally held that in literature, science, and art it is not so much practice as puffery that makes perfect.

John Russell was born at Guildford in the year 1745. His father seems to have possessed something of a talent for drawing, and the son early betrayed a similar bent; though the stories told of his precocity are in no way remarkable. When still young he was placed in the studio of Francis Cotes, R.A., whose reputation now suffers from the fact that his best works are generally attributed to Gainsborough. For his master Russell always entertained a strong feeling of respect and affection, though his conversion, the most important event in his life, was the cause of frequent disputes and misunderstandings between them. For instance, we read in his diary: "My master disturbed me with oaths at my prayers;" and again:

I had a religious argument with my master, Mr. Cotes, at dinner. I could not keep myself calm. I had the name of being a blasphemer given me

because I defended the doctrine of election, and spoke on the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

After leaving Cotes he paid a visit to the country before settling finally in London. His commissions were numerous: but his private utterances still show that his heart was more in his vocation than in his profession. He scattered the good seed right and left without respect of persons, preaching to noble sitters, coachmen, and servant-girls. In 1772 Russell became an associate of the Royal Academy; but it was not before 1789 that the honours of full membership were accorded to him. It seems that owing to his constant determination to keep himself unspotted from the world his intercourse with his colleagues lacked freedom and cordiality. He made an occasional appearance at the annual banquets, once at the urgent request of Sir Joshua, but it always went against the grain. In January, 1773, he writes: "Obliged to fly from the R.A., as they were full of filthy blasphemy;" and again: "Spending the evening at the Royal Academy, but obliged to leave because of their filthy conversation." Nevertheless there must have been a certain method in his Methodism, if we may be allowed the expression, for, though in the case of Reynolds, the most invulnerable of men, his Whig sympathies were sufficient to lose him the esteem and support of the King, Russell eventually mounted the very summit of his profession as painter to the Prince Regent. A "bad eminence," surely, from his point of view; but those who are most deeply conscious that they are not as other men are can sometimes suck flattering unction and more solid stuff, too, out of the errors or the misfortunes of their neighbours. For instance, there was a certain Colonel Glover, to whom Russell was indebted, so he writes about him as follows:

He is a Deist, a man of very depraved morals, but has been raised up to serve me, when it shall not be accounted for but from Providence, who will feed his people by ravens as well as men.

Doubtless, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was a bird of the same feather. Nor was Russell's personal humility by any means incompatible with the most ludicrous excess of intellectual arrogance. Our pastellist was a great amateur of astronomy. He made a map of the moon, and contrived a mechanical means of exhibiting its phases; accordingly, it is without surprise, though it

may be with some amusement, that we learn from Kirke White, who visited the artist and had a long talk with him, that he entertained "no great reverence for Sir Isaac Newton."

When we try to estimate Russell's power and rank as an artist, the comparison with Sir Joshua and Gainsborough forces itself upon us. Nevertheless, the divergence is far more real and striking than the resemblance. In looking at Reynolds, we can never forget that he has lived with the greatest. His own resources may be inferior to theirs, but he has learnt his dignity and ease of manner in their company and in their school. He knows exactly how a great master would be expected to behave in a difficulty. He feels instinctively where Titian would have been bold, or Correggio subtle. Gainsborough, on the other hand, has none of this elaborate finish of breeding and training. He is a self-made man. In the consciousness of his superb facility, he despairs the roundabout contrivances of learned art, nourished upon maxims and memories. With him the shortest is also the easiest way, and his masterpieces, unlike those of his more deliberate and self-conscious rival, have all the appearance of being the natural result of some occasional harmony of mood and model. In Russell we have less of art, but more of truth than in either of his great predecessors. We use the word truth, of course, in a restricted sense. He never reached that higher level, on which, as in the case of the Johnson and the Heathfield, the real and the imperishable have, as it seems, already begun to shine out in the light of immortality; but, on the whole, his transcripts are more faithful than the average of either Reynolds or Gainsborough. He was ignorant of the conventions of the grand style which led the aspiring president to generalize his subjects, while the careless audacity of Gainsborough was equally remote from his character of earnestness and sobriety. Men are saved by their limitations more often than they are apt to think—certainly than Russell himself would ever have allowed.

GAINSBOROUGH¹

[1895: AET. 32]



AINSBOROUGH, like Velasquez, may be described as a painters' painter. The historian can do little with the events of his life, for what there is to tell is known already, and if it needs to be repeated is soon told. But in the historian's necessity the critic finds his opportunity. He is free from the temptations to wander out of his depth, or to clothe the nakedness of impressions in the uniform of opinions. Alone with the object to be described as it appears, and judged upon its merits, he can express what he thinks and feels, without fear of science or favour of sentiment, for the benefit of his clique or generation as the case may be.

In the present case we shall not invite the reader to traverse the familiar ground covered by Gainsborough's career. The journey might be monotonous, and the company, from certain points of view, none of the best—very different, at any rate, from what we should meet if we were travelling with Reynolds. Our object will rather be to learn what we can from the observation and judgment of this Gainsborough's latest, though not his least qualified, critic.

Ruskin in one of his early intervals of lucidity and directness, before he had definitely abandoned teaching for preaching, pronounced Gainsborough to be the finest colourist since Rubens. This may have startled the first readers of "Modern Painters," those of them, at least, who remembered that the colourists since Rubens include Vandyke and Reynolds. People had grown so accustomed to the words, "The old is better," that they began to believe that heaven and earth would pass away sooner; but now the tendency

¹ "Thomas Gainsborough." By Sir Walter Armstrong. London, 1895; "Guardian," May 25th, 1895.

is to the other extreme, and we praise the past, when we do praise it, not at the respectful distance of inferiors, but with the easy assurance of patrons, willing to overlook imperfect knowledge in consideration of honest endeavour. It is easy to see how this change has worked to the advantage of Gainsborough's reputation, as compared, for instance, with that of Reynolds. We have our doubts about a man who, like the President, was always pondering old secrets and new problems. If he had known all that has since been discovered—or, at any rate, asserted—about the difference between "literature" and "paint," he would have thought less about pictures, or, perhaps, not thought at all, and in consequence have painted better. Gainsborough, on the other hand, who chose Van Dyck in all his "gentlemanly flimsiness" for his model in default of a better, was driven both by circumstance and by temperament to be what we are now taught it is best to be—namely, an "impressionist"; *factus est similis nostri*.

The comparison between Reynolds and Gainsborough seems to be as unavoidable as that between Handel and Bach, and in both cases we are apt to make the past, which we only half understand because of its remoteness, responsible for the present, which we only half understand because of its closeness:

"We may say," writes Mr. Armstrong, "that Gainsborough was a finer colourist than Reynolds, but then Sir Joshua excelled him in directions which, to some, may appear more important than colour."

The truth seems to be that, starting from different points and working for different ends, each had to make his own sacrifices for his own successes. If Reynolds, aiming at Venetian harmony and splendour, suffused his canvas with an unreal golden glow, the greenish pallor of Gainsborough's sitters is no less unreal, though perhaps equally unavoidable in the cold keys in which it was his constant delight to compose.

Nothing is more misleading in criticism, or more characteristic of the criticism of the present day, than to choose the faculties of a particular artist, and then to make them into the type or measure of the artistic faculty in general. "As a painter," says Mr. Armstrong, "Gainsborough was the artistic temperament made visible." To us it seems that the evidence is too slight to bear this weighty conclusion, and that what Gainsborough made visible was neither

more nor less than the temperament of a portrait-painter in whom the perceptive and executive faculties dominated, if they did not exclude, all the rest. Granted that "he felt no temptation to be literary" (like Titian when he painted *Bacchus and Ariadne*), "to be anecdotic" (like Velasquez when he painted *The Surrender of Breda*), "to be didactic" (like Dürer when he designed *The Knight and Death*), what does this prove as regards either the quality or the limits of the artistic temperament in men of whom it is certain that they were powerfully and to the end of their days beset by these very temptations? "With Reynolds deliberation counted for much; Gainsborough's good things are impromptus." And many of Schubert's good things are impromptus; but the artistic temperament made visible in Schubert is that of a man who, judged by the great standard of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, was a feeble musician. Not that we mean to imply that Gainsborough was a feeble painter. Like Reynolds, he chose a style "suited to his abilities and to the taste of the times in which he lived"; but there have been other times, in which other styles without ceasing to be pictorial suited or tempted abilities of a wider range and of a higher order.

THE ART OF TITIAN¹

[1898: AET. 34]

I

ELASQUEZ on one occasion when in Italy astonished an artist, with whom he was discussing the relative merits of the great Italian masters, by confessing that, in his judgment, not Raphael, but Titian "carried the banner." And ever since the time of Velasquez Titian's reputation has held its ground against the changes of fashion that have shaken, if they have not uprooted, almost every other demigod upon his throne. That Reynolds continued throughout his whole career to offer the sincerest form of flattery to Titian is obvious enough; but besides, devoted as he was to the lip-service of Michael Angelo, he could say that of the two names that stood highest in art, Titian's was one, and, in another place, that, if ever any of the masterpieces of Greek painting were to be recovered, we should probably find them "as correctly drawn as the Laocoön and coloured like Titian." Mengs, as became a Greek of the German breed, was less enthusiastic about a naturalist and colourist than about the eclectic and ideal Raphael; but even he observes that no one knew better than Titian when to put a red cloth in a picture and when a blue one —a problem far less easy of solution than it might appear. Lastly Ruskin, who composed his gospel out of a whole mass of ill-considered and inconsistent preachments, in the case of Titian at any rate never challenged the verdict of history. "We cannot study Raphael too little." Michael Angelo was "incapable of laying a touch of oil-colour," and as for fresco, in which he did value his skill, Perugino, be it noted, has shown us what that is. And yet the storm of verbiage, that left little else standing where it was, passed

¹ "The Earlier Work of Titian," by Claude Phillips, 1897; "Literature," March 26th, 1898.

harmless over Titian. Nowadays, even when the great designers and inventors are discarded as too literary by those who have the alphabet of pictorial art still to learn, Titian, though he cannot be said, like Velasquez, to shine with a light borrowed from the fireworks of his imitators, is left in undisturbed possession of the tribute of three centuries.

In spite, however, of this long-drawn concordance of applause, the bulk of writing about Titian is slight compared with the volumes that have accumulated upon the monuments of Raphael and Michael Angelo. But this circumstance is neither surprising nor deplorable. Difference provokes discussion, and we should doubtless have had more history if the passage of Titian's name along the stream of time had been less smooth and easy. The exhaustive monograph of Crowe and Cavalcaselle has left little for the gleaner in the same field to gather; but the present sketch has all the qualities that pleasantly distinguish the author's work from the common run of English literature about painting—for example, alertness of perception, freedom of judgment, and an educated and accurate literary style.

It was obviously no part of the author's plan to deviate from the lines of the traditional account, such as it has been received through a long succession from Vasari. Accordingly, the youthful Titian is presented to us as almost entirely dependent upon Giorgione. However, it is precisely at this point that we are inclined to challenge the record as unproved, if not improbable. It would seem as if modern critics had acquired the habit of employing Giorgione's name much as the Sibyl is reported to have behaved to Tarquin. It is true, at any rate, that a third or a fifth of what was formerly attributed to Giorgione is still offered to appreciation at the same old price. Pater—from whose brain more recent critics than would be at all willing to admit the fact have sprung, whether fully equipped or not, into print—Pater grouped “the school of Giorgione” round a masterpiece which has now by universal consent passed to the credit of Titian, while at the dispersal, under Morelli's auspices, of the effects of the traditional Giorgione, a whole tribe of second-rate men—Palma, Dosso, Savoldo, down even to Cariani—have found their opportunity; and yet we continue to reproduce the account of Vasari, whom we are only too prompt to discredit everywhere else, and we persist in putting Giorgione for-

ward as able to account for the first efflorescence of the youth of Titian.

It seems plain, in the first place, that the field which the legendary Giorgione discovered and conquered had already been des cribed and indicated by the old Bellini from the summit, as it were, of his own monument: and, in the second place, that Titian was never *Giorgionesque* in any but the most superficial sense. Technical methods and secrets he may have borrowed; but the painter of the "Sacred and Profane Love" mastered and improved whatever he may have learnt from the painter of the "*Concert Champêtre*." To Giorgione the world appeared in a dream; before Titian it passed as a drama; and this difference between the two is initial and radical. Giorgione disregarded or failed to reach what Titian invariably sought and found. When Giorgione attempts more than a single figure or a half-length—and this as his contemporaries well knew he rarely did attempt—the centre of gravity lies apart from the group or the incident. Or rather, there is no common centre, no *punctum saliens* of motive or interest. The actors stand isolated and pensive, unwilling or afraid to break the mysterious spell:

Their spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom.

The altarpiece at Castelfranco is a good example of the way in which Giorgione managed by dint of sheer genius to disguise or to evade his own limitations, as Gluck had the art to conceal that technical ignorance of which Handel was contemptuous and impatient. Aloft the Madonna sits, brooding over a history of which the secret is known to herself alone, while of the two saints that stand sentinel below, one revolves his chances of success in this world, and the other his chances of salvation in the next. At the Uffizi, in Vienna, everywhere, in fact, it is the same story. The actors are suffocated by their own sensibilities; much seems to be felt, but nothing done. Titian, on the contrary, from the very first had the courage and the strength to seize a situation in its crisis or at its source. Something is done and suffered; and this difference of temperament and outlook emerges no less sharply in the portraits of the two masters. Titian's sitters are the aristocrats that found families and save States, while Giorgione—though there is still a great gulf between his magnetism and the decadence of

Lotto—makes us more sensible of the profligacy and the effeminacy that cling like a parasite to privilege and eventually destroy it.

The book is adorned with a profusion of well-selected illustrations, though of the three drawings that are reproduced one only—the S. Hubert—seems to us to be genuine.

II¹

In telling the story of the later life and work of Titian, our author has accomplished what for him must have been an easy task. Titian is throughout in full view, and the record of his activity is so ample and perfect that there is no occasion to reconstruct him, and no temptation to invent him. But if the task of the writer has been simple, that of the critic must be simpler still. As no question of fact is, or in the nature of the case can be, in dispute, it remains for us to indicate as briefly as may be the very few points at which we feel disposed to part company with the author in his line of interpretation.

At the outset we think that to agitate the question whether Aretino's evil communications did or did not corrupt Titian's good manners is to show a certain lack of the historic sense of proportion. Aretino, whatever else he may have been, was undoubtedly a man of genius; and as regards Titian's intercourse with him, it may be sufficient to note in the first place that genius is apt to acquaint those who possess it with strange bed-fellows; while, in the second place, it has a power of assimilating unhurt elements that would sadly disturb the delicate equilibrium of moral mediocrity. The strange thing is not that Titian overlooked Aretino's bad principles of conduct; but that he was blind to Sansovino's bad principles of art. Again, we are in no sympathy at present with any attempt to show that Titian took a lower, because he may have taken a closer, view of woman than Giorgione. The results of Wickhoff's researches should be a warning to critics not to talk too eloquently about Giorgione before they know. The subject of the so-called Venus at Dresden is still uncertain; that is to say, it has not yet been determined whether in this case, too, Giorgione was merely illustrating a literary theme or creating afresh in the image of his

¹ "The Later Work of Titian," by Claude Phillips, 1898; "Literature," March 4th, 1899.

own sentiment and conviction. In any case, it is too early to lay it down that Titian did worse, when he may only for other reasons have done otherwise. Lastly, to assert that in portraiture Giorgione went deeper than Titian seems to us to be more than unjust; it is a little ungrateful. Even Rembrandt only seems to go deeper because he kept with so solemn an iteration to the rule of experience—to its suffering, its illusion, and its decay—passing by the exceptional “happy souls that long to live.” The fact of the matter is that we shall never know what Giorgione might have done, if he had lived to share Titian’s opportunities. From the little that remains of his work it is abundantly clear that at the outset he must have been drawn to another side, if not to the opposite pole, of experience, to dreaming instead of to thinking, to self-indulgence instead of to self-assertion. All this has a beauty of its own; but it is mainly the beauty of promise, which leaves half the field to the guesswork of the imagination. His conceptions, for all their charm, were as partial and provisional as his power of expressing them was immature; and it is nothing short of a profanation to couple and contrast his essays of precocious youth with the giant achievements of the art—deep, delicate, and deliberate, of Titian. In this contention there is nothing new. It is a notorious fact that Rubens, Van Dyck, and Velasquez studied Titian with patient and passionate enthusiasm, and it is further to be noted that their works tell little, if anything, of Giorgione. It is the same with Reynolds. He would, as he said, have given all he possessed for a genuine Titian in good preservation; while for that which Titian could not teach him he seems to have gone to Correggio and Rembrandt. We present these facts simply for what they may be worth, not presuming to lay stress upon them at a time like the present, when it seems to go without saying that those who produce pictures are *ipso facto* disqualified from judging them when critics have arrived so far as to imitate the boldness of the Praetorian guard in the decadence of the Roman empire. Once the retainers and ministers of the sovereigns, they have come to put the empire itself up to popular appreciation.

We regret that Mr. Phillips has been unable to find time and space for dealing systematically and in detail with the drawings of Titian, for no problem is more difficult or more in need of caution and competence in the handling than that of Venetian drawings.

Little, in fact, is known of Venetian art except in its results. Reynolds wasted his substance and risked the durability of his fame, in the attempt to recover the secret of Venetian colouring, and it is a secret still. But, in general, it seems that the Venetians had less occasion or inclination to draw, in the restricted or popular sense of the word, than their Florentine contemporaries. They preferred to deal summarily with an impression as a whole instead of analysing its components with the help of boundary lines. Anyhow, if Vasari is to be trusted, Michelangelo detected in Titian's work the outcome of a method and habit radically different from his own. The result has been not that fewer drawings are assigned in collections to the great Venetians than to the great Florentines; buyers and sellers are not so easily daunted as a rule; but that in the case of the Venetians it is specially difficult to reach a firm starting-point for genuine criticism. We are glad to see that Mr. Phillips restores to Titian two of the finest of the drawings, of which Morelli in the large exercise of his authority to set up and set down had temporarily deprived him. One is the landscape with the mysterious veiled female figure at Chatsworth, which it is difficult to believe that the second-rate hand of a Campagnola could have executed. The other is the so-called *Landscape with the pedlar* in the same collection.



LORENZO LOTTO—ST. ANTHONY.

A PICTURE BY LORENZO LOTTO AT WILTON HOUSE¹

[1899: AET. 36]



MONG the pictures preserved in the famous palace of the Earls of Pembroke at Wilton, there is one which, though it bears the great name of Correggio, has hitherto escaped not only criticism but detection.² Even Waagen, who visited Wilton, does not refer to it. The picture is painted on wood, and has suffered more from neglect than from restoration. It measures 16 by $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The subject is the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, but it is presented in a manner so original and fantastic as to leave no room for doubt that we have to deal, not with Correggio, but with an artist who for a time moved parallel to him, and so closely that he is apt to get lost in the more even splendour of Correggio's name.

The scheme of colour with its somewhat sharply contrasted blue and white, the landscape full of sentiment and mystery, the attitude boldly conceived but feebly drawn—all this points to what the face reveals as clearly as if the artist had done what he rarely omits, and added his name, Lorenzo Lotto. The fact that Correggio and Lotto passed, so to speak, the same point, but in different directions and apparently without mutual recognition,³ is one of the strangest in art history, and it should dispose us to be critical, if not in-

¹ "Art Journal," March, 1899.

² I have been able to find no reference to it later than that of Richardson, who writes ("Ædes Pembrockianæ," 1774): "This picture belonged to the Duke of Parma, from whom it was stolen in 1693, and a reward of 200 pistoles was offered for it. A nobleman of Venice bought it, and afterwards sold it." I owe this reference to the kindness of Lord Pembroke.

³ "The two men have so much in common that they seem to have been companions, and yet the silence of history as to their personal acquaintance is complete."—Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "Painting in N. Italy," ii, 511.

credulous, of the theory that would subordinate Titian, whom we see and know, as an appendix to Giorgione, whom we are too often compelled to invent.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the full freedom of the external world had already been won for art. The body with its mysteries of form and motion having been conquered, the other, deeper, side of the problem remained to be grasped. Leonardo had experimented in physiognomy, varying the balance of his lines until he reduced them to what might be called their limiting ratio for successive types of emotion; but his interest lay rather in describing the physical causes or accompaniments of mental states. Correggio and Lotto came later, and, stirred about the same time by the same subtle breath, they presented the world no longer in the old fashion, as a thing seen and recounted from point to point, but as the cause and substance, now of apprehension and protest, now of exultation and hope.¹ Correggio, repelled, like Shelley, by the coarseness and hardness of reality, enwrapped himself in a dream of perfection when all things should be made young—*vox turturis audita est in terra nostra, surge amici et veni*; while the other, too self-conscious to submit to be led, but too weak to stand alone, seems to brood for ever upon the complexities and contradictions that beset the pilgrim in a transient world.

In the solitude of a forest glen the Saint sits or rather reclines in an uncomfortably distorted attitude. The sun has set, and the powers of darkness are beginning to be abroad and busy. Absorbed in himself, like all Lotto's creations, St. Anthony seems to be making an earnest appeal to the sympathy or the pity of the spectator. Meanwhile the tempter approaches, stealthily, and unseen, in the form of a dragon, but on a small scale to suit an easy prey.

The date of the work can only be fixed approximately. I am inclined to attribute it to the period of Lotto's residence in Bergamo, about 1516, when he executed the great altarpiece of S. Bartolomeo.² The attitude, which displays feebleness in the very fact of overstrain, the favourite pose of the foreshortened hand, the colour full in body but sober in key—are one and all features that recur

¹ Cf. what M. Séailles says of Renan: "il a gardé l'art de peindre la nature par des traits moraux, d'en suggérer l'image par les émotions qu'elle éveille, allant non de la sensation au sentiment, mais du sentiment à la sensation."

² Morelli, "Die Gallerien zu Munchen und Dresden," p. 68.

again in the Predella which is now preserved separately from the altarpiece in the Gallery at Bergamo. It may be worth noticing that Palma must have hit upon a very similar model for his St. Anthony in the Church of S. Maria Formosa at Venice,¹ though in his case the sentiment is more manly, as the treatment is more general. The figure is probably a portrait. In any case it belongs to that tribe out of which Lotto chose most of his sitters, or into which he admitted them by some strange sort of baptism—the tribe of those for whose vanity or whose weakness the world is too strong, too complicated, or too real, who are haunted by secrets which they are afraid or ashamed to confess or to confront, who have failed in the pursuit of hope and other phantoms on the road that leads straight from sensuality to superstition. In the National Gallery (1047) we have an unhappy family group where the lady, frankly animal and prosaic, despises and resents the constant inadequacy of her wool-gathering mate. In the Doria palace² there is a sickly-looking personage, "who seems to count the beatings of his heart"; but everywhere, in fact, it is the same story. Lotto, though to the superficial observer he may seem to have explored human character in its many-coloured phases and tortuous recesses, had no eye and no touch for the sane and the strong. In reality, like Byron, he painted a single person—himself; he uttered a single voice, that of his own aspiration and complaint. In the company of our sleek decadent we are remote indeed from the saint "whose bones rattle and stink e'en in the flesh"—from him who when the novice shrank from the very thing that under Lotto's auspices St. Anthony is here playing at, exclaimed, "Art thou afraid to lie down alone under the stars?—Christ will lie down with you." Remote even from the coarse-grained simpleton of Teniers, who is more than half inclined to welcome any interruption, even from the devil, of the difficult drudgery of spelling out the Bible; here on the contrary to be tempted is obviously to be fashionable. Our saint is cultivated, fluent, winning. He has even the air of a critic who having declared science bankrupt to the satisfaction of those who do not even know where science begins, flatters himself that he has made the devil semi-reasonable. Lotto, in a word, embodies that spirit which afterwards found work and opportunity in the counter-

¹ Phot. Alinari, 13651.

² Morelli, "Die Gallerien Borghese und Doria," p. 391.

reformation, with its furtive obliquity of vision, its suppleness and sensuousness, but with all its uneasy consciousness of incurable decay. And it is probably this circumstance that has earned for him the more than dubious honour of being styled *modern*. At any rate, in that sense, he is modern here with a vengeance. Decadents of the type of those to whom he appealed and whose weakness he shared were never more busy, more loquacious or more self-conscious than at the present day, when men who have lost the wit to think and the pluck to act allow themselves to be captivated by the picturesqueness of superstition, and run the risk of evoking from the charnel house of the past a spirit whom, when he does appear, it may be difficult—for the tribe of Lotto—to control or to lay.

PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY¹

[1900: AET. 37]

I



F the great public collections of Europe, the National Gallery is one of the most modern. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Barry had urged the establishment of a Gallery that should bring the great masters within the reach of students. The traditional belief in their greatness was then more firm and vital, if possible, than now. Artists were enjoined to seek and to cultivate "the sublime" as their highest object; but that which was preached was never produced, and without models it was difficult to begin. Meanwhile the mutual contradictions with the invariable assurance of connoisseurs only added to the confusion. All those who could, like Reynolds and Romney, went abroad, not so much to finish as to begin their education, while the less fortunate had to trust to the chance sight of the contents of some great house. The ideal of Gainsborough, for example, was bounded by what he had learnt of Van Dyck at Wilton; and it is possible that, if he had kept better company on earth, he would have looked higher in heaven. Nevertheless, it was not until the year 1824 that the nucleus of the present collection was bought for the nation. But this lateness in time was no unmixed disadvantage. Opportunities had gone by, but then so had illusions. Even to Walpole, who invented a kind of Gothic both in sentiment and in stone, "the first picture in England" was still the Guido at Houghton. But in 1824 fashion had changed. The historical spirit that respects all periods had invaded the realm of art, and the National Gallery, though it lacks the prestige of old royal palaces like the Louvre, the Prado, or the Belvedere, is less

¹ Preface to the "National Gallery," issued by the Berlin Photographic Company (1900).

burdened with obsolete accumulations. The great masters confront us, not in irrelevant uniqueness, but explained by their forerunners. Here, on the whole, little needs to be supplied, and less to be undone.

II

Beginning with the Italians, and taking the rooms in their order, we come upon Botticelli, one of the most fantastic and impressionable of Florentine artists. In the *Venus and Mars* he is still young enough to "pursue the triumph and partake the gale" of the new classical enthusiasm; while in the *Adoration of the Magi*, with its clumsy Greek inscription, we see him at the close of his career, when, saddened and soured by the fate that had overtaken his spiritual guide Savonarola, he took refuge in prophecy, a great solace of the disillusioned. The tondo (No. 275) has always been a favourite with the English public, impressed no doubt by the symmetry of the composition, and the stiff heroic air with which the Virgin gazing straight out of the picture seems to face impending tragedy. But the balance of opinion is against its genuineness. From an inscription on the back of the panel we gather that it once belonged to the architect Giuliano da San Gallo, and some have innocently concluded that he actually painted it.

Andrea *senza errori* is represented by a single picture; but that is a masterpiece. In the portrait long supposed to be his own likeness, we can appreciate that mastery of the oil medium with which the "little scrub" astonished his compeers at Florence, accustomed to paint too closely in view of sculptural effects and ideals. Moreover, there is a haunting quality in the furtive glance of this weak man, which is as widely different as possible from the ordinary Florentine treatment and type, and recalls the portraits of that self-centred devotee Lotto.

Passing by Francia, whose placid and serious art pleasantly reminds us of his intimacy with the growing Raphael, we come to the Umbrians. And here it is obvious, at a glance, that the disciple, though great, is not above his master. The Ansidei Madonna is Raphael's farewell effort, as it were, in a type which he was on the point of discarding as too narrow and too stiff for the growing impulse of his genius. The effect of the whole is grave and sweet;

but he has not done as much within his limits as Perugino in the neighbouring altarpiece from the Certosa.

There is a sort of helpless saintliness about Umbrian art, which is sometimes a little tiresome. The people look too incredibly unspotted from the world, too securely domiciled by anticipation in Paradise. However, everything here is seraphic without a touch of the imbecile. The harmony is of the gravest and richest, and the landscape worthy of the beings that walk there. "Nowhere has Perugino more completely combined masterly execution, knowledge of form, and perfection of harmonies with the subtle quality which consists in giving to a scene the tone best in unison with its motives and idea."

One of the greatest of the Umbrians, indeed of the early Italians, is Piero della Francesca. The *Adoration of the Shepherds* has suffered, or perhaps was never finished; but the choir of angels standing bolt upright in a compact group, like a sort of harmonious bodyguard, is one of the most gracious apparitions in Italian art. Piero was one of the first to realize the truth—discarded with conspicuous results at the present day—that is is impossible to *see* before one *knows*. On account of the ardour and tenacity with which he went about the intellectual conquests of nature, he is the real predecessor on one side of Mantegna and on the other of Leonardo, who was in fact associated with him through their common friend Pacioli.

Not even in Venice itself is the splendour of Venetian art more ample and dazzling than it is here. At the outset the two giants of the Renaissance in North Italy are well combined and contrasted. Mantegna, who in the gigantic strength with which he grasped the intellectual aspect of every problem, and the tendency of his mind to complicate what it apprehended, resembled Sebastian Bach; while Bellini, his contemporary and kinsman, sweeter, simpler, more human, may be compared to Handel.

It would be difficult for any artist to hold his own against Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*. Others may be here in force; but Titian is on his throne. No subject can be conceived better fitted to show him off than this joyous pageant of nature—Rabelais' "Physis," who in the beginning brought Beauty and Harmony to the birth. Reynolds has explained, with the reasonableness and measure of the eighteenth century, the contrivance that underlies

and accounts for its splendour of effect; but in the attempt to do anything like justice to the main impression words prove faint and futile.

Paul Veronese, the greatest after Correggio of the Italian colourists, is an artist whose power, on account of his beauty, we are apt to underrate. The *Marriage at Cana* in the Louvre, which Rossetti called the finest picture in the world, is more gorgeous and more overwhelming in its immensity than the *Family of Darius*. But in the latter we have an epitome of the artist's rarest qualities and highest powers, his patrician ease and grace and his superb unconsciousness of effort. There are no signs of contrivance, and there are no second thoughts; but the hand follows the track of his imagination in all its compass and subtlety, with an immediateness and certainty recalling, as Ruskin long ago said, "the movements of the finest fencer."

The contrast between Veronese and his friend and associate Tintoretto is as great as can well be imagined, for the latter, so far from working wonders as if he hardly realized how wonderful they were, was determined at all hazards to astonish and to be original. More remarkable even than his power is the obstinate egoism which he forced upon the forms of art and through them upon the world. Vasari was puzzled and repelled by him, and may have been partly responsible for the neglect which, in contrast to the steady fame of Titian, soon overtook him. Velasquez studied him profoundly; but his great prophet is Ruskin, who, fond of "showing a mystery" like other prophets before him, brought the "mystery of Tintoret" into fashion. *Vires acquirit cundo*, and the tendency now is rather to exalt him at the expense of the other two members of the great Venetian triumvirate, though few probably of those who have adopted the enthusiasm of Ruskin would be willing to own to his reasons. The *St. George and the Dragon* exhibits at once the boldness with which Tintoretto departed from tradition, and the resources which enabled him to do so not only with impunity but with brilliant success. The artist has proposed to himself and has solved a problem of great subtlety. He has extended the scene of the occurrence without dissipating the interest of the observer, and so immediate and so probable is the total presentment that the space measured between the hero who charges into the picture and the frightened girl escaping from it affects us like a single intense point.

Of the lesser lights that circle round the luminaries at a modest distance, two only need detain us. Catena, like many another second-rate man, has grown rich of late years by confiscation from his betters. The *Warrior adoring the Infant Christ* represents in its solemn, summer evening looking splendour and sedateness the utmost of what he was capable of. Once attributed to Giorgione, then again to Bellini, it was first restored as his masterpiece to its rightful owner by Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Girolamo dai Libri, though he saw the great day of Italian art at its zenith, still retains much of the simplicity and innocence of the earlier time, in which men walked circumspectly and were tempted not too far.

If we are to believe Morelli, the National Gallery is not entitled to boast the great name of Giorgione; but Venturi has recently called attention to a small picture (No. 1173) which bears all the traces of his early manner, that is to say, if the two well-known pictures in the Uffizi are rightly ascribed to him. The subject is unknown, or at least has not yet been explained. What we see is a novice brought for instruction to a sage or magician crowned with olive and seated under a canopy. Two things speak for the authorship of Giorgione. In the first place, the freedom and originality with which the landscape is treated. The artist has begun to look at Nature with his own eyes, and to draw from reality what tradition could not supply. In the second place, we are sensible, as it were, of the atmosphere of an event without being shown the process. The figures petrified by some strange spell seem just able to suggest what they cannot enact.

Among the great masters of portrait, Titian is sadly to seek, though Palma's golden presentation of a poet is no unworthy substitute. Byron summed it up when he called it "the poetry of painting and the painting of poetry."

Moretto here surpasses not only himself but almost everyone else in the subtle and romantic portrait of Count Martinengo Cesaresco of Brescia. Note how he has succeeded in enwrapping his sitter, as it were, in the atmosphere of his dreams, without robbing him at the same time, as Lotto would certainly have done, of all appearance of strength of mind and will. Moroni is perhaps Moretto's equal as a face-painter; but he is more prosaic, more at home with the middle class of substantial tradesmen and respectable professional men.

Only one picture in this collection bears the name of Leonardo da Vinci, and of this, as is well known, there is a version in the Louvre. The majority of recent critics regard the French picture as the sole original, and assign the London version to the hand of Ambrogio de Predis. Now the *Virgin of the Rocks*, whatever may have become of it, was painted by Leonardo for an altarpiece of which the two wings were undoubtedly furnished by Ambrogio de Predis. So much is placed beyond dispute by a recently discovered document. The preliminary difficulty of the existence of two versions is then managed by the critical champions of the French picture by means of a free use of unproved assumptions. We are told that the original—that is, the one in France—was disposed of by Leonardo to an agent of the French king, whereupon Ambrogio prepared the replica which after many vicissitudes found its way to the National Gallery. Unfortunately, historical possibilities can be invoked only too easily, seeing that they are inexhaustible. If the picture *may* have been sold to the French king and replaced by another, that other *may* also have been executed by Leonardo. That is to say, if we are confined to the ground of pseudo-history, we cannot advance very far. There remains the appeal to internal evidence, and in this case at any rate the result should be clear and decisive. For now at last the authentic documentary Ambrogio is restored to his old place on either side of the central picture, and, this being so, one would have expected to be overwhelmingly convinced by the sameness of treatment throughout. Morelli, by the way, *did* notice a sameness of hand, though to him the hand was not that of Ambrogio de Predis. But, strange to say, this conviction so far is by no means universal, for the historical Ambrogio stands revealed to us as a man who, when he attempted anything more complicated and more trying than a portrait on traditional lines, was little better than a dauber. And the conclusion of the whole matter is that our *Virgin of the Rocks* has gained rather than lost on the evidence of the chief witness. This has been well put by Frizzoni, who would never have admitted as much if the facts could still have been made to point the other way: “The evidence of the angels is such as to raise afresh the credit of the central picture at least to this extent, that Leonardo’s part in it must have been greater than some were led to admit.”

We now come to Correggio, the great technical genius of Italy,

the only Italian who, though he died in 1534, would have had nothing to learn from either Rembrandt or Velasquez. Nor is this all, for technically the most modern, he is also the most Greek. Whereas others make occasional visits only to the shrine of beauty and live upon partial memories, he seems to have worked from first to last full in the presence of the divine idea: *τοῦτο ἐκεῖνο οὐ δῆ ἔνεκα καὶ οἱ ἐμπροσθεν πάντες πόνοι ἡσαν*. By the side of the *Education of Cupid*, in which the forms seem to be moulded by the light which plays over and about them, the best of Titian and the best of Rubens would look oily and yellow. Before the little *Madonna and Child*, at once so subtle and spontaneous, we think of what Reynolds said of him: "If I had not seen it done by Correggio, I should have taken it to be impossible."

III

The finest examples of Dutch art in England are probably still to be sought in private collections. Here, though there is more than enough to show the technical dexterity of Rembrandt, we miss him in his Shakespearean mood. The *Adoration of the Shepherds*, however, is a rendering of the scene such as no other man could have given. The dim light, the squalor of the closely-huddled peasants, who speak in whispers for fear of awaking the Child, the pervading atmosphere of hopeless poverty—all this shows how profoundly Rembrandt must have pondered the real nature and beginnings of that gospel which the common people heard gladly. The great writer of our day, who claimed that he alone in his century had understood Jesus and St. Francis, said: *J'ai un vif goût pour les pauvres*. Rembrandt might have said the same.

In Munich, and of course at Antwerp, Rubens is on a grander scale; but the quality and range of his power are shown to the full in the *Judgment of Paris* and the *Rape of the Sabines*, which he painted with his own hand. The latter especially, with its riot of colour, which the master is strong enough and subtle enough to keep in all its profuseness within bounds of harmony, is not unworthy to be compared even with the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of Titian.

Hobbema, as a rule, is an artist neither delicate nor deep; but the *Avenue at Middelharnis* stands out far above his ordinary re-

spectable level. In fact, this and Vermeer's *View of Delft* at the Hague are the great landscapes of the seventeenth century. Nothing can be more direct or uncompromising than the artist's realism. A road bordered on either side with meagre poplars leads straight ahead to where the open sea is suggested though not shown. Whether the artist willed it or not, the scene is eloquent with a haunting sort of poetry. The monotony, the dull sky, the trees at intervals, picture better than many a professed allegory, the prosaic limits and routine of ordinary experience: *Semita tranquillae patet unica vitae.*

IV

The early English school is well, though by no means fully, represented. Unused by religion and indifferent to history, its triumphs are still to be sought in the privacy of stately homes. In Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons the coldness of his favourite key seems to suit the marble mould of the great Tragedy-queen, who even in private life talked blank verse; while the *Parish Clerk* has the charm that comes of perfect comprehension of a simple theme, and perfect mastery of a direct method. In the three *Ladies Waldegrave* we have an imposing example of that style which Reynolds created for himself, and the secret of which died with him. His chances were not peculiar; he had rivals to whom it is said that he paid the compliment of jealousy; but no one ever caught and fixed as he did the eternal feminine of aristocracy—courage without coarseness, freedom without licence, and tenderness with no weakness of subservience.

But the great divinity here is Turner, that unique, unaccountable apparition of a later time, to whom, born as he was in a humble dwelling in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, all the kingdoms of nature and the glory of them seem to have been revealed. He is seen in all his phases from his first steps in the wake of others to the apocalyptic visions of his decay; and of him it will be sufficient to say, as was said of Humboldt: *Majestati naturae par ingenium.*

PICTURES AT GROSVENOR HOUSE¹

[1900: AET. 37]



HE nucleus of the celebrated Westminster collection was formed about the middle of the last century by Richard, first Earl Grosvenor. He owed his elevation to the peerage to the influence of the elder Pitt; but he is perhaps less remembered now for his public services than for the unfailing kindness of heart, of which his protection of Gifford in his early days of penury and struggle is a conspicuous example. He was succeeded by his third son, Robert, who was placed under the care of Gifford, and twice accompanied him to the Continent as his pupil. Gifford, in his autobiography, speaks of his amiability and accomplishments. In 1788 he entered Parliament as member for East Loe, and distinguished himself by imprudently quoting Demosthenes in his maiden speech, little suspecting that the House of Commons would resent Greek as instinctively as, according to Shiel in his advice to Disraeli, it resented genius. Conspicuous for taste and splendour, he rebuilt Eaton, and, in 1806, added the Agar Collection to the picture gallery.

The masterpieces of Rembrandt in Grosvenor House are enough of themselves to make the fame and fortune of any gallery, public or private. It is strange that Rembrandt should have become almost the patron saint of those who, as they expect nothing from an artist but technical cleverness, are satisfied when nothing more than this is shown. The truth is that, great as was Rembrandt's power of hand, the delicacy and grasp of his mind were even greater. Technically he repeated himself, so much so that his pictures when brought together betray to a singular extent a common method and a common formula. But to the activity of

¹ Reprinted by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company from "The Masterpieces of Grosvenor House," London, 16mo, 1900.

his mind there were no limits. He surveyed the whole range of human experience, at least on its darker side. Beauty in its obvious phases had no power over him, either because he rarely met with it, or, perhaps, because, disgusted with the shortness and precariousness of its tenure, he aimed rather at portraying that beauty of spirit, which, when the illusions of joy and hope are done with, emerges at last from the gloom of solitude.

The remaining examples of Dutch art need not detain us, for, though fine, they are not unique. In fact, the Dutch master of the second rank has little apart from his manual dexterity to recommend him. What he gains in perfection, he loses in variety. There is no effort to enlarge the scope of the problem, or to tempt new possibilities. He sets the same models time after time in the same pot-house or under the same sky, keeping with the steady industry of the manufacturer to the routine of practice that has certainly, within his narrow limits, made perfect; and we cease to wonder that what is done so often should be done so well.

From the hand of Van Dyck we have the most splendid and poetical of all his portraits of himself, while, side by side, Reynolds and Gainsborough still compete, as in life, for the highest honours.

The story goes that certain words used by the President in his eighth discourse were intended and taken to reflect upon Gainsborough's habitual manner; whereupon the latter planned and painted the "Blue Boy" as an answer to the implied challenge, and it has been currently pretended ever since that in this single example Gainsborough has shown that he was capable of that which, on the high authority of Reynolds, would have been too hard for Titian or Rubens. Now, if I abandon this legend, I do so with regret, having found that, in the field of art criticism at any rate, "old superstition" is generally preferable to "new hypocrisy"; but I venture to doubt, in the first place, whether Reynolds was pointing at anybody in particular, and, in the second, whether, supposing that Gainsborough was challenged, he has really solved, or so much as attempted, the problem.

Let us begin, however, by considering what was actually said:¹

It ought (said Reynolds), in my opinion, to be indispensably observed that the masses of light in a picture be always of a warm, mellow colour,

¹ Eighth discourse, 1778.

yellow, red, or a yellowish white, and that the blue, the gray, or the green colours be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours; and, for this purpose, a small proportion of cold colours will be found sufficient. Let this conduct be reversed, let the light be cold, and the surrounding colours warm, as we often see in the works of the Roman and Florentine painters; and it will be out of the power of art, even in the hands of Rubens or Titian, to make a picture splendid or harmonious.

Now it should be borne in mind that it was a habit with Reynolds rarely, if ever, to allude to those whom he personally disliked, or whose closeness to his own eminence he resented. The most invulnerable of men, he was also the least provocative. The rule, moreover, which he lays down was, like all his theoretical positions, simply a deduction from a wide range of experience. That which had nearly always happened, probably happened for reasons the force of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to evade. He is contrasting the method of the Venetians with that of the Romans and Florentines, and Gainsborough, as those who drag him in seem to forget, does not bear the slightest resemblance to either.

Then, again, it is to be noted that he speaks of a contrast between warm and cold masses balanced in a certain way. He does not deny that a picture otherwise planned will be clever, "convincing," or a masterpiece. But it will be out of the power of art to make it *splendid* or *harmonious*. And I hold that in general the qualities of splendour and harmony are foreign to Gainsborough's art, at least in that sense which Reynolds unquestionably intended. Gainsborough is light, delicate, spontaneous; but his facility added to the very abundance of his gifts, led him only too often into the temptation to be flimsy. The *Blue Boy* is splendid, not in Reynolds's sense, which was also the sense of Titian and Rubens, but metaphorically, on account of the mastery it displays. It is no solution, but an evasion of the problem how to surround cold light with warm *colour* so as to keep the whole in splendour and harmony. The painter exhausts his theme without once departing from his favourite blue key, though he has certainly allowed himself a free use of accidentals, especially in the shadows, into which he has infused more warmth than they would have shown. But there is no balance of contrasts, nor anything in the result to tell whether,

if he had really attempted Reynolds's problem, he would have succeeded. As an example of what he has just explained and enjoined, the President goes on to describe the *Bacchus and Ariadne* of Titian; and it is open to anybody to convince the world, if he can, that, had Gainsborough painted the *Bacchus and Ariadne* over again on the principles of the *Blue Boy*, the effect would have been splendid and harmonious.

The transition from that which Gainsborough considered his finest portrait to Reynolds's masterpiece is easy and obvious. The *Tragic Muse* was painted in 1784, when Mrs. Siddons was at the height of her power and reputation. The dark tone of the picture seems to be involved by the subject, and to explain it, while the Muse herself looks to the full what Hazlitt called her, "not less than a goddess, or than a prophetess inspired by the gods."

No man was more fortunate in his sitters than Gainsborough, and, as he rarely failed to reach his opportunities, his likenesses keep for ever the charm which their originals showed for a day. But they remain likenesses and nothing more: while the best of Reynolds's portraits are monuments partaking of the dignity as well as of the permanence of history. For example, the portrait of Johnson is more than a likeness of the man as his friends saw him. It is a monument to what those friends saw who understood him, and what posterity has come to reverence in him.

It is often said that Reynolds borrowed the attitude of the *Tragic Muse* from Michelangelo's *Isaiah*, in the Sistine Chapel, and it is quite possible that—to quote what he says of Gray in a similar case—"he had warmed his imagination with the remembrance of this noble figure." The attendant *genii* of the dagger and bowl certainly recall the mysterious youthful figures that guard the meditations or direct the visions of the Prophets and Sibyls. But the Tragic Muse herself related that on ascending her throne she spontaneously assumed the majestic attitude in which the painter has here immortalized her. And it may not be out of place to call attention to a curious piece of advice which the President gave to students in his twelfth discourse,¹ published in the very year in which this picture was exhibited

It is better to possess the model with the attitude you require, than to

¹ 1784.

place him with your own hands; by this means it happens often that the model puts himself in an action superior to your own imagination.

Herein we have probably an exact account of his own experience with the Tragic Muse.

Outside Apsley House Velasquez is rarely seen in English private collections—and seeing is not always believing—for the reason that none of our collectors have had such an opportunity as that which came to Wellington in the Peninsula. He is represented here by a single specimen. Prince Balthazar Carlos, son of Philip IV, early showed a fondness and an aptitude for riding, which naturally delighted his father, the finest horseman in Spain. In this wonderful sketch Velasquez has left us an impression of what might have been seen any day in the riding-school. On the left the four-year-old prince gallops forward on a stout black pony: *ante ora parentis frenato lucet in equo*. He sits jauntily, and with the air of a full-blown great man. In fact, he seems already to promise the fulfilment of the hopes and the dreams of his father and Olivarez. Hard by, on the right, the all-powerful Count-Duke takes a spear from the obsequious riding-master, while the King and Queen with the little Princess survey the scene from a balcony.

Each of the figures is set with unerring dexterity in its just proportion of size and gradation of tone in a fluent medium of air. The building keeps its true distance without, as in the case of so many Dutch views, dwarfing the figures into insignificance. The execution is so rapid, and the impression given so momentary, that here, if anywhere, Velasquez seems, as Reynolds says of him, to paint with his will. Nothing seems to be employed but light and shadow: yet out of these he has evolved the whole illusion of depth and surface.¹

¹ [The Preface is unfinished, and was to have been continued with a fresh issue of reproductions from the pictures in the same collection.]

PICTURES AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, CHATSWORTH AND HARDWICK HALL

[1901: AET. 38]



HE present series of reproductions¹ has been compiled with the view of giving as complete an idea as possible of the general character of the collections at Devonshire House, Hardwick Hall, and Chatsworth.

Through the liberality of the present owner the finest examples have frequently been exhibited, especially during recent years, and are in consequence well known. These have been dealt with briefly. Of the rest some are still problematical; and if old attributions have been questioned, and in certain cases abolished, this has not been in forgetfulness of the respect that is still due to an old tradition with a pedigree, as against a new critic without a document.

At the time when the collection was made, the reaction which now governs opinion in favour of the archaic and the immature had not yet set in, so it appears, in consequence, that of the Italian school the older names are not represented. There is nothing of the first quality earlier than the *Adoration of the Magi* by Paul Veronese at Devonshire House (Plate II).

The head of the king kneeling in front is obviously a portrait; and with this exception the painter has reproduced the same models as occur in the similar treatment of the theme at Dresden. Nothing, however, in the whole range of the master's work surpasses this for depth and richness of colouring, and the art with which the lines of the composition are made to converge upon the main point.

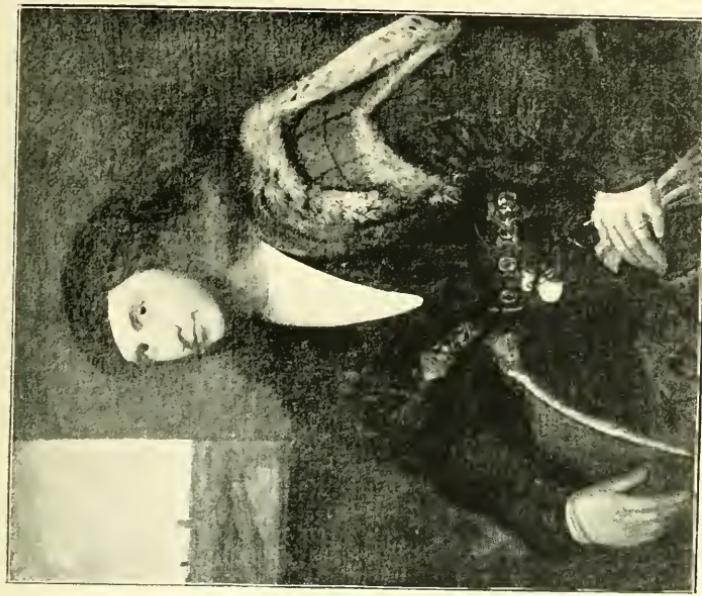
Equally fine in its way, and eminently characteristic of Tintoretto,

¹ Preface to the publication entitled, "The Masterpieces of the Duke of Devonshire's Collection of Pictures, Sixty Photogravures," etc. Franz Hanfstängl, London, 1901.

PLATE IV.



1.
TITIAN—PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN.
(DEVONSHIRE HOUSE.)



2.
CARIANI—PORTRAIT OF A VENETIAN NOBLEMAN.
(CHATSWORTH.)

is the *Samson and Dalilah*. While others seem to be content to recite the preliminaries or the sequel of an occurrence, Tintoretto seizes the critical point. Moreover, he is apt, as in this case, to lower the centre of gravity until all the figures are drawn into a downward curve.

The *Portrait of an Ecclesiastic*¹ seated with a large open book in the background is ascribed to Tintoretto; but, careful and prosaic, it lacks the brilliant dash of his execution, nor is the scheme of colour his. The painter must have learnt his art not in Venice, but in Brescia or its neighbourhood, and, as Waagen long ago pointed out, he is akin to Moroni. The subject is supposed to be Antonio de Dominis, bishop of Spalatro, the *lupus in pelle ovina*, who early in the seventeenth century came to grief over the question—delicate and difficult then as now—of Anglican orders. And if this be really so, both Tintoretto and Moroni himself are out of the question, for Antonio was not born until 1566, while Moroni died in 1578 and Tintoretto in 1594. Far more worthy of Tintoretto is the magnificent full-length portrait of the *Admiral Niccolo Cappello*, though here again there is a certain sobriety of conception and handling that points rather to Leandro Bassano.

Attributed to Veronese is an oblong picture representing what seems to be the state reception of a queen at Venice. The hand is not that of Veronese; it lacks his grace and easy mastery, though the light delicate scheme of colour is akin to his. It may possibly be by Andrea Vicentino (1539-1614), a pupil of Palma Vecchio, who was much employed in the Ducal Palace at Venice upon subjects of precisely this character. I am unable to identify the scene with any event of the period to which the costume points, namely, the latter end of the sixteenth century; but it seems probable that the artist may have pictured in the costume of his own time the entry into Venice of Catharine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, after the cession of the island to the republic in 1489.²

The *Family Group* usually described as Titian's family by himself, is, of course, by Paris Bordone, whom one would have thought it would have been almost impossible to mistake. Though the

¹ Plate IX, No. 2.

² Since this was written I have come across a picture in the Museo Civico, at Venice, of which the subject is the same, and treated in the same way. It is described in the catalogue as *The Dogaressa Grimani leaving her Palace*.

picture has darkened, and the green and crimson have almost entirely lost their true quality, it is a very fine example, and shows the painter in an unwonted mood of serious sentiment.¹

The *Portrait of a Youth*² in black, bears the great name of Titian, and, to all appearance, justly. The picture has become very dark, and the hands are slender and somewhat weakly drawn for Titian; but the golden glow upon the face and the momentariness of the expression are characteristic of the master at the time when he painted the so-called *Man with the Glove* in the Louvre.

The strangely haunting, richly toned *Portrait of a Man*³ belongs to the period when Italian painting, under the influence and auspices of Giorgione, had taken a momentous turn, and artists, having mastered the difficulty of external form, began the attempt to portray the soul. In the present case we see—or rather we are made to feel—more of the sitter than his face. He looks furtively out of the picture, as if from beneath the burden of an uneasy self-consciousness, and whether we are attracted or repelled, we cannot remain indifferent. The picture has always been attributed to Giorgione, and the attribution is intelligible; but Giorgione suffers from the strange circumstance that the tale of his works waxes and wanes year by year without any visible cause in the shape of evidence. He has become the recognized *corpus vile* for the most random experiments of private judgment, and until the whole question has been reopened and explored by someone capable of appreciating evidence, the name might profitably be withdrawn from these discussions as meaningless if not misleading. Crowe and Cavalcaselle left the authorship of the portrait between Lotto and Cariani, and of these two I have no hesitation in pronouncing for Cariani.

The small picture attributed to Leonardo da Vinci⁴ is undoubtedly by his pupil Boltraffio. It is difficult to tell whether the subject is a portrait or an ideal type. The painter was fond of the theme, and constantly returned to it, and this particular example gives a fair measure of his amiable but limited skill. The letters C B are an unsolved riddle; they cannot be the initials of the artist whose first

¹ [The attribution to Bordone is satisfactorily confirmed by Mr. W. Crace, who has discovered the signature, PARISI BORDON, inscribed along the edge of the table, on the tablecloth.—ED.]

² Plate IV, No. 1.

³ Plate IV, No. 2.

⁴ Plate V.



SKULL, ON THE BACK OF BOLTRAFFIO'S CASIO.

BOLTRAFFIO--THE POET CASIO. (?)



(CHATSWORTH.)

name was Giovan Antonio, for nothing can make the C into a G. I am inclined to think that they mark the association which the artist clearly intended in this picture between himself and the poet Girolamo Casio. On the back of the panel is painted a skull with the inscription **INSIGNE SVM IERONYMI CASII.** This Casio died young after a career full of romantic adventure. He was a friend of Boltraffio, to whom he addressed a sonnet, and his portrait—a laureated profile—occurs in the large altarpiece by the master in the Louvre. Boltraffio may have intended to point the moral here that the fair face of friendship is after all modelled on a skull:¹

Even such is time! who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust.

Somewhat akin to this in sentiment is the remarkable picture at Alnwick attributed to Schidone, but unquestionably by Lotto, in which a Cupid places a leafy crown upon a skull.

The *Belisarius*, apart from its conspicuous merit as a painting, has the interest of a problem still unsolved. It was originally ascribed to Van Dyck, though the truth of this was doubted as early as the time of Walpole, who writes: "At Chiswick is the well known *Belisarius*, though very doubtful if by the hand of Van Dyck." It is now ascribed to Murillo, probably on the authority of Waagen, who noted that "the conception, the silvery tone and the dark shadows agree more with Murillo." Neither solution of the problem is, in my judgment, satisfactory. If it be by Van Dyck, it must have been painted during his Italian period, for there is not a trace of his Flemish or English manner; but in Italy it was the splendour and harmony of Venice that attracted him, and the types of our picture—not to speak of its pervading gloom—are as different as possible from his. As to the features to which Waagen alludes, they are rather Spanish in general than Murillo's in particular. On the whole, the conditions of the problem point to a Genoese origin. This would account not only for the seemingly Spanish quality of the picture, but also, perhaps, for its old association with Van Dyck. It has much in common with the style of Valerio Castelli.

¹ [Dr. Frizzoni has kindly informed the editor that the skull in this picture is simply part of the coat of arms of the Casio family.]

It is at this point, namely where the orbits of Italian and Spanish art intersect, that we meet with Caravaggio. The two companion pictures of musicians—at Devonshire House—show him at his best, though not in his most ambitious mood. They are painted with photographic realism, and with that almost brutal sense of the coarse fibre of things that appears again in Spagnoletto and in the early essays of Velasquez.

From the hand of Velasquez himself we have a portrait that looks as if it were a preliminary study for the celebrated *Lady with the Fan* at Hertford House. "Who is she and whence comes she? Is it one of those Circes, for whom the *jeunesse dorée* of those days went to the dogs? or a Toledan flirt of the comedies, one of those who on receiving the holy water flashed back a glance that turned the heads of cavaliers on the eve of their wedding? A maze of coldness and fire, of bigotry and worldliness, of pride and coquetry, or worse?"¹

The charming full length of a little girl is also ascribed to Velasquez, though the costume, type and treatment are all Flemish, and combine to indicate the real author, Cornelis de Vos.

The great glory of the Devonshire Collection is the triptych by Memlinc, whose art, always sweet and devout, is sometimes lacking in the gravity and virility which we enjoy here. Precious as a work of art, it is uniquely precious as an historical monument of the connection between our King Edward IV and the Bruges of Memlinc. To Mr. Weale belongs the credit of identifying the donors, who from the time of Walpole had been taken for members of the Clifford family. "Especially fine and full of expression are the portraits of the donor, Sir John Donne, and his wife Elizabeth, third and youngest daughter of Sir Leonard Hastings by his wife Alice, daughter of Thomas Lord Camoys. Both wear the badge of Edward IV, the collar of roses and suns, to the clasp of which is appended the white lion of the house of Marche. . . . Sir John was slain at the battle of Edgecote, 26 July, 1469. This triptych must have been painted between 1461, when Edward adopted the badge which Sir John and his wife are wearing, and 1469; probably in 1468, when a number of Yorkists came to Bruges to assist at the wedding of Charles the Bold and Margaret of York."²

¹ Justi, "Velasquez and his Times," p. 268.

² Weale, "Hans Memlinc," pp. 116-17.

PLATE VI.



MEMLING—TRIPTYCH OF THE DONNE FAMILY.

(CHATSWORTH.)

In the background is the little figure of the man on a white horse, which it has been supposed that Memlinc added here and elsewhere instead of a signature to mark his authorship. It is, on the contrary, a device which Memlinc was by no means peculiar in using, and which simply betrays his inability to solve the problem of aerial perspective. The white horse carries the eye into the distance, and tells by its diminutive size what the artist lacked the skill to convey outright by gradation of tone (Plate VI).

The *Departure of a Saint*,¹ has been so much repainted that it is difficult to judge it. Waagen assigned it to the early or Flemish period of Mabuse. To me, on the contrary, the type of the heads and the stiffness in the arrangement and attitudes of the figures recall Gheerardt David (Plate VII, No. 1).

The *Presentation in the Temple* is an important and interesting work. It is all the more to be regretted that so little can be told of it. The most that can be said is that it is Flemish, and was painted towards the end of the sixteenth or in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The theme is, of course, only a pretext. The picture was planned in view of the series of life-like portraits in which the skill of the artist is more apparent than in the historical elements of the scene. Waagen writes: "The strange form of the organ, the treatment of the gold, the greenish blue of many of the draperies, strongly call to mind Lancelot Blondeel, a painter of Bruges, whose works approach the manner of Bernard van Orley." I had thought of Pourbus² as the painter; but Waagen's attribution is worth preserving, until it can be either confirmed or superseded by definite knowledge (Plate VII, No. 2).

We now come to the *Consecration of Thomas à Becket*, by John van Eyck, which is said to have been presented to Henry V by his uncle the Duke of Bedford, regent of France. The importance of the picture lies in the signature, which runs thus:

JOHES DE EYCK . FECIT + ANO . MCCCC . ZI 30 OCTOBRIS

¹ [Generally called the *Departure of St. Ursula*, but the costume shows the young saint to be a boy.—ED.]

² Francis Pourbus the elder, grandson of Lancelot Blondeel (1540-1580). [The picture represents the members of a Brotherhood or Fraternity of the Presentation of the Virgin which actually existed in the Low Countries; the church has been identified by Mr. Montague Peartree as that of S. Jacques at Bruges.—ED.]

Unfortunately in its present state it shows no sign of the hand of Van Eyck, whose supremacy and uniqueness there can be no mistaking. Appearing, as he does, suddenly, with no long line of predecessors to explain him, he seems at once to have grasped and uttered the sum of all future discovery, and no other man ever came near enough to be confounded with him. "The surface is all but covered with the dirt of ages or with repaints, and there is not a single portion, except a bit of the red canopy, of which the original condition can be discerned. Most in the character of Van Eyck is the face of a man to the right of Thomas à Becket and that of a priest on the left carrying a cross: with these exceptions the heads have lost their original impress. . . . The utter absence of linear perspective would not exclude the authorship of Van Eyck. That of aerial perspective might possibly do so. Both are absolutely wanting."¹ We must therefore suppose that the artist left the picture unfinished, like the *S. Barbara* at Antwerp, and that it was afterwards taken up and completed by a hand not only far less cunning, but trained to different methods (Plate VIII, 2).

The canvas at Devonshire House with two magnificent full lengths of a man and his wife is the masterpiece of Jordaeus in portraiture. Waagen, repeating no doubt what was the current tradition in his day, describes it as the portrait of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange and his consort; but, in the first place, it is obvious at a glance that we are not in the company of princes, but in that of substantial *bourgeois*, while it further happens that the coat of arms in the background places the matter beyond dispute. The shield is that of a certain Van Zurpelen, burgomaster of Diest, in Brabant, and counsellor to the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III, and it is probable that the picture came into the possession of the Devonshire family at the time of the negotiations between the Whig leaders and the Prince that led to the revolution of 1688.

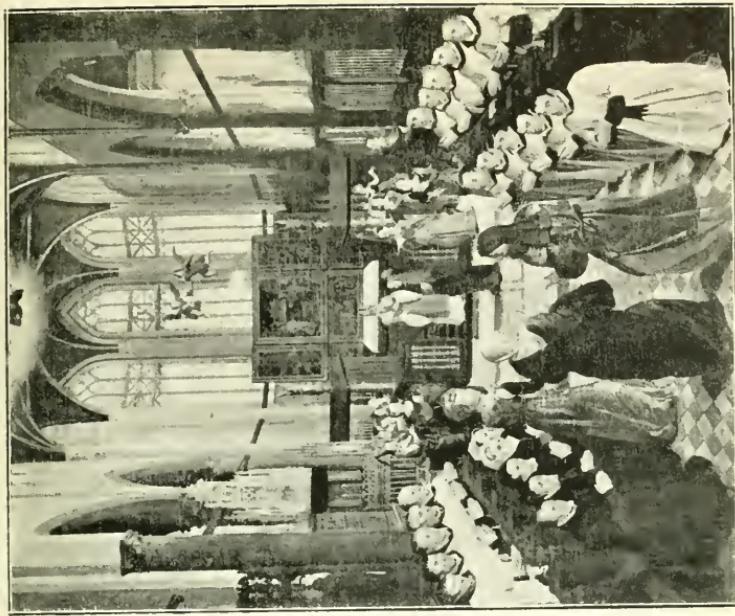
The Holy Family, attributed to Rubens, is a good example of the large class of pictures which were produced in the master's studio, and to which in a greater or less degree he put his own hand.

Of the Dutch school Rembrandt here takes his due place. In the marvellous *Portrait of a Rabbi* he has given, as it were, an

¹ Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "Early Flemish Painters," 2nd ed., p 90.

(CHATSWORTH.)

1. GHEERARDT DAVID—DEPARTURE OF A SAINT.
2. FRANCIS POURBUS (?)—PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN.



epitome of parasitic Judaism. Against a background dark with the gloom of his own ancestral history the Rabbi emerges in startling relief, sensuous but alert at the same time, like a bird of prey. The action of the hands should be noted as an example of Rembrandt's subtle keenness of observation. Waagen, usually sane and cautious, born too, as he was, before the fashion had set in of enlarging second-rate men out of the abundance of the great, uttered on this occasion "a wild shriek of liberty," and pronounced this masterpiece to be not by Rembrandt at all but by Koningk. However, the signature discovered a few years ago will perhaps convince those who can read no other evidence.

The portrait at Devonshire House, of an old man in a velvet cap, wearing a fur tippet and chain, doubtless also a study from the Ghetto, though it has great technical qualities, is not one of the master's most original or dramatic creations. As much might have been done by other hands. But in the Venetian-looking portrait of an old man Rembrandt rises to the full height of his power. Nowhere has he gone deeper than in this tragic presentment of the evening of life—the old man brooding in the dusk of solitude over the burden of memory, perhaps of remorse. It has often been noticed that Rembrandt, in spite of the intensely national character of his art and of his themes, was the most Italian of the Dutch. Here he challenges comparison, outwardly with Tintoretto, but inwardly with Michelangelo in the mood in which he pictured the gigantic forerunners of the Messiah on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

The picture of an old man at work in a studio is not by Douw, to whom it is assigned, but by a little-known pupil of his named Gaesbeeck.¹ There is a glassy evenness of surface and an artificial uniformity of tone which are unpleasing and unworthy of Douw at his best, though it must be admitted that he set the example which has been followed here not wisely but too well. Interesting are the details of the studio, the easel, the method of stretching the canvas and the litter of pictorial accessories, the taste for which Rembrandt imparted to his pupils, and may possibly have caught from his friends the Jews. In the *Shop Window* we have a genuine example where the painter has repeated a favourite theme with the mastery

¹ A. van Gaesbeeck flourished from about 1670 to about 1700. I am indebted for this attribution to Dr. W. Martin of Leiden.

of long practice. Familiarity, however, breeds a certain indifference to his technical marvels.

Hals is represented at Devonshire House by two portraits, of which one, the *Portrait of a Lady*, is neither above nor below his usual high level; while the other, probably his own portrait,¹ in addition to its technical cleverness, shows a vivacity and piquancy of expression such as we rarely find embodied in Dutch forms.

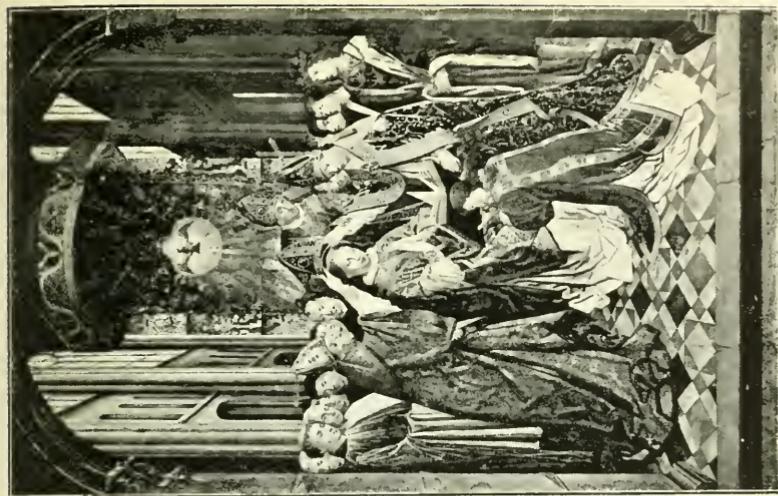
As a picture-maker Berghem is always facile and accomplished. In the present case—"a landscape with cattle in barges in the foreground"—the subject is well within his means, and he shows something of the breadth and luminous quality of Cuyp.

Turning to the French school: The *Arcadia* of Nicolas Poussin is an experiment with the theme to which he afterwards gave a more symmetrical and impressive form in the celebrated composition in the Louvre. Le Sueur, by whom there is a fine example at Devonshire House, representing *Solomon and the Queen of Sheba*, used to be called the French Raphael; but he suffers nowadays from the neglect which, partly through ignorance, partly for better reasons, has obscured the classical school of the seventeenth century in France. For example, Claude, who is worthily represented at Chatsworth not only by the famous *Liber Veritatis* and a number of drawings, but by one of his finest landscapes,² has, like Gaspar Poussin, not yet come or returned to his own, though the exaggerated hostility of Ruskin, after working its way through public opinion, has at last provoked the inevitable reaction.

Of the early English portraits preserved at Hardwick Hall only a few have been reproduced, for the reason that, being mostly archaic in conception and clumsy in treatment, they rank less as works of art than as historic documents. First and foremost, however, come good *Queen Bess* and her namesake, *Bess of Hardwick*, who, in spite of their marked divergence of opinion as regards the married state, were united by the sympathy of kindred spirits. Arabella Stuart, herself the fruit of one of Bess's matrimonial schemes, appears twice, as a child with her doll, and a locket on which the ominous legend can still be traced, *pour parvenir j'endure*,

¹ Compare the portrait of himself with his second wife in the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam.

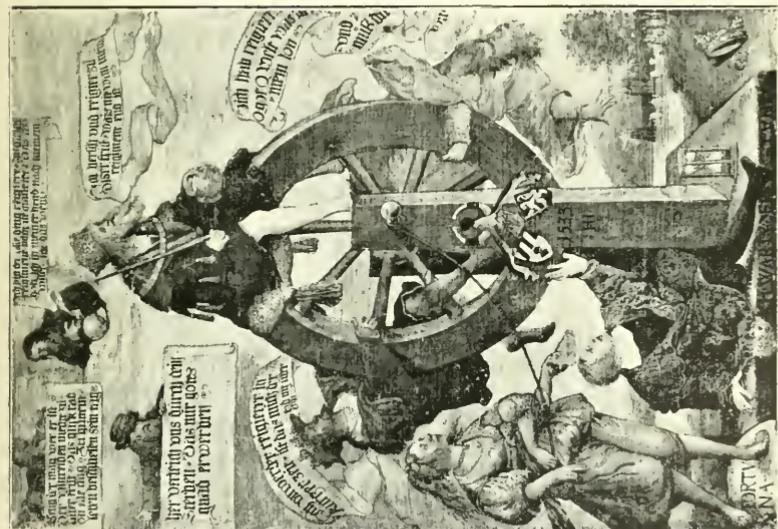
² Landscape with "Mercury and Battus," No. 159 of the *Liber Veritatis*.



2.

JOHN VAN EYCK—CONSECRATION OF
ST. THOMAS À BECKET.

(CHATSWORTH.)



1.

HANS SCHAEUFLIN—THE WHEEL OF
FORTUNE.

(CHATSWORTH.)

and again older, when the burden has begun to press heavily enough, but the end is still in the future.

The full-length portrait of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is ill-favoured, and quite unfit to serve as frontispiece to a Jacobite romance; but, what is more to the purpose, it is authentic.¹

Uniquely interesting historically are the portrait of the *Earl of Darnley* and the gaunt effigies of *James V of Scotland and his Wife, Mary of Lorraine*. The same queen has been recognized, but in a more florid and pleasing form, in the portrait at Chatsworth attributed to Federigo Zuccherino, but in that case it could hardly have been drawn from life, seeing that Mary died in 1560, fourteen years before Zuccherino came to England. However, there is nothing improbable in the supposition that he may have been set to render a meagre original, like that at Hardwick, into the flattering language of Italian art.²

The full-length *Portrait of Henry VIII* is one of the best of the royal effigies that are all probably based in common upon the Hardwick cartoon. The artist, whoever he was, had a manner of his own, and was more than a mere copyist. The cold gray scheme of colour is a contrast to the depth and richness at which Holbein aimed, and is more akin to what we afterwards appreciate as characteristic in Honthorst and Mytens.

Far more worthy of the name it bears is the small bust-portrait, also at Chatsworth, of the same king.³ The drawing of the features is masterly, and the detail is minute and searching without being petty; but here again the effect is flat, and we feel that Holbein himself would have better conveyed the sense of roundness and depth, that is to say, if we are to judge him by his undoubted work in the Louvre, in Florence, and above all, in Vienna. On the whole, there is a French, rather than a German, look about this picture which suggests the possibility that it may have been painted at the time of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

*The Wheel of Fortune*⁴ has frequently been exhibited, and the

¹ It is signed by an otherwise unknown French painter, "P. OVDRY PINXIT." The same signature occurs on another portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

² [Among the names most recently suggested for the original of this much disputed picture is that of Marguerite of Navarre ("La Reine Margot"), Queen of Henri IV, but again here, the evidence is inconclusive.—Ed.]

³ Plate IX, No. 2.

⁴ Plate VIII, No. 1.

critics, taking the signature for granted, have been misled as to the true character of the picture without exception. The subject was a favourite in Germany, and is precisely what Holbein himself might have chosen to treat; but the style is not his. However, on examining the signature in a strong light, I detected beneath the repaint legible traces of an original monogram [S]. This is the well-known mark of Hans Schaeufelin (1490-1540), a pupil and imitator of Dürer, whose works are rarely seen in this country.

Mytens' *Charles I* at Chatsworth shows us the king at the outset of his career, when he still plainly featured the wisest fool in Christendom, and before he had acquired or assumed that air of well-bred tragedy which is so conspicuous and impressive in his portraits by Van Dyck.

The imposing family group by Honthorst has long been a riddle. I give the traditional account in the words of the sixth Duke of Devonshire:

Gerard Honthorst's large picture represents Christian Bruce, the second Countess, with her sons, and a daughter married to Robert, Lord Rich, son of Lord Warwick: she died young, lamented by all the poets of the day; and Waller records her "wondrous beauty," and the friendship that united her to Saccharissa.

But he obviously felt the difficulty of this explanation, for he continues:

It disturbs me not to make them out: if only that little Knight of the Bath were not there, I should say Christian might have been painted with her grandchildren whom she educated; for she looks old, and there is a picture of Lady Exeter at Hardwick extremely like the Honthorst Lady, and neither of them are beauties—the lovely one by Vandyke differing from both entirely; but the third Earl was a Knight of the Bath at eleven years old, and the first Duke was twenty by the time he walked at Charles the Second's Coronation. In short, this difficulty *dénouera qui pourra*.

However, a comparison of this with other portraits that are accessible will, I think, prove that the lady is no other than Elizabeth, daughter of James I and Queen of Bohemia, with her daughter Elizabeth, born in 1618, and her sons Rupert and Maurice, who were born in 1619 and 1621 respectively. On this showing, at any rate, the age of the children involves no difficulty; moreover, there



2.

NORTH ITALIAN SCHOOL—AN ECCLESIASTIC.

(CHATSWORTH.)



1.

FRENCH SCHOOL (?)—PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII.

(CHATSWORTH.)

are details of costume that point to the same conclusion, such as the spray of pearls, which occurs again in the portrait of the Queen at Welbeck.¹

The portraits of the third Earl of Devonshire and his Countess at Chatsworth and the portrait at Devonshire House of the Countess of Carlisle are fine examples of Van Dyck's English manner. That of the Earl in particular is gentlemanly but solid, without any of the "flimsiness" of which Ruskin complained. "We see the fair dwelling, that Hobbes said God had prepared for that Earl's virtues."

But the finest Van Dyck here, perhaps the finest of the kind anywhere, is the portrait of *Arthur Goodwin*, which was given to the Duke of Devonshire by Sir Robert Walpole, and thereby escaped the fate which was so soon to overtake the rest of the Houghton treasures. Painted in one key, almost in one colour, it has something of the massive simplicity of Velasquez, and shows what Van Dyck could do when he found a subject to his liking.

Dobson's *Family Group* is pleasing, in spite of his Puritanical sobriety and primness. It is evident that the master is here following the English bent of his own genius, less disturbed than usual by the powerful attraction of Van Dyck.

Lely is seen at his best in two pictures, the *Portrait of a Man* at Devonshire House, and the *Rape of Europa* at Chatsworth; both are works of deliberate art, unlike the mechanical output of his busy period to which he sacrificed his fame.

The portrait of the beautiful *Duchess with the Child* is too well known to need any further description or encomium. It may be said to concentrate in a peculiarly fortunate typical form the essence, as it were, of the art of Reynolds.

In the two unfinished portraits of the same Duchess—as a child with her mother, and as a young girl wearing a large hat—we detect the master in the very act of working. Like Raeburn, but unlike Lawrence, he did not trouble to make an outline, but began at once upon the canvas with colour.

The *Lady Betty Foster* is faded; but even what remains is enough to illustrate and account for Romney's dictum that a faded Reynolds was better than the well preserved work of any other man. The expression is sly, with an intimation of malice, and before this view

¹ See "Catalogue of the Pictures at Welbeck," No. 122, by Fairfax Murray.

of her at any rate we feel less convinced by Mr. Gibbon that "no man could withstand her" than by Lord John when he wrote:

Sure it is as God's in Gloster,
Word of truth ne'er speaks Bess Foster.

Lastly, the two fine portraits of the present Duke and of his father, respectively by Millais and Watts, worthily round off the long tradition.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A.¹

[1901: AET. 38]



T is rarely given to the same man to do a thing well and write well about doing it. Apparently the habit of reflecting upon principles tends to check the freedom and boldness of creative impulse, and there are few who, like Cicero, leave behind them rules that are indispensable and models that are unsurpassable. This is eminently true of the art of painting. Even when it was not supposed to be a defect in a critic that he should be able to paint, the painting of critics like Vasari, or Van Mander, who is rarely seen, was, if not "mighty offensive," indifferent at best. Reynolds, whose fame is double as painter and writer, stands apart. The secrets of his practice he jealously guarded for his own use, and they are most of them secrets still, while he publicly urged upon students the duty of finding and following that sublime path which he confesses to have been unsuited to his own abilities.

In Northcote we have a critic of the Vasari type, who is remembered and valued not by what he did, but by what he said about the performances of others. Endowed with industry and enthusiasm, but without a spark of genius, he plodded along, a pedestrian who regarded Achilles with interest, but without envy. In the course of long drudgery he had learnt what Turner complained that Ruskin never knew, "how difficult it all was," and, forced by his limitations to be combative, he inevitably became critical. Though never imitated, he was often consulted, for there was nothing in the painter's progress that he had not met and tested except those supreme intimations of genius that the favoured few hear and expound in their own tongue. Northcote, in fact, may be described

¹ "Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward on Art and Artists." Edited by Ernest Fletcher; "Athenæum," Dec. 21, 1901.

as a sort of pictorial Rogers. Both were caustic in manner, but kindly in fact. Both survive not by anything they did, but through the memory of their friendships and in the echo of their talk. Both, finally, have the monumental interest that attaches to links between the old and the new. Northcote dined with Johnson and Burke at Reynolds's table, and lived to paint the portrait of Ruskin; while Rogers, who had knocked at Johnson's door, confided to Tennyson his own assurance of immortality and pointed out Wordsworth to Millais.

Northcote is already classical in the pages of Hazlitt, to whom it is likely that he owes at least as much as did Johnson to Boswell, for though the substance of what was said is doubtless well preserved, the reporter, by no means backward to interfere, must often have added a point and finish of his own. The contrast in style between a page of Northcote as edited by Hazlitt and a page of the present volume shows this clearly. Ward's interest in Northcote was serious and professional. He listened to learn. He had none of the self-consciousness and vanity of the man of letters, and would have been unable, even if he had been inclined, to polish and amplify.

The papers which form the substance of the present volume were neither compiled nor arranged by Ward for publication, though before his death he expressed a wish that they might at length be given to the world. They were shown to Ruskin, whose account of his visit when a child to the studio of the aged painter will be remembered by readers of "*Praeterita*," and he had planned an edition of them when the final breakdown of his health put an end to literary labour. The task eventually devolved upon the present editor, Mr. Fletcher, who has done his work carefully and efficiently.

Our first impulse is naturally to seek any fresh light that may be thrown by these pages on the art and character of Reynolds, for, after all, Northcote's title to our gratitude (and it can never be taken away) rests upon this, that in his life of Reynolds, with all its limitations and all its faults, he made shift to fill the place that Reynolds himself had marked out for Burke. Reynolds

as a teacher was the worst master possible. He had had no regular education himself, and could not even draw a hand, except as an object of sight. What he did was entirely from the force of his genius alone, and genius cannot be communicated.

Moreover, to a keen observer at close quarters Reynolds was an example of the truth that the greatest actors are not those that dupe the playhouse, but those that dupe mankind. He comes before us as a man who in his dealings with others practised economy and restraint, who had rather be misjudged than suffer an intruder upon his inner self:

Lord Boringdon could never be brought to dine in company with Dr. Johnson or Goldsmith, and yet he sat cheek by jowl with a deeper observer than either of them, and that was Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sir Joshua had more contempt for mankind than either Johnson or Goldsmith, for they were always thinking more of themselves, and the parts they had to play, while Sir Joshua concealed *his* talent under the garb of mildness and childlike simplicity; he listened indeed with such patient attention that every one thought he was admiring what was said. . . . Though he kept so much company, he had no boon companion, no one had his confidence, he was an isolated being.

Nowadays, when so much effort explodes in talk, when artists cultivate epigram, even when they do not stray altogether into the path of journalism, it is strange to find Reynolds dreading to be called a wit and discouraging loquacity in others:

He was greatly afraid of being thought a wit, or possessing anything formidable in his disposition. I remember on some occasion when it was stated in the newspapers that Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and *the other wits* were there, he exclaimed, "What do they mean by calling me a wit? I never was a wit in all my life"! . . . Sir Joshua used to say, a man who can gain applause by *talking* will hardly take the trouble to earn it by painting, which is a thousand times more difficult; indeed, I have even heard Sir Joshua remark that when a young painter feels inclined to talk, he ought instantly to sew up his mouth.

We are amused to learn that Northcote, coming to town as he did freshly immersed in the stream of mind that flowed from the lips of the Plymouth sages, was far from being dazzled by Johnson and Burke:

I had been accustomed to hear conversations between my father and some persons who were in the habit of visiting him, that [*sic*] I certainly did not feel surprised when I came into the company of those men. I cannot help thinking there was something of a very high kind in the conversations I had been accustomed to hear at Plymouth, and yet those Plymouth men had no idea themselves that they were at all extraordinary, which

made the conversation of a still higher and finer quality; besides, there was more of wit, and wit of a natural piquant kind. Johnson, and all that set, had parts to sustain; they were conscious that they were expected to talk well, which is a thing that always destroys that simplicity which is the great charm of conversation.

Northcote's antipathy to Lawrence is very plain. Carrying directness in manner and speech as far as it could go with decency, he must have found it hard to bear the ornate deportment and resounding popularity of the President, who, like himself, was a self-made man. His criticism, however, is shrewd, and has on the whole been confirmed by time:

My friends sometimes speak to me in praise of the ability and popularity of Lawrence, but I sometimes lose my patience with them, for although I will acknowledge that he possesses certain qualities, I consider him as a sort of man-milliner painter—a meteor of fashion—and I feel quite certain that posterity will estimate him much as I do now.

We are accustomed to attacks on the Royal Academy as an institution, and if its enemies were only to be found in the ranks of the outsiders, we might safely assume that, like a painted window, its merit and meaning can only be judged from within. It seems, however, that as early as the time of Northcote there were murmurs among those of its own household:

I am far from thinking it any honour to belong to the Academy, for, like all public bodies, it has become a nest of vermin. I am now sorry that I ever belonged to it at all, and I admire Romney's conduct in having kept himself aloof from it.

And yet all this was as powerless then as much talk of the same kind is powerless now to prevent the unique prestige of the Academy from acting like a bribe:

I used to think Jackson an angel, but how very cunning he must be! He seemed at one time to care nothing for the Academy when with me, and expressed no eagerness to become a member, yet he was straining every nerve all the while, I now find. I recollect a great change in his manner after he had attained his object, and my sister observed it too; it was the first time he called after his election, and he gave himself airs which astonished us. Oh, but it's a poor thing to be elated with, and he will find that out some day.

Turning to the older masters, we find that Northcote shared

Gainsborough's high admiration for Van Dyck. He considered him the safest model for students. When he raves of Raphael, saying, for example, that "he made a shoot beyond any effort of Shakespeare's," he is more difficult to follow. But it is of Titian that he speaks best and most—Titian, to whom all artists have done homage, and against whom even the critics in their superior wisdom have never ventured to lift a finger. Tintoretto has been discovered, Guido found out, and Giorgione invented; but Titian still stands where he did, and that—so Northcote tells us—is "beyond all reach."

THE TAPESTRY FROM HARDWICK HALL¹

[1902: AET. 38]



MONG the stately homes of England Hardwick Hall stands out as something unique. There are other houses, Hatfield for example, as interesting historically; others again, like Knole, as interesting architecturally, but there is scarcely another place in England where a great tradition can still be read in so genuine and imposing a framework. At Alnwick a restored feudal castle enshrines a modern Italian palace. At Wilton there is enough of Wyatt to put even Inigo Jones and Holbein out of countenance and out of joint; but Hardwick, owing to the good fortune of its having been almost deserted of late years, is practically untouched. We still see it much as the great Countess left it, gaunt and stern, and perhaps more convincing than comfortable. The two great features of Hardwick are externally the gigantic windows which impart such an air of lightness to the towers and façade, and internally the tapestry which covers the walls of every room from top to bottom.

The most showy, if not the most precious, of the Hardwick tapestry has long been familiar to all visitors to the house, for example, the set in the hall designed by Rubens, the Mortlake series made for the family or the *Wanderings of Ulysses* in the presence-chamber. But some months ago it was discovered² that attached to the wall behind the pictures in the long gallery there were strips of a much earlier time sewn together apparently at haphazard and making no connected or intelligible story. These

¹ "Architectural Review," March, 1902.

² The discovery was made independently by Mr. Strong; see W. G. Thomson's two articles on "The Hardwick Hunting Tapestries," in "The Art Worker's Quarterly" for July, 1902, and January, 1904. The existence of the fragments, however, had been known some time before to local antiquarians. See "Derbyshire Tapestry," by Rev. Charles Perry from "Derbyshire Archaeological and Natural History Society's Journal, 1894."



CENTRAL PORTION OF THE FIRST TAPESTRY FROM HARDWICK HALL.

(CHATSWORTH.)

were taken down by order of the Duke some time ago and sent to South Kensington, where, under the direction of the skilled and zealous officials of the Board of Education, they have been sorted and put together. It appears that the fragments make up into a homogeneous set of four hangings, of which the first now restored in its entirety, is here reproduced (Plate X).¹

The subject is a hunting scene, or rather a series of pictures of the chase. On the right is a bear-hunt in which a group of strangers from the East are taking an active part. One, turbaned and bare-footed, emerges from behind a rock riding a camel. He carries the jarid or long dart—Byron's “hurled on high jerreed”—still common in Persia, and as the Arabic name implies, originally made out of a palm branch stripped of its leaves. The same accuracy appears in the detail of costume, and is difficult to account for, unless we suppose that the artist had some genuine Eastern miniature before him. Lower down a bear is being assailed on all sides *vi et armis*. The women, one of whom has provided herself with a large lapful of huge stones, seem no less forward and eager than the men. In the centre of the composition there rises a castle, which, with moat and drawbridge, it has evidently puzzled the draughtsman to build. Some boys have been playing on the bank of the moat, and one of them has fallen in, and is being attacked by swans, while a woman tries from the bank to scare the angry birds with a stick. The left is taken up by an otter hunt. The animal is being hoisted up out of the water on a three-pronged spear or trident, while the horn sounds *morte*. Behind the castle boys rob a heron's nest in a tree, and a girl presents on her knees a specimen of the long-legged brood to a grave personage and his lady in gold chains and elaborate head-dresses. In the distance we have a broken coast line and the sea. A boat, with what looks like a person of quality seated under a canopy in the stern, rows towards a ship lying at anchor, while from the masthead of another ship there floats the cross of St. George.² Finally, of the artist it cannot be said that “hunting he

¹ [Since the above was written the second of these tapestries has also been restored; both now hang in the Sculpture Gallery at Chatsworth. The two last tapestries of the series are in process of restoration. Each panel measures about 14 ft. by 37 ft.]

² [It must be noted, however, that the field is bright yellow instead of the white one of St. George (“Art Workers’ Quarterly,” July, 1902, p. 80).]

loved, but love he laughed to scorn," for stately groups of knights and dames stroll up and down and look on at the hurry and excitement of the scene in the intervals of their amiable converse.

The costume points to the latter end of the fifteenth century as the probable date of this imposing piece; but the question of its origin reminds us that so far we have no sure sense even of what we have a right to expect on English ground. Such work is usually called Flemish; but the type of the Flemish craftsmen was grave and ascetic, and they were more at home in the clouds of allegory than on *terra firma*. The bear has been appealed to, as a sign that the tapestry must have been worked out of England, probably in France; but this argument, if it proves anything, proves too much, for camels are no more found in France than bears in England, and if a camel can get into the composition by pictorial license, a bear might get in on the same terms. The subject is far too difficult and obscure for the random experiments of Italian picture-fancying; but one may go so far as to point out that there is something in the open-air vigour and zest of the scene that breathes the insular spirit of English miniatures, and contrasts sharply with the tone of asceticism and seriousness that pervades the contemporary work of Brussels and Bruges. There is nothing to suggest that the artist is dependent for his images on some illustrated treatise on Venery; on the contrary, it is more as if he were reproducing with the care and zeal of an enthusiast some of his own adventures *sub Jove frigido*. Moreover, the very defects of the work stamp it as home-made. The Flemish craftsmen were further advanced in the art of perspective. They would not have appeared so helplessly at sea with the problem of setting the castle in something like a plausible relation to the landscape and the figures. The costume points to about the middle of the fifteenth century, and there is much both in the style and in the spirit of the piece that reminds one of English miniature art; while to Flemish work of this kind it stands, generally speaking, in the same relation as English to Flemish glass.¹

¹ Certain details (such as the inscription *monte le désir* on the gown of a lady in the second tapestry, and the device of "a cloud with a shower of raindrops or tears" upon the sleeves of some of the men), together with the presence of the Oriental huntsmen in the first panel, seem to prove that the episodes depicted belong to the Court of King René of Anjou. See the second article by W. G. Thompson, in "Art Workers' Quarterly," June, 1904, where it is further

Unfortunately there are no documents to show how the tapestry came into the possession of the Cavendish family; but it seems clear that it belonged to the original furniture of Hardwick Hall. The Countess was herself an expert and industrious needlewoman, and intolerant of idleness even in the Queen of Scots; but her taste lay in the direction of allegory and Bible history, as we can see in the Minstrels' Gallery at Hardwick, where there still hangs a panel representing the sacrifice of Isaac, with the Countess herself looking on, starched and stiff, in her Elizabethan finery. This may explain, if it does not excuse, the scant respect with which she treated a mere hunting scene with no strain of allegory or tendency to edification.

Still, however this may be, the tapestry now recovered and restored will last as an appropriate monument of the lady of whom Walpole, after his first visit to Hardwick, wrote:

Four times the nuptial bed she warm'd,
And every time so well perform'd,
That when Death spoil'd each Husband's billing,
He left the Widow ev'ry Shilling.
Sad was the Dame, but not dejected;
Five stately Mansions she erected
With more than royal pomp, to vary
The prison of her captive, Mary.

When Hardwicke's tow'r's shall bow their head,
Nor Mass be more in Worksop said,
When Bolsover's fair frame shall tend,
Like Old-Coates, to its mould'ring end,
When Chatsworth knows no Ca'ndish bounties,
Let Fame forget this costly Countess.

Unlike the emancipated woman of a later time who begins by forgetting what her grandmother knew, she ran with the hare and hunted with the hounds. She faced with manlike grip and vision the risks of public life at a time when the charge of a pretender like Mary and an heiress like Arbella was no sinecure; but she minded her needle and her account books all the same.

suggested that the four panels were probably woven to commemorate the marriage of Margaret of Anjou with Henry VI of England in 1444.

THE DIPTYCH OF RICHARD II AT WILTON HOUSE¹

[1902: AET. 39]



HE exhibition of English monarchs at the New Gallery is in one sense disappointing. The expression of national history is as meagre on its pictorial as on its literary side. This may have been due in part to the strange inability of the people to produce or to tolerate kings of their own blood; but whatever may be the cause, there is no epic of the great moments of the story, the Reformation, the Expansion, the Revolution. There is no Vasco da Gama and no Velasquez. Milton, who enjoyed perhaps the fairest opportunity of all, preferred Lucifer as a hero to Cromwell, and the epic of the Revolution was eventually compiled by Clarendon, and in prose. If all that Holbein wrought had been preserved, we should have had a chronicle of priceless value in detail, with occasional passages of true history; but at the New Gallery only the damaged cartoon can be ascribed to him. The great portrait of Elizabeth from Hardwick is remarkable for nothing so much as for the pattern on the skirt; but this is, perhaps, only to be expected when an heroic epoch takes its name and fame from a lady. However, there is one picture here which stands out from all else. It is at once a document in the true sense of the word, and as purely a thing of beauty as the most *naïve* of Italian visions. I mean the famous diptych from Wilton. Richard II backed by his three patrons, St. Edmund with the arrow, Edward the Confessor, whose arms he impaled with those of England, and John the Baptist, by whom he was accustomed to swear, kneels at the feet of the Virgin, who stands erect, holding the Child, and surrounded by a choir of angels, one of whom holds the banner of St. George. The king

¹ "Architectural Review," April, 1902.



DIPTYCH—RICHARD II. WITH JOHN THE BAPTIST, EDWARD
THE CONFESSOR, AND ST. EDMUND.

(WILTON HOUSE.)

PLATE XII.



DIPTYCH OF RICHARD II.—VIRGIN AND SAINTS.

(WILTON HOUSE.)

has a youthful, not to say girlish, expression, and the whole atmosphere of the piece is innocent with a dash of the unintelligent. We feel the presence not of a man who was spiritually exalted above the average, but rather of one who was mentally below it.

The details, evidently intended, are of the highest interest. The king's gorgeous mantle of cloth of gold reminds one of the coat that he is said to have possessed, valued at 30,000 marks. He displays his favourite badge of the white hart, which he probably adopted in memory of his mother, the fair maid of Kent, whose device was a white hind. The attendant angels, like so many "varlets of the crown," all wear the same badge on their tunics, and here we may perhaps read a sign of the custom that the king imposed of wearing livery not only on the mantle but on the under-garment as well.

The difficulty begins when we pass from the enjoyment and decipherment of this precious relic to the attempt to assign it a place and a name in the history of art. In the first place, it seems to go without saying, as a kind of principle of criticism, that whatever we find in England must either have been imported from abroad, or if made at home, then made by alien hands. This view could only be combated in detail, and with the help of well-founded general ideas as to the distinctive character and quality of English art. Anyhow, when so much preliminary work still needs to be done, we shall not venture to plead that the picture is or may be English. We know that the king was an art-lover, though there is nothing to show that the costly picture of the Trinity presented to him and his queen by the City of London was home-made. On the other hand, the name of John Sutton, the carver, who flourished in his reign, sounds English enough. Again, the picture has been called Bohemian, and the mere fact that the king wedded the sister of Wenceslaus, of Bohemia, is enough to have suggested this hypothesis. But if, as is generally supposed, the picture commemorates the king's solemn sanction of the crusade of Henry Despenser, the militant bishop of Norwich, it can hardly have been painted later than 1382, that is the very year of the Bohemian marriage. And we should have expected to see the Bohemian influence, if we must introduce it, not so early in full bloom, but spreading by slow degrees in the wake of the bride. There is no doubt that, at first sight, the picture has a tempting look of Italy;

but this is mainly due to its general impression of sweetness and gravity like Fra Angelico's. The types and the details, however, do not point with sufficient certainty to any particular Italian of the latter end of the fourteenth century. The Virgin and Child, and the choir of angels, are charming both in sentiment and in scheme; but the details, especially of the hands and drapery, are disappointing. The artist is most successful with the figures of saints on the left, which show a respectable attempt at vigour and realism. On the whole, he has the air of being more accustomed to the prettiness of miniatures than to the higher walks of art, and this feature may give us the clue to his whereabouts. Whoever he was, he comes close to the artist of the Hours of the Duc de Berri, at Chantilly—that is, to Pol de Limbourg—and we conclude provisionally that he was a Fleming not untouched by influence from Italy.¹ In the presence of this relic we forget the failure and the fall of Richard, and think only of the friend of Chaucer and Gower, who forgave his enemies:

Nec habet ultrices rex pius iste manus
Quot mala quot mortes tenero sit passus ab ævo
Quamque sit inultus, Anglia tota videt.

¹ [Since the above was written in 1902, the diptych has been the subject of much criticism and controversy. Mr. Strong's views are left without comment, but it may be noted that both this and the preceding essay show a growing belief in the existence of an independent school of English art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.]

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS AT CHATSWORTH¹

[1902: AET. 39]

HE bulk of the collection of Old Masters' drawings at Chatsworth was acquired by William, second Duke of Devonshire, early in the eighteenth century, when it was the fashion for every noble to make the grand tour, and to collect works of art, more or less lavishly and intelligently, as the case might be.

Of the private collections of England that remain intact, this is probably the richest, and the variety and importance of its examples of the great masters would give it a respectable place even among the chief public museums.

Though the gems of the collection are still, probably, the "Liber Veritatis," the sketch-books of Van Dyck² and Rembrandt, and the two volumes of designs for masques by Inigo Jones, nothing from these sources has been included here. The object has been rather to bring forward the work of the older masters, both Italian and Teutonic, with whom of late years history and criticism have been more particularly concerned.

Many of the finest examples at Chatsworth come from the collection of Govaert Flinck, a pupil of Rembrandt, in whom, as so often happens now, the appreciative seems to have been far in excess of the creative power. His mark is, as a rule, a sure certificate of quality and genuineness. The collection was still further enriched

¹ Reprinted by permission of Messrs. Duckworth and Co., from "Reproductions of Drawings by the Old Masters in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth," London, 1902.

² The sketch-book of Van Dyck, which had mysteriously disappeared, was restored to Chatsworth under Mr. Strong's librarianship, by the generous consent of Mr. Herbert Cook, into whose possession the sketch-book had eventually passed.

by the break up and dispersion of the treasures of Charles I, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The existing attributions of the drawings are traditional. They date from the time when a few great names monopolized the interest of collectors, when a Venetian drawing was a Titian *a priori* and a Roman study a Raphael, and when criticism had not yet pushed forward the second-rate on other grounds than that of the artistic merit of their work. On the other hand, even so, it should not be forgotten that the stream of tradition has brought down much that was once matter of common knowledge or of easy verification, and that, left to our own resources, however elaborate, we should find it impossible to restore.

The study of drawings presents all the difficulties that attach to the study of pictures, and more, peculiar to itself. Historical inquiry, through which, as most educated students have begun to see, the way of progress leads, throws little light on this part of the field. Vasari, the first and greatest of collectors, mentions "our book" only incidentally. It does not occur to him to treat pictures and drawings as parallel and complementary. Moreover—though in the case of pictures the record is incomplete enough—in the case of drawings the gaps made by time, neglect, or deliberate destruction are so great that the subjective element is apt from the beginning to pervade our whole material. In such cases as that of Raffaelino or of Baccio Bandinelli there is no great difficulty. We can explain from history the place they fill. Leonardo can be studied in embarrassing profusion at a few great centres, and the fact that most of his drawings are really illustrations to texts in a strange character and on strange themes may have helped to preserve them. Michelangelo has left us a groundwork in the shape of a few drawings that were as famous in their day as any of his more ambitious achievements; but, apart from these, our own modest demand for the signs of genius, in all cases and in every part, often introduces difficulties. We want the ancients to be always classical, and we picture men of genius as always in the attitude which—even with much less than genius—they would certainly assume now.

Where tradition fails us, there is no clue except what comes of a comparison between pictures and drawings. This process is inevitable, for there is no other; but it is fatally easy and enticing

to overstrain the evidence. Especially is this the case with the great colourists, like Titian and Correggio, who, revelling in the freedom of brushwork, had no occasion to steady themselves with the point. As a painter, it would be difficult to exclude Reynolds from the first rank; but, as he himself was aware, his power failed him when he drew. We possess some results of that left-handed process, and they suggest his pictures without reflecting them. As for Van Dyck, it is even possible that, if we had as few pen drawings by him as we are supposed to have by Titian, they might have missed the honour of his name altogether, so painfully do they contrast with the masterly flow of his brushwork and the virile character of his chalk heads.

A fair example of the vanity of dogmatizing is afforded by the much debated *Martyrdom of a Saint* in this collection. It was attributed to Giorgione by Morelli, who, having abolished more than two-thirds of his reputed work, contrived like Tarquin's Sibyl to raise the credit of the remainder to such a degree that Giorgione, quit of the control of history and hovering, as it were, between fact and fiction, reveals himself to the critics as something higher and better than anything that can be shown. In composition and design the drawing resembles his early works; but the execution has nothing of the timidity of a first essay. The sole conclusion, therefore, that the facts warrant is that it may have been executed by Giorgione, but under conditions the like of which appears in no other of his surviving works. It is true that the spirit of the scene pervades all the products of that artistic movement of which he has been consecrated the eponymous hero; but that points in no single direction exclusively; there were many who were quite capable of reaching all that is given here. On the whole, therefore, it is for reasons of this kind that, if dogma be more enticing, we have judged doubt to be safer. Besides, for the reason that an essay is no convenient substitute for a label, many of the plates still bear the old names. In the case, for example, of Raphael, the text makes it sufficiently plain that, though the drawings still belong to his sphere, they have all shifted more or less from the centre.

Care has been taken throughout to preserve the opinions of Morelli, who was the first to make systematic use of the evidence of drawings in discussing artistic problems. In fact, it seems likely

that this may survive as the most permanent and positive feature of his work. From his long battle of the pictures the personal motive and aim are rarely absent; but with drawings he comes to close quarters more imminently and simply on the merits of the case. His dogmatism is constant and obvious; but it is rather the impulse of vivid impressions and dominant convictions than any preliminary pose of conceit:

Omnia responde, nec tantum si qua rogabit;
Et quae nescieris ut bene nota refer.

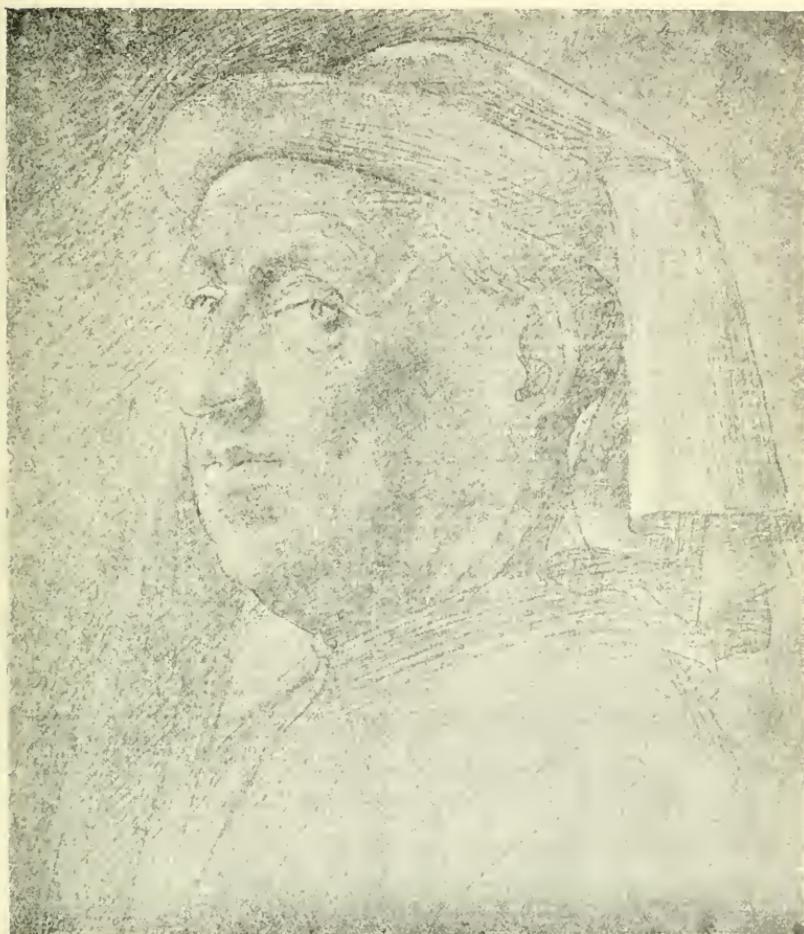
The material for comparison is steadily accumulating. For example, Leonardo is fast becoming accessible in his entirety, and the series of reproductions from the Albertina collection, extended so as to include the best in the Uffizi and elsewhere, are, with Dr. Wickhoff's catalogue, a mine of suggestion and instruction. Few great collections still remain to be explored. Perhaps the most promising is that at Christ Church, Oxford, of which Mr. Colvin intends an illustrated account. The abundance of material and the crowd of workers are such as greatly to facilitate a limited task like the present. In a multitude of counsellors there is safety, even if there is little excitement in following beaten paths. My indebtedness to printed sources is acknowledged in the proper places; but, in addition, I have to thank for various assistance, Dr. J. P. Richter; Dr. Franz Wickhoff; Dr. Ludwig; Dr. Paul Kristeller; Signor Frizzoni and Mr. Charles Loeser.

I

We begin then with the Italians and the Florentines. The superb drawing on Plate XIII is a triumph of realism.¹ In its simplicity of strength and truth, in the mastery with which character is conveyed in the lines of the countenance, it challenges comparison with the best of Antonello da Messina. The costume, however, which is distinctly Florentine, no less than the manner in which the silver point is handled, excludes the supposition of a Northern origin. It may well have been the preliminary study from life for one of those grave Florentine personages who witness—deferenti-

¹ Silver point, heightened with white lead, on gray paper. The head by Ghirlandaio in the Uffizi, published with the Albertina Collection (No. 658), is of the same type, but coarser and more vigorous.

PLATE XIII.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN. DRAWING BY DOMENICO GHIRLANDAJO.

(CHATSWORTH.)

ally but without surprise—the events of Ghirlandaio's gospel-history in S. Maria Novella. That head in particular (in the fresco of Joachim's expulsion from the temple), which is traditionally explained as the portrait of Alessio Baldovinetti, Ghirlandaio's teacher,¹ shows the same head-dress, similar features, and all but the same pose.

There was exhibited in London, some time ago, a portrait ascribed to Ridolfo Ghirlandaio which bore so strong a resemblance to this drawing that it might even have been taken from it. Still, the pose of the head and the costume appear often enough to account for a family likeness, and the drawing itself speaks loudly for a greater than Ridolfo.

This drawing is a careful study from life for one of the heads in the fresco of the *Birth of the Virgin* in the church of S. Maria Novella at Florence.² The method employed is of the simplest, but, in the firm hands of a master as here, well calculated to produce an imposing effect of dignity and grandeur. It is the method, in fact, which Michelangelo inherited, and which he found capable of expressing all that he had to utter in pictorial form.³ The study was employed for the figure standing on the extreme left in the fresco, and on the back of the same sheet there is a study for the drapery, without the head, of a female figure at full length. This can readily be identified as a preliminary sketch for the portrait of Ginevra de' Benci, which the master introduced into the fresco of the *Salutation of the Virgin* in the same series.⁴ The outlines of the drawings have been pricked for transfer to the wall, from which it follows that the master did not, as Crowe and Cavalcaselle assert,⁵ confine himself to the method of tracing over the cartoon with a stylus.

Lorenzo di Credi's drawings are not uncommon and they repre-

¹ "The two groups at the extremes are full of merit, and interesting, because Ghirlandaio represented himself accompanied by Sebastiano Mainardi, whose vacant gaze is not prepossessing as he presents his head on the margin of the picture, and Baldovinetti, who looks pensive, standing at the other side of Domenico in the hanging barret of the period."—Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "History of Painting in Italy," ii, p. 481.

² Black chalk on white paper.

³ Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "History of Painting in Italy," ii, p. 478.

⁴ See Morelli, "Die Galerie zu Berlin," p. 19, where this drawing is reproduced.

⁵ *Op. cit.*, ii, p. 479.

sent the flower of his work, for in his pictures we are repelled by a pervading harshness of colour and a general air of feebleness in intellect and character. As a rule, Lorenzo was more attracted by youthful models with rounded surfaces and sweeping curves, but here he shows himself fully equal to a graver theme.¹ There is a mingled strength and tenderness in the retracing of the furrows of time, and the pathos of the expression is fully rendered. This drawing, like so many others at Chatsworth, carries an extravagant and unaccountable attribution, namely, to Daniele da Volterra. Morelli, starting from the ear—and he was apt to conceive through the ear—recognized the hand of Lorenzo di Credi, and he makes the suggestion (which, if true, adds immensely to the value and interest of the drawing) that it is a portrait of the sculptor Mino da Fiesole.²

The study, in silver point, of a kneeling figure, bears an old ascription to the master of Sogliani—that is, to Lorenzo di Credi, but the cast of the drapery is not entirely his, and the resolute simplicity with which the figure as a whole is rendered suggests an earlier and more cautious hand working within the limits or on the model of Fra Angelico.

The fine silver point study of a head and two hands is mounted with several other fragments on a sheet which once formed part of Vasari's celebrated book. He assigned it to Filippo Lippi,³ that is, the younger, commonly called Filippino, who should also be credited with the two studies of a man in a large cloak. This seems to have been a favourite theme for practice in the master's studio, as most collections boast one or two examples. In the same category—that is, with Filippino and his school—we ought probably to include the silver point studies on Plate XXXIV,⁴ though they are too slight and faint for a definite judgment.

¹ Silver point, heightened with white, on gray paper.

² Morelli, "Borghese and Doria Pamfili Galleries" (English Transl. by C. J. Foulkes), p. 91, note 1.

³ However, the likeness between this drawing and that by Raffaelino del Garbo, reproduced by Morelli ("Die Galerie zu Berlin," p. 16), is strong enough to suggest that we may have to do with Raffaelino here. The sameness in the treatment of the hands should be noticed. There is a portrait at Chatsworth which, according to an old but not contemporary inscription, is that of Raffaelino himself; but the technical treatment is so different from the fluent convexities of his silver point, that it would seem as if the master, when he showed his face, disguised his hand.

⁴ Of the large publication.

The elaborately finished plan of an altar in pen and bistre¹ I assign to the school of Verrocchio, though with hesitation, for until the original—if it were ever completed—has been traced, there can be no certainty. Most in the style of Verrocchio are the two kneeling angels and the figure of the Child Christ emerging from the chalice in the lunette. On the other hand, there is much in the subsidiary detail to remind one of the conventions of the Della Robbia.

From this kind of work the transition is abrupt to the somewhat brutal realism and full-bodied type of Luca Signorelli as he appears in the nude figures on Plate XII.² The figure to the right on the upper sheet is probably a sketch for an executioner in some picture of the *Flagellation*, a subject which he was fond of repeating, as it gave him abundant scope for his favourite display of the nude body in a state of violent exertion.

The large study in black chalk of a child's head is attributed to Raphael, but the hand is plainly that of Fra Bartolommeo. In attitude and features, the head of the Infant Christ in the *Holy Family* by Fra Bartolommeo, recently acquired by the National Gallery, closely resembles this drawing.

The portrait, in black chalk, of a handsome youth, with his cap fixed jauntily on the back of his head, has been traditionally described as the portrait of Sansovino the sculptor by Andrea del Sarto, which, for reasons both of chronology and of technique, is out of the question. On the contrary, the tastefully, but somewhat mechanically, contrived illumination of the surface, the conscious tension of the features in repose, even the slightly marked details of dress, all point to the hand of Angelo Bronzino, or to that of some other Florentine of his period and manner. Conclusions as to the authorship of drawings deduced from pictures are risky, but in point of style and handling this drawing seems inseparable from the celebrated picture, now in the collection of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, and long known as the portrait of Cesare Borgia by Raphael, but ascribed by Morelli to Bronzino.³

¹ [The drawing has now been identified by Dr. F. Burger as by Francesco di Simone Ferrucci, a pupil of Verrocchio.]

² Of the large publication. Silver point heightened with white.

³ Morelli, "Borghese and Doria Pamfili Galleries," E.T., p. 131 ff. I must confess, however, that when, through the courtesy of its owner, I examined the

Of the drawings attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, a few of the grotesque heads are certainly genuine, though they require to be separated from the copies and forgeries which, abounding here as in other collections, have done so much to spread the report of this (at first sight) trifling form of Leonardo's activity. Until recently, in the experience of the many, he was better known as a caricaturist than as a philosopher. The heads now reproduced¹ bear all the traces of "that wonderful left hand." The technique with its unlaboured completeness of finish is his, and his only.² There is nothing wantonly absurd or extravagant. By straining the limits of the real, Leonardo seems only to intensify and enforce the essential.

The object of Leonardo in these studies has never been thoroughly explained. That he ever did anything without a purpose is out of the question. On the whole, it seems most probable that he was experimenting with the lines that express character and govern or reveal the changes of emotion in the human countenance. His method was akin to that of the geometry of projection. Just as the shadow of a circle is an ellipse, so by projecting the lines of a human face of a certain marked type he was enabled to detect and exhibit, as in a shadow, the secret but most real kinship between the *bête humaine* and the dog, the ape or the swine, as the case might be. In a sheet of drawings at Windsor³ we see the same process applied to the head of a lion until it quickens into a lower canine form.⁴

picture a few weeks ago in Paris, it struck me that Mündler's old attribution to Parmegianino, which was discarded by Morelli, might be correct after all. From the likeness to the portrait in the Uffizi, the picture may be the portrait of Parmegianino by himself. But, in any case, the authorship of the picture should carry with it that of our drawing.

¹ Pen and bistre.

² It is easy to convince one's self of the superiority of these heads to the common style of imitations by comparing the two heads in the upper row and the head in the lower right-hand corner to the copies (probably by a seventeenth century hand) that appear on the sheet of forgeries reproduced (No. 15) in my publication of the "Drawings by Old Masters at Wilton House."

³ P. Müller-Walde, "Leonardo da Vinci," 1889, plate 25, p. 61.

⁴ Compare the note to Plate 15 of the "Drawings by Old Masters at Wilton House": "Perhaps it is not too extravagant to suppose that he [Leonardo] may have been investigating some pictorial 'doctrine of limits.' He may have suspected that, given a permanent correspondence between a certain character and a certain type, the essence of character, obscured as it is in the complexity of

Suggestive of Leonardo, though less certainly by him, is the head of a man in red chalk. The features are strongly marked, and the set expression of malevolence is such as might well have arrested him at the time when he was meditating and maturing the types of the Apostles in the Cenacolo. He was not as ready with the crayon as with the pen or the silver point; but the use of it here, notably the way in which the light and shade are managed, recalls the peculiarities of undoubted examples.

The *Study of a Man*, on Plate XVI of the large publication,¹ is a characteristic but faded specimen of Pontormo, showing in the type and treatment the strong influence of Andrea del Sarto.

Baccio Bandinelli, as usual, takes up more room in the collection by bulk, than he is entitled to on his merits. The drawing² we have chosen is one of his most ambitious efforts, prepared for circulation as an engraving. In fact, the high finish and uniform technique give it all the appearance of an engraver's drawing. The composition is well known from the account of Vasari, who writes: "[Baccio] got the engravers Marco da Ravenna and Agostino Viniziano to engrave a scene designed by him on a large sheet, representing the *Massacre of the Innocents*, full of nudes, living and dead children, and women and soldiers in various attitudes, showing good design in the figures and a knowledge of the muscles and limbs, which brought him great fame in Europe."³

II

After the *Liber Veritatis* of Claude, the long series of drawings attributed to Raphael probably comes next in general estimation. Sir Thomas Lawrence begged two of the finest of the sixth Duke of Devonshire, and in return presented the Duke with one of his portraits of George IV—the best, as he explained, of all his versions of that gentlemanly theme.

Of late years, however, the Chatsworth Raphaels have experienced a change in estimation, due to the discovery that they were not the work of the great master, but of a follower, or of a pupil, who, though he may have been tracing the lines on which man passes, or can be shown to pass, into the ape, the hawk, and the wolf.⁴

¹ Black chalk.

² Pen and bistre.

³ Vasari, transl. A. B. Hinds.

enced the fate which all such things inherit. Subjected to the searching critical scrutiny of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Morelli, Wickhoff, and others, it must be confessed that the drawings have lost much of their prestige, though not of their interest. In default of Raphael's own hand—and there is not a single example that, from this point of view, has never been questioned—we have a series undoubtedly expressing in a greater or less degree every phase of his influence.

Perhaps no drawing in the collection has been more often and more minutely discussed than the large composition of *Aeneas Sylvius doing Homage to Pope Eugenius IV*. It long passed for one of the sketches that, according to Vasari, Raphael in his precocious youth made for his elder and less enterprising friend, Pinturicchio, when the latter was employed upon the decoration of the Piccolomini Library at Siena. Crowe and Cavalcaselle write:¹ "Were Raphael's name to be withdrawn from these sheets, it would be necessary to reconstruct a catalogue of his designs. At Venice there are figures which seem counterparts of those we have described, especially as regards feeling, the same hand traced them all." That is to say, this drawing, as the work of Raphael, stands or falls with the authorship of the "Venice Sketch-book." But as Morelli's decision for Pinturicchio in the case of the sketch-book is one of the few conclusions of criticism that seem to be certain, or at least unquestioned, the drawing is now definitely placed with his work.²

The general arrangement of the composition is exactly followed in the fresco; but with the addition of two prominent figures in the foreground. A slightly different turn is given to the attitude of the Pope, and in his final version the artist has taken pains, especially in the background, to fill the gaps in the plan.

A design for another fresco of the same series is preserved in the Uffizi, and has recently been published under Pinturicchio's name with the reproductions of the Albertina drawings. A third design, representing the *Betrothal of the Emperor Frederick III to Eleanor of Portugal*, that is, the subject of the fifth of the Library frescoes, is to be seen in the Casa Baldeschi at Perugia. This has been taken by Morelli, and most critics after him, for a similar

¹ "History of Painting in Italy," iii, p. 287.

² "Die Galerie zu Berlin," pp. 292-294, 352, 353, etc.

PLATE XIV.



HOLY FAMILY. DRAWING BY RAPHAEL.

(CHATSWORTH.)

design by Pinturicchio; but it struck me, when I examined it, as so markedly different in style and treatment as to point not only to another hand, but to another period.

The beautiful circular composition of the *Madonna and Child with Saints* (Plate XIV) is attributed to Raphael, and is not unworthy of him in its Umbrian suavity of expression and rhythmic flow of line. At the same time, it must be confessed that many of the slight peculiarities enumerated by Morelli as distinguishing Pinturicchio's drawings from those of Raphael are to be noted here, and it is difficult to believe that this drawing and the one at Frankfort¹ are not by the same hand, so alike are they in feeling and touch. The central part of the composition is reproduced in a picture attributed to Spagna in the Lateran Museum at Rome.

Of the later drawings, one of the most considerable is a large composition representing a scene from ancient history or mythology.² For the subject I had thought of Iphigeneia when she endeavours to escape with Pylades and Orestes, and they are met and opposed on the shore:

λόγοι δ' ἔχαρουν· τίνι λόγῳ πορφυμένετε
κλέπτοντες ἐκ γῆς ξέσανα καὶ θυτπόλους;

The drawing is generally interpreted as the *Rape of Helen*; but on this showing it would seem as if Paris had carried off not only Helen, but a great deal of miscellaneous plunder as well. In style the drawing belongs to the latest period of Raphael, when, surrounded by assistants, he projected more than he produced. Morelli³ stigmatizes it as a copy, while Fischel⁴ recognizes the hand of Penni, not only here, but in the charming silver point of a mother teaching her child to read out of a book. This is probably the design from which the engraving by Marco da Ravenna was taken.⁵ It has Raphael's pure flow of line, and the forms, like that of the head turned in profile, are his also.

The little drawing of a Nymph,⁶ who puts a flower into a vase,

¹ "Die Galerie zu Berlin," p. 327.

² Pen on white paper.

³ "Kunstchronik," 1891-92, p. 545.

⁴ Oskar Fischel, "Raphael's Zeichnungen" (1898), No. 501.

⁵ Bartsch, xiv, p. 54, No. 48. Cf. Fischel, *loc. cit.*, No. 410. Morelli, *loc. cit.* pronounces the drawing "not genuine."

⁶ Silver point heightened with white.

is like a cameo in its rounded simplicity and completeness. It did not please Morelli, who dismisses it with curt contempt;¹ and Fischel refers it to the school of Fontainebleau; but, while it is true that Primaticcio and his followers used this method, his favourite type, slender and tapering, is as different as possible from that here which, with the small feet and thick ankles, is precisely what Marc Antonio, working under the influence—often over the outlines—of Raphael, has made permanent and popular.

The slight drawing in red chalk, representing the figures in the upper part of the *Transfiguration*, without drapery, was probably made in the school, perhaps by the master's own hand. The study of the figure of S. Paul, in the cartoon of *Paul and Barnabas* at Lystra, is further from the fountain-head, and shows many of the qualities to which Penni's name is usually attached.

The spirited and impressive drawing of the *Resurrection of Christ*² was prepared for the eleventh of the series of monochromes, painted in imitation of bronze, under the windows of the Loggie of the Vatican. According to Morelli,³ anticipated here, as in many other instances, by Crowe and Cavalcaselle,⁴ the drawing is by Perino del Vaga, upon whom, with Giulio Romano, the task of actual painting in the Loggie devolved. In the Kestner collection at Hanover there is a replica of the drawing which some critics accept as the original.

The drawing of the drunken Silenus⁵ shows us as clearly and fully as anything that exists the natural Giulio Romano, when he had broken away from the chastening influence of Raphael's studio, and abandoned himself to the promptings of his own coarser and more full-blooded genius. The *Dancing Faun* in the Louvre is closely akin to this, both in style and in sentiment.⁶ On the other hand, in the presence of the *Three Graces* (Plate XXI), a replica of the drawing at Windsor, we still breathe the *λαμπρότατος αἰθήρ*.

¹ *Loc. cit.*, "wertlos"; Fischel, No. 516.

² Pen and bistre, washed.

³ Morelli, "Kunstchronik," 1891-92, p. 545.

⁴ Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "Raphael" (1882), ii, p. 436.

⁵ Pen and bistre, washed.

⁶ The artist has evidently been working on some antique model. The grouping recalls a whole series of Dionysiac vase-paintings and bas-reliefs, while the motive of the Satyr drawing off the sandal of Silenus occurs in the well-known relief, in the British Museum, of "Dionysus visiting Icarius."

III

The Venetian drawings at Chatsworth are a choice and varied group, illustrating the whole course of the development of Venetian art from the time of Bellini to that of Tiepolo. To one drawing Giovanni Bellini's own name was attached by Morelli,¹ in accordance, as I am informed, with a suggestion from Dr. J. P. Richter. It represents *Four Saints*,² and the analogy between the group, as we have it, and the figures in the left wing of Mantegna's altarpiece in the church of S. Zeno at Verona, is far too close to be accidental. The drawing must have been made either for the altarpiece, or from it. Unfortunately, we have no means of testing it by comparison with undoubted examples of Bellini's use of the pen, though it cannot be denied that it has many points of style in common with early pictures of the master. Such are the exaggerated height and ascetic meagreness of the figures, the cast of the drapery, and the treatment of the hair. If the drawing were really by Bellini, nothing could exaggerate its importance as a memorial of an artistic partnership between him and Mantegna, of which we have no other record; but I am inclined to agree with Dr. Kristeller, in his account of Mantegna's altarpiece, that its own inherent weakness is sufficient to exclude this seductive interpretation. Dr. Kristeller writes: "The drawing in Chatsworth, which has nothing in common with the picture beyond the general arrangement of the figures, and a few isolated motives in the pose of the feet and in the draperies, is so weak, so deficient in plasticity and sense of space, that it clearly betrays itself as a mere imitation of the motives of the picture, which artists must often have employed as a model and for study."³

Plate XXXIa⁴ is a sketch for the scene in the adventures of Saint Ursula, where the Prince Conon takes leave of his father. It is astonishing to see how closely Carpaccio's direct pictorial use

¹ Morelli, "Borghese and Doria Pamfili Galleries," E.T., p. 148 and p. 171; J. P. Richter, "Lectures on the National Gallery" (1898), p. 32, where the drawing is reproduced.

² Pen and bistre.

³ Paul Kristeller, "Mantegna" (Engl. ed. by S. A. Strong), p. 153, note.

⁴ Of the large publication; the drawing is in pen and bistre.

of the pen simulated that of Rembrandt; though, if judged by the aim and quality of their finished work, they would seem to stand at opposite poles. The picture, which differs but slightly from the sketch, is one of the famous series in the Academy at Venice. It is inscribed in a later hand—*dipinse in Venetia nella chiesa di S. Orsola in S. Gio. e Polo.* On the back of the sheet the artist has noted some disconnected first thoughts: an *Annunciation*; the *Martyrdom of S. Agatha*; and some figures of uncertain meaning in Oriental costume.

The third drawing¹ shows all Carpaccio's skill in grouping and in the suggestion of a wide expanse of scene, but the subject is a problem. On the right, an ecclesiastic followed by a numerous cavalcade has just dismounted from his mule, and, with his right hand uplifted in the attitude of blessing, awaits the approach of another—to all appearance secular—personage, who has himself just dismounted, and advances from the left with a suppliant air, holding what looks like a reliquary or ciborium. The scene passes on the bank of a river, or inlet of the sea. A boat in mid-stream appears to be carrying some of the retinue of the suppliant. The left bank of the river is flat, with a few trees, but on the other side the coast rises in a range of low hills which, as they jut out into the water, form numerous bays, in one of which there are faintly indicated a towered city and a port with shipping (Plate XV).

At the outset, however, it is to be noted that, even if we confine our attention to the drawing itself, there can be no doubt as to the identity of the churchman. Carpaccio has succeeded with a few hasty touches in rendering completely and with certitude the form and mien of Lorenzo Giustiniani, the first patriarch of Venice, according to the traditional type fixed once for all by Gentile Bellini.² It remains, therefore, to determine what scene in the life of the patriarch is here represented, and to what picture, or series of pictures, by Carpaccio the drawing can be referred. It is obvious, however, that no existing picture by Carpaccio can be brought into connection with the drawing; while of the works which he executed in the Ducal Palace at Venice, and which perished,

¹ On white paper. The main lines have been first laid in roughly with black chalk, and the whole has afterwards been passed over in greater detail with the pen.

² In the Academy, Venice. Phot. Anderson, 11,688.

PLATE XV.



SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF SAN LORENZO GIURTINIANI.
DRAWING BY CARPACCIO.

(CHATSWORTH.)

together with so many other art-treasures, in the great fire of 1576, the subjects are known and exclude them from comparison. I am indebted to Dr. Ludwig for the suggestion that in this drawing we have a relic of an important work carried out by Carpaccio, towards the close of his life, in the Palace of the Patriarch at Venice. Nothing is known of these paintings beyond the mere fact of their existence preserved in the account of the sums paid at intervals to Carpaccio.¹ Still, as nothing can be conceived more suitable for the decoration of the patriarchal palace than the life of Lorenzo Giustiniani, and as that worthy obviously figures in our drawing, it only remains to hit upon some passage in his life that shall illustrate, or rather demonstrate, the subject. Now, among the accounts of the life of the Saint that were accessible to Carpaccio, there appeared at Venice in 1475 a book entitled: "Clarissimi oratoris Bernardi Justiniani opusculum de vita beati Laurentii Patriarchae Venetiarum: Impressum Venetiis labore et industria Jacobi de Rubeis Gallici: Duca inlyto Petro Mocenico Sexto Idus Maias MCCCCCLXXV." This book recounts,² among other memor-

¹ Per ser Vettor scarpaza depentor per la palla et per li quadri de la salla. See P. Paoletti di Osvaldo, "L'Architettura e la scultura del Rinascimento in Venezia," ii, 244. 1533, 30 Novembre: "Si fa un pagamento *per resto della pala di legno*—per contadi a magistro vетor scharpaza per aver depinto la dita pala duc: 52 in più fiade computta, uno teler della natività del Signor a duc 53" (Mensa Patriarcale Busta 67).

² The text runs literally as follows: "Franciscus Sforzia Mediolani dux et Blanca uxor Galeatium majorem natu et magnae spei filium adhuc impubem Venetias cum misissent: illud imprimis mandauere: ut puerum ad Sanctum virum deducerent: ut imponeret illi manum: et ejus orationibus commendarent." I owe all these references to Dr. Ludwig, to whom I am also indebted for the following passage in allusion to the visit of Galeazzo: "Havendo il Ducha Franc^o. Sforza di Milan terminato di mandar in questa Terra il suo figiol primo gienito Zan Galeazo Maria poi fatta la pace e liga per incinarse a questa Signoria, onde fo terminado di farli grandissimo honor et fo presso a di 7 novenbrio in pregadi poter spender per questa venuta fin ducati 1000. A di 16 novembrio in questa Terra il ditto Signor Zuam Galeazzo Maria conte di Pavia per Po in ganzara con una bella compagnia, il dose con il Busintoro et molti paraschermi li ando contra *fino a San Chimento* et lo accompagnò con gran festa fino alla cassa del marchese di Ferrara dove li fo preparato lo alozamento molto honoratamente il qual venuto alla presencia della Signoria fesse una oracion latina la copia della qual sarà scritta qui avanti il Doxe lo carexò molto et li fo risposto et poi scritto latino a suo padre Ducha la qual oracione e letera e registrada in la cancelaria in li comemoriali et poi che li fo mostrado la Terra venuto a Gran seio et fatoli ogni demostracion di careze si parti ben

able transactions, that Francesco, Duke of Milan, and Bianca his wife sent their eldest son Galeazzo, a youth of great promise, to Venice, with strict injunctions that he should be brought to the holy man, in order that the latter might lay his hands upon him, and remember him in his prayers. This, then, is the scene of our drawing. Galeazzo has just come into the presence of the Saint, and we see him on the point of kneeling to receive the coveted blessing.¹

The drawings on Plate XXXIII² are the work of a skilled hand, but of one that is not easy to identify. Their Northern character, however, is unquestionable. The figure of what seems to be an Evangelist writing on a scroll, with the head too large and the feet too small for the body, recalls a favourite type of Gregorio Schiavone and even of Mantegna in his early phase. The figure of a Saint, perhaps John the Baptist, in the lower sheet, is touched in broadly and with an economy of means like that of Carpaccio at his best. The old attribution to Giovanni Bellini is significant and enticing, and there is nothing in the drawings themselves to gainsay it. But, in default of any standard example of Bellini's style as a draughtsman, it would be useless to pretend to decide the question.

The drawing of a Saint³ preaching in the open air, probably at Alexandria, as appears from the fact that the women of the auditory are seated on the ground, is undoubtedly Venetian.⁴ But little more can be said of it, except that the artist seems to have had both Gentile Bellini and Carpaccio in view. The hand points in no direction that can be traced with certainty. On the whole, the drawing has something of the general appearance of a picture by Mansueti; but its main interest resides in the fact that Rembrandt himself did not disdain to copy it.⁵

sodisfato de qui al qual fo fatto sempre le spesse." Cl. VIIA. Cod. 125. "IIA Parte delle Vite dei Dogi di Marin Sanudo non autografa, copiata da Pietro Foscarini."—a. 1455. Cf. L. A. Muratori, "R. T. Scriptores Vite dei Dogi." XXII. a. 1455.

¹ In the Gallery at Brussels there are the portraits of Francesco Sforza, his wife, and the young Galeazzo, by Memline.

² Of the large publication; drawing in pen and bistre. ³ Pen and bistre.

⁴ See Gronau, "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," 3^e Pér. xiii (1895), p. 260.

⁵ Both the original and the copy, which belongs to Mr. Fairfax Murray, have been published by De Groot ("Jahrbuch d. K. Preussischen Sammlungen"



BATTLE OF TRITONS. DRAWING BY ANDREA MANTEGNA.

(CHATSWORTH.)

Mantegna's elaborate study¹ for his engraving of the *Battle of the Tritons*, on Plate XVI, though its importance in the small group of his genuine drawings has made it well known, cannot properly be left out of a representative selection.

The drawing, on parchment, of Silenus careering in triumph, with attendant putti, on a richly decorated car, all in an unusually sober mood, betrays both in style and in technique the influence of Mantegna—but at a distance. Dr. Kristeller is reminded of the style of Zoan Andrea.

The fine bust portrait of a young man, in black chalk, on the strength of its likeness to a drawing in the Uffizi, I ascribe to Filippo Mazzuola. The terms in which Crowe and Cavalcaselle describe the portrait by this master in the Brera are equally to the purpose here: "This portrait is much in the style of that of Bon-signori in the National Gallery, though of a lower class."²

Pisanello, the first in Italy to comprehend and express the forms of animal life, deserves to rank with Paolo Uccello and Piero della Francesca as a predecessor of Leonardo da Vinci. Few of his paintings survive; but his drawings attest the range of his curiosity and the searching power of his hand. Moreover, in the most quint-essential of the arts he is easily supreme—the art of the medallist, combining, as it does (or as it should), in lawful union, the qualities of painting and sculpture. The present drawing (plate XVII)³ is one of his minute studies from Nature. He employed it for the medal of Cecilia Gonzaga, on the reverse of which the goat, with the addition of another horn, is made into a very plausible unicorn. Like Leonardo after him, exploring those reasons in Nature which are not shown in experience, he does not plunge at once into the possibilities of the unreal; he simply takes one step in advance on the line already traced by Nature.⁴

vol. xv (1894), pp. 176 and 177), who ascribes the drawing to Carpaccio. It was photographed by Braun (170) as a Giorgione.

¹ Pen and bistre.

² "Hist. of Painting in N. Italy," i, p. 587.

³ Silver point.

⁴ Heiss ("Vittore Pisano," p. 26) reproduces from the Vallardi collection (fo. 205, No. 2412) what purports to be an original study for this unicorn; but it is far less suggestive of the master hand than the drawing shown here. At Windsor there is a fine drawing from nature of a camel, which is usually assigned to Pisanello. It is in reality one of the studies made by Gentile Bellini during his residence at Constantinople.

The drawing representing the "Martyrdom of a Saint"¹ has always been assigned to Giorgione, in common with a host of other drawings, both here and abroad, that all exhibit more or less of that quality and spirit which we are accustomed to refer to the example of Giorgione, though Palma is fully entitled to share the credit of their introduction and popularity. But the fact that the present example is one of the select group of three which the critical reform of Morelli left standing on their old ground has brought it of late into new prominence.²

In point of style and feeling, our drawing is nearly akin to the two early pictures by Giorgione in the Uffizi, the *Ordeal of Moses* and the *Judgment of Solomon*. All three share the same characteristic and cardinal defect; that, namely, which arises from the artist's failure to realize and express an occurrence in action.³ His figures seem paralyzed either by the near prospect or by some strange result of activity. In the present case, the turbaned tyrant continues to enjoin what has already happened, while the headless trunk of the Saint seems turned to stone. Nevertheless, the resemblance between the drawing and the pictures is more superficial than essential. In the pictures the artist is clearly taking his first steps timidly and warily, and we should expect him to draw in the same style—as, in fact, he does draw, if the example in Mr. Charles Loeser's collection, at Florence, be really his. On the other hand, though the types are the same here as those he began with, the technique is that of a practised craftsman, not only free of all the opportunities of his medium, but sufficiently at his ease to take liberties. The resemblance between this drawing and the treatment of a similar theme by Lotto, in the background of one of the frescoes at Trascorre, though doubtless accidental, is close enough to be worth noting.⁴

The stiff, but correctly drawn, figure of an executioner striking off the head of a saint,⁵ is, in my judgement, far more suggestive

¹ Pen outline washed with bistre.

² Morelli, "Munich and Dresden Galleries," E.T., p. 225, where a reproduction of the Chatsworth drawing is given. Of the drawings enumerated by Morelli, Gronau (Gaz. des Beaux-Arts, 3^e Pér. xii (1894), p. 322f.) admits only two.

³ See Gronau, *loc. cit.*

⁴ [To Signor Frizzoni "Kunstchronik," Oct. 1804, the "plump little figures" suggest rather the hand of Nicolo Giolfino of Verona.]

⁵ Pen and red chalk washed with the brush.

PLATE XVII.



STUDY OF A GOAT. BY PISANELLO.

(CHATSWORTH)

of what the master may really have done than the drawing we have just discussed. The type of the figures and the costume are those that Romanino has made his own; but he draws with more of parade and less of precision than we see here. Morelli adhered to the old view and attributed this drawing to Giorgione:¹ but I have thought it worth while to place on record Dr. Ludwig's opinion that the drawing is by Calisto da Lodi, whose name, by the way, we find competing with those of Romanino and Giorgione himself at Bergamo.²

This design, evidently intended for the decoration of a ceiling, represents God the Father supported by Cherubs as he moves with outstretched arms through space. The subject was painted by Pordenone in the cupola of the Malchiostro Chapel in the church of S. Niccolò at Treviso. There are variations of detail between the drawing and the work in its finished state; but, for the most part, they are such as would inevitably arise in the transference of the design from a plane to a curved surface. In both the drawing and the fresco the influence of Michelangelo strongly asserts itself. "The Eternal is one of the master's most daring attempts at foreshortening, ill-drawn, and full of incorrectness in extremities, but causing us to forget in its life and motion the faults which it displays."³

Also attributed to Pordenone is the pen drawing of the *Adoration of the Kings*; but it lacks his firmness of outline and classical exuberance of form. It seems rather to be the work of a later hand, not uninfluenced by Romanino.

Morelli attributes the red chalk drawing of the *Death of S. Peter Martyr* with certainty to Pordenone,⁴ and there is no doubt that it shows plenty of that vigour which we are told that Titian envied. The artist forces his way to his effect through a crowd of loose, uncertain touches; but it is obvious that, at full speed, he loses control of his medium. On account of what seems to me its real weakness behind the parade of force, I had thought of Cariani.

Plate LVI⁵ is a scene of gallantry, in which a cavalier lays his hand upon a lady's arm, while two other gallants in the Romanino

¹ "Kunstchronik," 1891-92.

² Morelli, "Borghese and Doria Pamfili Galleries," E.T., p. 134.

³ Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "Hist. of Painting in N. Italy," ii, p. 255.

⁴ Morelli, "Borghese and Doria Pamfili Galleries," E.T., p. 305.

⁵ Of the large publication.

costume appear to engage her attention from behind. Everything here betrays Romanino—the types, the pervading air of "all for love," and the somewhat clumsy handling of a broad-nibbed pen. There is another drawing in the collection, representing *Christ and the Woman of Samaria*, which Morelli ascribed to Romanino, apparently with a feeling of self-satisfaction, for he alludes to it more than once.¹ I am informed, however, by Dr. Wickhoff, that this drawing is not Italian at all, but by Jörg Breu the Elder, who must have made it towards the close of his career, when he affected the Italian manner as closely as he was able.

The attractive study from life, in black chalk, of a woman's head has been ascribed to Titian; but the long oval and the expression of the face are more suggestive of the influence of Giorgione. The form of the ear, however, and the management of light and shade, combine to indicate Bonifazio, whom I take to be the true author. Compare, in particular, the head of the charming female figure who sits at the table of Dives, fronting the spectator, in the gorgeous picture in the Venice Academy.

Sebastiano del Piombo is represented by a magnificent drawing for one of the figures in the fresco of the *Transfiguration*, in the church of S. Pietro in Montorio.² It is dark and the touch is heavy; the face, too, is of the somewhat ignoble type for which the master seems to have had a natural affinity; but the breadth and grandeur of the design are unmistakable, caught from the "strong contagion" of Michelangelo in Rome.

It is here, with the work of Sebastiano, according to Dr. Wickhoff,³ that we ought to place the imposing, but at the same time forbidding, portrait of Leo X. The drawing has been retouched and otherwise mended to such a degree, that the task of the critic is rather to infer what it might have been, than to describe what it is. There is an obvious connection, in spite of differences that are equally obvious, with Raphael's well-known portrait in the Pitti, and, accordingly, the suggestion has been put forward that here we may have all that remains of Raphael's preliminary sketch from life. We should then have to explain the difference between

¹ Morelli, "Borghese and Doria Pamphili Galleries," E.T., p. 284, note 2, and "Die Galerie zu Berlin," p. 117.

² Black chalk washed with the brush.

³ "Jahrbuch der K. Preussischen Kunstsammlungen," xx (1899), p. 208.

picture and drawing—as great almost as that between sinner and saint—as having arisen in the transformation by a court painter who knew his master, of the rudeness and directness of a first draught into the metaphorical smoothness of a fair copy for posterity. But the difficulty seems, first and last, to discover not only Raphael's hand, but Raphael's Pope, for the Vicar of Christ is a far more tremendous personage here than in the picture. At the Pitti we have the Pope whose first thought was “to enjoy the Papacy”—the patron of Raphael, whose art seems at once to explain him and to be implied by him. Here, on the contrary, he is shown as others saw him, with different feelings and from another point of view.

Of the numerous drawings that bear the great name of Titian, there are not more than two or three that can with any plausibility be brought within the range of the “king and the truth.”

The sketch of a composition of *S. Jerome in the Desert*,¹ full as it is of vigour and impulse, has been accepted by Morelli.² The evidence of style points to the last period of Titian's life, when he had acquired the large, loose manner of a veteran, living amply upon long accumulated resources. His intention is as firm and plain as ever; but there is a wandering and faltering in the motion of the hand. It should be mentioned that in this drawing Dr. Wickhoff recognizes the style of Marco Ricci.

A second landscape³ has been ascribed to Titian, and though Campagnola, even in the estimation of good judges, competes, there are several features that bespeak the greater name. Such are the mastery with which the various grades of broken ground are made to keep their place in aerial perspective; the trees with intertwined stems, which, as Ruskin long ago noted with disapproval, have a leathery look of elasticity quite unlike the hardness and sharpness of the natural wood; the foliage generalized throughout in the same conventional masses.

Lastly, the magnificent charcoal drawing of the head of an ecclesiastic displays Titian in the maturity of his power. The sitter, probably, like Charles V, had little time to spare, so the painter takes down all that is essential in a few sweeping strokes, to be

¹ Pen and bistre, washed.

² Morelli, “Munich and Dresden Galleries,” E.T., p. 293.

³ Pen and bistre, washed.

worked up afterwards into the finished likeness. It is instructive to note the difference between Titian and Dürer, who also worked wonders in charcoal; Titian making a few select traits reveal the whole impression, while Dürer, using his medium analytically, attains an effect equally great by accumulation of parts.

From Titian to Campagnola, in most collections, there is but one step. The fine composition of an uncertain subject¹ is brought forward by Morelli as an example of the peculiarities which distinguish Campagnola's practice from Titian's. "Here, again, we find the peculiar form of the clouds, while both Andromeda's hand and the shape of her nose are equally distinctive of Campagnola."² It will be seen that he takes the subject to be *Perseus and Andromeda*; but the liberty of treatment is far greater than we should have expected in the case of a legend so fixed and familiar. Andromeda was exposed not on the banks of a small stream, but on the seashore; there is nothing marine about the monster, which is of the same species as that which bites Eurydice in the small picture by Cariani at Bergamo; while Perseus on anything but Pegasus is unheard of. The episode of Ruggiero and Angelica, from the tenth book of the "Orlando Furioso," has also been suggested as the subject;³ but the discrepancy between the text and the illustration remains as glaring as before. I think that the clue to the meaning of this strange composition will be found in the twelfth chapter of the *Apocalypse*, where the woman, persecuted by the dragon, flees into the wilderness, and there is war in heaven.⁴

The *Pastoral Scene*,⁵ in the style no less than in the sentiment, shows much that seems above the reach of an artist, as a rule, so petty and prosaic as Campagnola. The animals are drawn with masterly precision, the problem of aerial perspective is boldly handled and simply solved; while, above all, the artist has managed to invest the whole scene with a charm of serenity and stillness, as of autumn woods. It is not, therefore, without reason that the drawing continues (and on high authority) to be ascribed to Titian, when at the outset he was cautiously feeling his way. Nevertheless, there are the tricks of handling in foliage and clouds

¹ Pen and bistre.

² "Munich and Dresden Galleries," E.T., p. 291.

³ "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," 3^e Pér. xii (1894), p. 434.

Rev. xii.

⁴ Pen and bistre.

which Campagnola, if he did not introduce them, invariably exhibits; and it is possible that, from the beginning, Titian (whose record as a draughtsman is meagre) noted his impressions more broadly and rapidly than is the case here, or than was ever possible to Campagnola.

The collection contains several drawings attributed to Paul Veronese and his close imitator, Zelotti. In the former class, Morelli sanctions but one.¹ The present example of Zelotti² was first recognized by Dr. Richter as the plan for a picture in the gallery at Verona (No. 243), which is still attributed to Paul Veronese. The confusion between the two masters, both in pictures and in drawings, is of old standing; and it is even now so constant that the lesser light has almost been put out by the splendour of his great associate's fame. Nevertheless, Zelotti has a physiognomy and expression of his own. For example, he adheres more consistently than Veronese to the type and tradition of the art of his birthplace. While the other caught from the splendours of Venice wherewithal to enlarge and enrich his own outfit, with Zelotti the silver play of light never ceases up and down the delicate compass of half tones.

A drawing of two heads in silver point shaded with the brush I ascribe to Boltraffio, though with hesitation. The female head shows the mask, without a trace of the magic, of Leonardo's enchanting type; but, if we are to judge Boltraffio by his best work, as in the National Gallery, it seems stiff and artificial even for him. The child is, to all appearance, a copy of some original study for the *Vierge aux Rochers*. Morelli compares the picture at Buda Pesth, while Müntz regards our drawing simply as a study by Leonardo. If a name must be given, Ambrogio de Predis might be enriched with what is hardly good enough for Boltraffio.

Sodoma has for critics the attraction of a nature complicated and responsive, with that dash of the morbid which is apt to simulate every form but its own. In the present drawing³ he shows himself markedly under the influence of Leonardo, though his rendering of the master's wave-like flow of line is only approximate. The drawing has evidently been retouched here and there

¹ "Kunstchronik," 1891-92.

² Pen drawing, shaded with bistre.

³ Pen and bistre, washed.

by a hand that has coarsened the outlines and marred the effect of relief.

Correggio, "the captain of the painter's art," used the point sparingly. He made notes and rough plans; but, confident in his supreme skill with the brush, he had no use for those elaborately contrived and finished drawings which to Vasari and the other Florentines represented the better part of the business. This will be obvious to anyone who will take the trouble to observe how few and how vague were the guiding lines which Correggio employed to work out his fresco of *Diana in the Convent of S. Paul* at Parma. His contribution to this collection is slight, and only faintly expressive of the scope and quality of his genius. There is nothing, for example, to compare to the masterpiece in the Earl of Pembroke's collection at Wilton.¹ Of the two drawings we have chosen, both in the master's favourite red chalk, the study of children is well known, having been reproduced both by Morelli² and by Ricci.³ The slight but adequate *Study of a Bishop in Prayer* has all the appearance of a note taken hastily, and on the spot, of a group that struck the painter's fancy during the celebration of High Mass.

The *Study of an Apostle looking up*, as it came from Parma, was naturally attributed to Correggio. Ricci, however, recognized it as a drawing by Bernardino Gatti for a figure in the frescoes of the Steccata at Parma.⁴

Parmegianino has always been a favourite with collectors of drawings, and Chatsworth shows more than that "little" of him which Agostino Carracci advised the perfect painter to throw in with his other ingredients. His dependence upon Correggio has been exaggerated. He imitated his expression of divine youth, pushing it now and then to an extreme at which it only just holds itself from falling into caricature; but what he had by nature is equally valuable, and to the end he was more of a designer than a colourist. It could never have been said of him that he painted as if he had living flesh upon his palette, nor, on the other hand, is a confusion between Correggio and Bronzino, like that we have

¹ "Drawings by Old Masters at Wilton House," pl. II.

² "Munich and Dresden Galleries," E.T., p. 167.

³ Ricci, "Correggio," p. 230.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 270, note. Pen washed with the brush and heightened with white.

noticed in the case of the portrait of Cesare Borgia, conceivable. The present drawing¹ is a study from nature, attractive in its simplicity and truth. The long line of the right arm is characteristic of the master, as well as the arrangement of the whole in symmetrical curves.

With Schedone and Baroccio the tradition of Correggio passes into the seventeenth century. The *Study of a Child* is a genuine study for the large picture at Naples. Schedone, with the type of Correggio, has borrowed something of his manner; but there is an abruptness in the overcharged contrast of light and shade that reminds one of the formula of Guercino.

Baroccio calls out and caresses the innate failing of Correggio's art. Ecstasy with him too often looks imbecile; and even his cleverness, which is abundant, fails to commend piety without conviction. Nevertheless, we have chosen a specimen that shows him at an unusual height of power. The grouping in this *Entombment* is managed with great skill, and the whole composition breathes an air of dignity and restraint. According to Bellori, the original, which is known from Sadeler's engraving, was painted for the *Brotherhood of the Holy Cross* at Sinigaglia.²

With Carlo Maratti—*ultimus Romanorum*—we bring the series of the Italians to its natural close; and, having come to the end of the painters, it is only fitting that we should be introduced to that modest flower of the twilight—the connoisseur. The Padre Resta has opened his book of drawings, and the stores of his erudition as well, for the benefit of Carlo Maratti. The drawing³ is full of point and character, and shows that Maratti could be clever when he unbent from the strain of the grand style. The words *furto e dono dell' autore* are a humorous addition, the savour of which has somewhat evaporated with time.

¹ Red chalk touched with white.

² Red and black chalk, washed with bistre, and heightened with white. There is a fine replica of this drawing in the Louvre.

³ Red chalk.

IV

With his superb life-size cartoon of Henry VIII and his father, Holbein overshadows all the Northern masters. Strictly speaking the cartoon, preserved as it is at Hardwick, has no place in a Chatsworth series at all; but if we make this concession to Holbein's genius, it is no more than his royal patron was often compelled to do. It is remarkable that this should be the only genuine relic of the intimate connection between Holbein and Henry VIII now left in England. Just as Velasquez may be said to have created Philip IV for posterity, so we can never think of Henry in any other light than that in which Holbein saw him; and yet, though there are few great houses without a "Gothic" effigy of the king under the name of his favourite painter, not one can be accepted as genuine—that is to say, if his best work is to be taken as a measure of his skill. The cartoon is itself a fragment, and has suffered considerably. The face of Henry VIII is, unfortunately, the least eloquent part; not, I think, because it has suffered more than the rest; but because the painter, intending to work up the face in the fresco from life, did not trouble to make more than a slight preliminary outline. The whole composition is drawn in with the point of the brush in the manner, at once broad and minute, of which Holbein seems to have been the solitary master. In this crowd of particulars almost everyone else would have lost sight of the whole, and given us a map instead of a view. On the frieze in the background are the initials, intertwined in a true lover's knot, H and I, for Henry himself and Jane Seymour, the wife by whose side he directed that his own body should be buried, and whose death (cheating, as it did, both king and people in their hopes of an heir) was a national calamity: *Nulli dies pressit graviore clade Britannos*. The cartoon was prepared for the fresco which Holbein painted, in 1537, in the so-called Privy Chamber at Whitehall. The fresco itself perished in the fire which destroyed the Palace in 1698; but a copy which Charles II had caused to be made by a Flemish artist, Remigius van Leemput, some thirty years before, and which is now at Hampton Court, has preserved for us, if nothing else, at least the main lines and the idea of the whole composition. From the outset, the picture seems to have created a sensation, and to have been judged a masterpiece. Van

PLATE XVIII.



STUDIES FOR GOLDSMITH'S WORK. BY HANS HOLBEIN.

(CHATSWORTH.)

Mander speaks of it, and the Duke Johann Ernst zu Sachsen—Shakespeare's "Duke of Jarmany"—chimes in with the experts, declaring that nothing like it was to be seen elsewhere in England.¹

The *Portrait of a Man* belongs to his early time. It is outlined in black with the point of the brush on flesh-coloured paper, with a spot of red here and there. It would be useless to dilate upon the qualities of this masterpiece, in which Holbein seems to touch the highest point attainable by human faculty within the chosen limits. By the side of such work as this, Leonardo da Vinci himself would appear conventional, almost effeminate. Plate LV is a later drawing in which the master is using the freedom gained by early discipline. This rapid pictorial way of handling the black chalk and the wash of red is telling, though it is perhaps not so astonishing as what we have just seen. The drawings preserved in the Museum at Basle belong to the same category.

We next come to a sheet of studies such as Holbein must often have been commissioned to make for goldsmiths' work.² The compositions are, for the most part, elaborate and crowded with figures, but they fit into the circular spaces with all the freedom in restraint of a Greek coin or gem. The subjects are conceived pictorially with a wealth of occasional interest and detail; but they are presented in the spirit of sculpture, harmoniously balanced, and large though minute. (Plate XVIII.)

In the case of Dürer, it is not much that the researches of German patriotic industry have left to glean. The three drawings in this collection have all been published in Lippman's exhaustive series. The drawing of the *Madonna and Child*³ is probably an early work, unrefined by the influence of Italian art. The large charcoal head, if it has not been retouched, is hardly worthy of Dürer. The features, sketchily and indecisively rendered, are not as his unerring, analytic hand would have left them. In the third example Dürer, with hasty, genial pen, catches the broad humour and jollity of a scene of common life at Nuremberg. We are told that when Dürer carefully scrutinized the naked ladies who adorned the pageant of Charles V's entry into Augsburg, he thought it worth while to explain that he did so "because he was a painter."

¹ See Wolmann's "Holbein," i, p. 418.

² Pen and bistre washed with colour.

³ Pen and bistre.

It is perhaps on the same ground of devotion to the serious interests of his art that we find him in the Women's Public Bath at Nüremberg. Anyhow, he seems quite at home, snuffing the reeking atmosphere with the gusto of a Hogarth.¹

The *Adam and Eve* is a good example of Hans Baldung Grien.² The method of formal hatching, which covers the surface as if with a net, is the same as he employed in his engravings. The lines are flowing and, for a German, graceful; but there is more flesh than nerve. The limbs intertwine like the tentacles of sea-monsters; there is nothing of that grip which we expect of Adam, who was commissioned in the beginning to subdue the earth.

Jan Brueghel (like his father, the celebrated Pieter) visited Italy, and took notes of what he saw in Flemish prose. But the magic of the monuments and their memories had no power to transform him, so, like Luther, he left Rome as obstinately Teutonic as he entered it. We reproduce a view of the forum of Nerva,³ with the temple as it still existed in the sixteenth century.⁴ Palladio and Du Peyrac both made drawings of this temple, which was eventually pulled down by Paul V, who employed the materials in the construction of the Acqua Paola on the Gianicolo.

The four leaves of a sketch-book⁵ represent scenes of that Flemish life and land to which Brueghel returned with his native dialect unforgotten, and with no false Roman airs of the grand style.

¹ Cf. Ephrussi, "Les Bains de Femmes d'Albert Dürer," p. 42. The same critic takes the portrait (Plate IX) to be genuine, and supposes that Dürer may have met the original in the suite of Maximilian at Augsburg ("Albert Dürer et ses dessins," p. 258).

² Pen on tinted paper, hatched with white.

³ Pen and bistre.

⁴ The inscription on the temple of Minerva to the left, of which only a few letters are visible here, is more fully given by Du Peyrac ("Vestigi dell' Antichità di Roma," pl. 6).

⁵ Pen and bistre.

PICTURES IN THE WANTAGE COLLECTION¹

[1902: AET. 39]

I



HE private collections of England fall naturally into two groups. There are the great ancestral accumulations, chiefly of portraits, beginning, as a rule, with the pseudo-Holbein and ending with Reynolds—collections in which taste appears as the handmaid of family pride; while, on the other hand, there are the collections that have been deliberately and systematically formed, chiefly of late years, either to gratify a genuine personal taste, or as a necessary part of the apparatus of luxury.

The Wantage collection has all the merits of its recent origin. It was begun by Lord Overtoun, who to a profound knowledge of economics and finance added the lighter graces of the intelligent connoisseur, and it has been continued to the present day on lines that clearly mark the difference between the old habit of accumulation and the modern system of collection. For whereas our ancestors employed Van Dyck and Reynolds for the simple reason that their neighbours did, and with no suspicion of the place that they would eventually occupy in the judgment of posterity, nowadays the critic is abroad, and the collector is not content with acquisition—he is forced, even by fashion, to choose and judge.

Beginning with the Italian School, the two famous panels with the *Story of David*, by Pesellino, claim our first attention in order of time, and indeed of merit.

The story is told after the manner of the artless chronicler who makes everything look probable except the whole; but, though the style of narration is primitive in its simplicity, the artist revels in a

¹ Preface to a "Catalogue of Pictures forming the Collection of Lord and Lady Wantage at 2, Carlton Gardens, and Lockinge House. London, 1902."

profusion of vivid detail. The landscape and the animals are rendered with a care and insight that show the new fashion of direct appeal to nature. It is upon this combination of simplicity and alertness that the peculiar charm of the panels chiefly depends, like that of Chaucer when he tells of Theseus Duke of Athens.

It is a charm that the advance of knowledge and the growth of critical power will destroy or transfigure; but there will always be many with whom illusion will be more powerful, perhaps because more flattering, than truth; and these will be more touched by the David of Pesellino than by the David of Renan. Pesellino is the predecessor, not only of Benozzo Gozzoli, with whom he has often been confused, but even of Paul Veronese, who, in the fullness of time, overlaid the Gospel with such a wealth of sumptuous but irrelevant accessories that he had to answer for it to the Holy Inquisition. In the same way the transition from Pesellino to Bassano is not so abrupt as might appear from their total outward diversity. Great as is the distance between them, they both work in the same line—that of sacred *genre*.

In the *Return of the Prodigal* Bassano has emerged from the stable to which we have grown accustomed in his company. We are on the steps of a palace, and the artist has evidently laboured, though not with complete success, to tone down the peasant in his figures and to bring out something of the airs and graces of the cavalier. The treatment of the scene foreshadows Rembrandt, in the mood in which the homeliness of the language employed serves only to enhance the depth and subtlety of the deliverance when it is once taken in.

The small picture of the *Last Supper* is said to be a sketch for the picture painted by Titian for the Refectory of the Escorial; but of this there is no proof apart from what may be read in the face of the work itself. Anyhow, its technical qualities are of the highest order, and when considered in detail point straight to Titian. The types are well known as his, and the broad suggestive sweeps of a full brush, with points of high light touched in here and there, have an expressive force, at once summary and exhaustive that Rembrandt alone has equalled. As usual, Titian falls short of the dramatic possibilities of the theme. It is evident that he has seen and pondered Leonardo, but *quantum mutatus ab illo!* There is contortion without real commotion on the part of these

gigantic figures, and over all there is no sense or shadow of impending tragedy.

The *Virgin and Child with Saints*, attributed to Palma, is undoubtedly on the plan of much of his most characteristic and successful work; but the colour, though gorgeous and satisfying, lacks the subtlety and delicacy that are never absent from the true Palma, while the Virgin is somewhat too coarse and provincial even for him. On the whole, we share the difficulty of Crowe and Cavalcaselle in pronouncing between Licinio and Cariani. The *Santa Conversazione* shows the capacity and charm of Venetian art on the lower levels. The figure of the Baptist, who looks less of an ascetic than of a day-dreamer, points to the influence of Palma, of whom the genuine Bonifazio was a pupil. Morelli, as is well known, divided the large and various group of pictures bearing the name of Bonifazio into three classes, and he further pretended to recognize behind their differences the existence of three separate individuals, who betrayed themselves, as usual, by peculiarities in the drawing of the hand and ear, and were marked accordingly, in order of time and merit, I, II, and III. It is difficult not to be impressed when a critic speaks "by the card" as absolutely as this, and the three Bonifazios soon became established and popular with the compilers of lists and gallery catalogues. However, Dr. Ludwig has recently explored the whole question,¹ especially the documentary evidence that had been put forward to justify the tri-section, and his conclusion—which appears to be irrefragable—is that there was only one Bonifazio who can be traced and named, and that the mass of work distributed by Morelli between No. II and a Veneziano of the same name must have been produced either in the workshop of the master himself or by imitators.

In the same category as the *Virgin and Child*, though much lower down the stream of tradition, must be placed the *Adoration of the Shepherds* and the *Madonna with S. Iago and S. Lucia*. The latter has a touch of the overcharged sentiment of Lotto, but the hand, though peculiar, is unrecognizable.

The sketch by Tintoretto of *Jupiter nursed by the Nymphs* is full of character, but free from the extravagance that mars so much of

¹ "Jahrbuch der K. Preussischen Kunstsammlungen," vol. xxi, p. 61 and p. 180 (1901); vol. xxiii, p. 36 (1902).

his work. Even within these limits there is enough to show what an original figure he is in the field of Italian art. In the light, silvery scheme of colour and the delicacy and daintiness of touch there is a quality which was not to appear again until the time of Watteau. The picture entitled *Waiting for the Miracle* is assigned, not improbably, to Domenico Tintoretto, who, while he continued the mannerisms of his father, missed his depth and brilliancy.

Lorenzo di Credi appears at his best, and with what for him is an ambitious and complicated plan, in the *Coronation of the Virgin*. Though he shared with Leonardo the lessons of Verrocchio, he never wandered from the old paths of quietude and simplicity. This picture belonged to Samuel Rogers, who prized it so highly that he hung it in his bedroom in such a position that his waking eyes might open upon it. In fact, it resembles his own verse in being well meant and carefully wrought.

The two small panels by Perugino belong to his best period, when he had already begun to announce Raphael; but in pictures on this scale, that cost him little labour, we hardly feel the full force of his genius. No man ever held himself more *au dessus de son œuvre* than Perugino, and his habit was to multiply with the ease of constant practice the limited set of types that he kept as his stock-in-trade. Consequently there is nothing here that we are not familiar with elsewhere.

In the copy of the *Vierge aux Rochers* we dimly recognize the "archangel finished." From the attitude of the angel it appears as if the copyist, whoever he was, had been familiar with both versions of the original, for he seems to have borrowed the head from the Louvre picture and the hands from the one in London. For the dark mysterious vista of rocks he has substituted an entirely new background. Altogether the picture is noteworthy less as an original work of art than as showing the vicissitudes of a great masterpiece in its circulation under the hands of the copyists.

The portrait of the *Child with the Dog* is a straightforward presentiment of an unattractive theme. It has been ascribed to Titian, but it is cold and still instead of coming, as it should have done, rich and glowing from his hand. It may have been painted by Bronzino.

The *Ascension of the Magdalen* is as fine an example as exists in England of Domenichino, whom art lovers have long since left in

the lurch, but whose name was a name to conjure with through the whole course of the reasonable eighteenth century, and whom Poussin placed by the side of Raphael. Even Walpole, who in literature reverted to what he believed to be Gothic standards, stuck loyally to the fashion of his time in art-criticism; and certainly no men were ever more deliberate and systematic in the pursuit of art for art's sake than the Carracci and their school. The picture has all the qualities of academic mastery that used to be admired in the *Communion of S. Jerome*. The drawing is accurate, and the solution of the problem is clear; but the effect is cold, especially to those of us who need the more pungent stimulus of what is not yet ripe, or has begun to decay.

Murillo appears at his best with the theme that has made his name as widely known as that of Raphael. With the single exception of the Sistine Madonna, in which Raphael, under some unearthly inspiration, like that which dictated the Requiem to Mozart, touched a point far above his own usual reach, there is no image in Italian art that stands out as typical of the triumphant Mother of God. This was left for Spain to contribute. The artist has used his favourite model, the one that so much impressed George Eliot, and he has contrived with great art to reveal the supernatural with no sacrifice of the real.

The *Holy Face* is a slight work that can have imposed no great tax upon the artist's powers. Here Murillo shows all the tragic force of his countryman the divine Morales, with more restraint.

The so-called *Enchanted Castle* has long been famous. It is an epitome and a model of the poetic style of landscape that Claude may be said to have invented, the landscape of romantic adventure, of Tasso and Camoens. In fact, we can well imagine that when Vasco da Gama and his *conquistadores* sighted the *Isle of Venus*, it was something like this. The subject is uncertain, and it seems clear that the present title of the picture is nothing but a fancy long subsequent to the time of Claude. There is no deadly or sinister influence here, such as a Northern artist, in the grip of the skeleton-shadow of death, would have chosen to render. The enchantment pervades the entire scene, and melts into the soul of the spectator. It is neither more nor less than the enchantment that still broods over the immortal sea, the shores of which once "rang with the world's debate."

Salvator Rosa sings another stave—Nature, the home of the outlaw, and the scene of strife, weird and wild like one of his own passionate melodies:

Per me solo si vede sordo il ciel,
Scuro il sol, secca la terra;
Ov' io di pace ho fede,
Colà porta il gran diavolo la guerra.

In the present example, a landscape with the figures of Tobias and the Angel, he is in a quieter mood than usual; but even here the contrast between him and Claude is profound, Claude tending to reduce everything to harmony in a golden even light, while Salvator feels for the broken, the occasional and the darkly mysterious. He is not unlike Tintoretto, whose extraordinary visions in the School of S. Roch show that he was the first to realize the tragic capabilities of landscape.

II

Since the catalogue to the Wantage collection was compiled and printed there has been added to the collection a series of panels by Gheerardt David, perfect in preservation, and forming in their gem-like purity of colour and solemn refinement of expression as comprehensive an epitome as can be seen anywhere of all the qualities of the master.

Gheerardt David, who owes his existence as an historical personage to the industry, directed by knowledge, of Mr. James Weale, was not born at Bruges; but he spent most of his working life in that city, and his art was formed and coloured by the influences that met and surrounded him there.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle recognize in his work traces of an imitation of John van Eyck. For our part we have been unable to find them. David seems simply and solely to have begun as an imitator of Memlinc; but he was throughout an original and vigorous student of nature with his own eyes. Memlinc, in fact, shows the defect of his most amiable and honourable quality—his religiousness. He was simple-minded as well as simple-hearted, and he never ventured to trust himself far outside the small terrestrial paradise in which the miniaturists worked. His treatment of the story of St. Ursula, on the famous shrine at Bruges, is a case in

point. The whole theme is set in a key of innocence and gaiety. There is no sense of peril or of the rough side of adventure. St. Ursula and her maidens crowd like frolicking school girls into enchanted boats, that carry them "far away into the Pope's country"; and when martyrdom comes, it is as a glad surprise.

David, on the other hand, in his story of *The Unjust Judge* shows a firmer grip and a stronger fibre. The task may have been—it probably was—beyond his dramatic power and technical skill; but the important fact is, that he does not think of turning the point of what he has to tell, or of flattering the senses at the expense of the understanding.

The newly acquired panels in this collection originally formed the predella of the large altar-piece in the Somzée collection at Brussels. They represent the legends—each in three scenes—of St. Nicholas of Myra and St. Anthony of Padua. On the extreme left the anxious father broods over the probable fate of his three daughters, who, from what we can see of them, appear only too likely never to emerge from the state of single blessedness. Nicholas, not yet in orders, appears with his timely bounty at the window. In the central panel the birth of the saint is depicted with perhaps somewhat clumsy but conscientious realism; while, on the right, St. Nicholas, consecrated by this time, brings the murdered youths to life out of the tub. The treatment of the nude is, as usually happens in Flemish work before Rubens, meagre and timid; though to this, as to all other rules, the one and only John van Eyck is an incomprehensible exception.

Renan long ago called attention to the fact that Padua, for centuries the home of the scholastic philosophy in its most technical form, had been unable to produce a respectable legend; and it must be admitted that, as a work of imagination, the story of St. Anthony is not inspiring. The artist, however, has contrived to clothe the barrenness of his material, in some of the resources of his own spirit. The saint has a youthful seriousness that recalls the favourite type of St. Stephen, and the whole work is pervaded by a sweetness like the cadences of a Latin hymn. The animal life is rendered with a praiseworthy attempt at realism, and in the background of each of the scenes we catch glimpses of old Bruges, such as the master seems to have preferred to the landscape vistas of Memlinc.

III

The collection contains some of the finest examples of the Dutch School in England; but it is difficult to say anything new about Dutch art, for the reason that, with the exception of Rembrandt, and perhaps Hals, the painters confined themselves to themes that they had perfectly mastered, and were able to reproduce indefinitely and with no apparent effort.

One of the most original and impressive of the Dutch artists is Ruysdael, who, without departing from familiar ways, contrived to make the prose of Dutch realism convey a haunting, most melancholy poetry. The lonely roads wind away into the distance, but they seem to lead to no journey's end; the heavy black clouds threaten the landscape as though they would blot it out; the roar of the waterfall in the glen is unheard by man, who, like the shadow that he is, has long since vanished:

Light and life for ever ever fled away!

If Salvator faced the world in an attitude of revolt, Ruysdael's spirit is the spirit of resignation.

Hobbema seems to have frequented the same scenes and to have employed the same methods as Ruysdael, and is a match for him in technical skill; but he just falls short of the other's power of emotional insight and suggestion. Both artists are represented in this collection by characteristic examples.

In *A Wood at The Hague* (No. 100) we have a fine example of a rare master, Jan Hackaert, who seems to have breathed the courtly atmosphere of The Hague to some purpose, for he touches this forest vista with a grace and a lightness that would have done credit to Marly or Versailles.

Rembrandt contributes a portrait which is in the vein, though hardly on the level, of his highest things, though it shows plainly enough where his chief power lay. The Italians had brought back from the dead the two divine gifts of antiquity, beauty and freedom; but with the exception of Michelangelo's ceiling, and an occasional portrait by Titian or Tintoret, their art is an art for fair weather and of illusions, and the best of it is apt to appear childish when contrasted with Rembrandt's Shakespearean grip of the

pathetic realities of experience. Velasquez surveys his models with the reserve necessary to a courtier and becoming in a cavalier; but the manners of the miller's son have not the repose that stamps that frigid caste. Rembrandt has been more than a spectator in the battle of life, and we feel that if he has come through it like his own image of indomitable courage and patient resignation, it has been "so as by fire."

The great landscape in Carlton Gardens has always been attributed to Rembrandt; but of late good judges, both in Holland and in Germany, have placed it to the credit of his pupil Koningk, with an assurance that is by means rare in art critics, but at the same time with a unanimity that is much rarer. It is well known that Koningk made experiments with this very subject; and in view of these, of which more than one exist in England, it seemed to the present writer that here we had the master's archetype, from which Koningk with much smaller means started. But if we are to conform to the decision of Bode and Bredius *honoris causa*, all we can say is that Koningk must for once have grown to more than his usual self under the immediate inspiration of Rembrandt.

Of the figure-painters, Teniers and de Hoogh are seen at their best on familiar lines; but Cuyp makes a strange appearance in this *galère* with the portraits of three maidens who twine garlands and fondle sheep by the waterside, with a distant view of Dort in the background. The artist is imperturbably serious, and the execution—careful to timidity—suggests that this is an early work. We might have expected, even from Cuyp, a certain lightness and demure playfulness; but the sheep are too real and the shepherdesses in their heavy finery too still for his Batavian graces, and the result is an agricultural synod of Dort more than even a prose pastoral.

A master who has never received quite the recognition that is due to his remarkable powers is Jan Steen. At the National Gallery he is still poorly represented; here, on the contrary, we find him on the level of his great performances at Apsley House. It was said of William III that, though he commanded large armies, he never achieved anything beyond *la petite guerre*, whereas Turenne with small armies gave perfect examples of the conduct of *la grande guerre*. In view of the small scale and low themes that he chose, Jan Steen must rank with the little masters; but, all the

same, for correctness of drawing and skill in grouping he shows like a master of the grand style.

IV

Lancret is no match for Watteau at his best; but he makes the same appeal to those whom the Scribes (of history) and Pharisees cannot prevent from dwelling with fondness upon the memories of the *ancien régime*. Here he displays the utmost of his technical skill, and the subject is innocent with no lack of point and sprightliness.

Corot's four great landscapes are not only a splendid example of his powers, far above the generality of the work that he turned out with little effort for dealers, but an interesting personal relic of the man. It would be impertinent to add anything to Corot's own description of his method and mood with nature; but we may venture so far as to say that these landscapes are ideal in the true sense of the word—that is, they are no evasion of the real, but an interpretation of the essential truth that underlies individual appearances. In this respect and in this particular case Corot resembles his great contemporary Barye, who rendered animal forms with the air of a man who had mastered the "Origin of Species."

Of the English School, though no single master except Turner stands out pre-eminent, the collection is choice and varied. Reynolds's portrait of Mrs. Montgomery is broad and rich, and in perfect condition. The subject has cost him none of that effort of which we are more conscious with Reynolds than with Gainsborough; but he has probably achieved his effect of simplicity at the expense of the likeness. Romney competes on the same lines; but it must be confessed that he shows cheap and thin by comparison. The landscapes reveal more of Gainsborough than the great full-length portrait in which his talent seems cramped and stiffened. He was at his best when dealing summarily and vivaciously with immediate impressions—the *Bacelli* or the *Ladies walking in the Mall*. A complicated theme inspired Reynolds with grandiose memories and ambitions of "the sublime." To Gainsborough, on the contrary, what might have been a stimulus acted too often as a benumbing blow.

If it were not that the pedigree seems above suspicion, we should feel inclined to attribute the touching portrait of Dr. Johnson to

Gainsborough instead of to Opie, whose name it bears. It is unfinished, and in its present state shows nothing of the unmistakable depth and darkness that Opie introduced, and to which he owed his first fame. The Doctor appears at the close of his life, musing and tender; and we are reminded of him in the mood of his letters to Queenie or the sacred lines on the death of Levett, more than of the censorious dictator at the National Gallery who seems to be listening with growing impatience to a dunce or a Whig, and ready with his "Nay, Sir, this is paltry."

Northcote has described his own feeling of dismay when "the Cornish Wonder" burst in all his freshness upon the town, and when Reynolds did not hesitate to compare him to Caravaggio. *The Schoolmistress* is a work of great power, and may well have arrested the public accustomed to divide its suffrages between the glowing pomp of Reynolds and the silvery coolness of Gainsborough. Opie's method of painting was afterwards exploited by Raeburn, whom it has become the fashion with Scotch writers to push forward into the circle of the great as the discoverer of the secrets of Velasquez.

Crome and Wilson in different keys prelude to Turner, who in *Sheerness* rises to his full might and majesty. The immense swell and surge of the sea, the great hull of the man-of-war, black and ominous against the setting sun, all combine to a dramatic suggestiveness. This is more than a view on the coast: it is the theatre of the great drama of England's history—"the dower, she won in that great hour—the sea!"

Lastly, of the men of the present day we shall say nothing, except that they are worthy of their place in the artistic succession. It is impossible to harm the dead even with our stupidity; but when controversy and those whom it concerns are still alive, reticence is the better part as we reach the goal *suppositos per ignes*.

FRAGMENTS

I. *The Morellian Method.*¹



THE great talent and strong personality of Morelli enabled him to produce an effect out of proportion either to the novelty or to the extent of what he had to bring. But fashion swung round to his extreme, and those who lacked both his training and his gifts were not slow to copy his manner. He made a great show of opposition to Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who have suffered quite as much from their own bulk and weight as from his personal and pointed attacks; but just as those who had never seen a Jesuit took Martinus Scribblerus for one, so those who had never mastered the five big volumes of the "History of Painting" were easy to convince that the authors' method was out of date, and as easily duped into mistaking the echo of things printed for an original and daring departure. Documents for Dry-as-dust! Henceforth the picture-fancier in a role separate and superior *init dux praelia primus*. If Morelli had stood his ground longer than any other leader of revolt, the case would have been different; but the Bonifazios, the three that bear witness to the importance of learning as well as looking, are gradually, as Science advances, drawing together into one; while the image of Giorgione, alternately shrinking and swelling under the new treatment, hardly encourages the amateur to join the oracular circle of differing doctors. The conclusion of the whole matter is not that the connoisseur is unnecessary, but that the connoisseur who is nothing else is as limited, and, therefore, outside his limits, as futile a person as the archivist who is nothing else.

¹ From an article on Filippo Lippi, "Architectural Review," July, 1902.

II. *Fra Angelico and Filippo Lippi.*¹

Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo, at two opposite poles of character and life, are brought together into one view by the common chance that so strong was their impact upon their fellows, that not only is it heard in history, but it echoes through the border-land of legend. Vasari's romance of Fra Angelico has proved so convincing and so refreshing to the great majority, who would always rather be edified by what ought to be than shown what is, that, in too literal accordance with the maxim *Beati Stulti*, they have allowed the saint in Fra Angelico to eclipse both his intellect and his genius. Meanwhile, the sinner has not been allowed benefit of clergy. Attention has been distracted to one side by the influence of Browning, who, snatching as usual at the obvious dramatic theme as it lay ready to hand, fashioned an image of Fra Filippo on his weak side and his lowest terms.

III. *Correggio.*²

Of all the great masters, Correggio owes least to biographers. So far he has made either a direct appeal, or none at all. Titian—living at Venice, still in the full golden glow of her setting sun, and profusely flattered, if not always punctually paid, by emperors and kings; Michelangelo meditating and moulding in solitary indignation under the bitter sky of enslaved Florence; Raphael, whose semi-divine image has been stamped so sharply and deeply by tradition upon the popular mind, that even the nonconformists of modern criticism have no chance of ever rooting out the idolatrous worship of the patron-saint; all these and more, even if their works faded, would still shine as vividly as ever in their setting of story and commentary. But Correggio, modestly retired in a provincial town, could rely not upon the industry or the loquacity of eminent friends, but solely upon himself, to convince the narrow world he lived in of his own greatness.

Antonio Allegri was born at Correggio in the year 1494, eleven

¹ From an article on Filippo Lippi, "Architectural Review," July, 1902.

² Unpublished fragment.

years after Raphael, and fourteen after Titian. The date of his birth rests, as a matter of fact, upon the testimony of Vasari, not always a very solid foundation; but such evidence as there is to be gleaned indirectly from other sources rather confirms than discredits what has become the received tradition. For a long time a thick mist of obscurity hung over the outset of the painter's career. By some he was represented as of lowly origin, born into a state of indigence and misery, from which the efforts even of his genius were powerless to extricate him. Others, as is only natural, in the zeal of partisanship, or in the desire to give voice in the *altera pars*, could not refrain from contending that in addition to the high prerogative of natural endowment, Correggio enjoyed the artificial privilege of noble birth.

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IV. *Drawing by Correggio, in pen and bistre, touched with red chalk and opaque white* (Plate XIX).¹

An elaborate study for the picture of the Nativity (*La Notte*) at Dresden. The child lies, encircled by the arms of the kneeling Virgin, in a manger roughly contrived in the ruins of a palace, or it may be a temple, in the classical style. In front of the Virgin two angels stand as ministers or spectators. The shepherds enter from the right. The most conspicuous of them is accompanied by his dog, and, leaning against a pillar, contemplates the scene with reverent interest, while above his head the floating angels that, "fallen in a shower from heaven" (Vasari) reappear so prominently in the finished work, are faintly indicated as if by an afterthought. Behind the manger appear the traditional ox and ass, and the head and shoulders of St. Joseph, while further still, through a lofty circular archway, the lines of a mountainous stretch of country are visible.

¹ "Reproductions of Drawings by the Old Masters in the Collection of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery at Wilton House," London, 1900 (Plate 2). On this exquisite drawing see Corrado Ricci in "Rassegna dell' Arte," January, 1901, page 8 f. [The above fragments IV—VIII have been selected almost at random, as further examples of Strong's descriptive powers. To reprint the text of this volume, without the accompanying illustrations, would have been manifestly unfair. The drawings at Wilton, which had long been mislaid, were rediscovered by Mr. Herbert Cook, shortly before their publication was undertaken by Mr. Strong.—ED.]

PLATE XIX.



THE NATIVITY. DRAWING BY CORREGGIO.

(WILTON HOUSE.)

This drawing, and the earlier sketch at the British Museum, combine to show the care which the painter took to comprehend and realize to the full the possibilities of his theme. The tone of our drawing is more formal and classical, while the treatment at the British Museum is more familiar and rustic. In the present case the painter is more concerned with the combination and the balance of lines; in the other he is dealing mainly with that problem of illumination of which *La Notte* was to give the cardinal and unapproachable solution.

In the picture there is less of empty space than in our sketch; the components of the group are drawn in more closely to the radiant point or focus; but, on the whole, the painter has kept to the general scheme as we have it here.

V. Sketch by Correggio.¹

First thought hastily noted in red chalk for one of the famous groups of children at play, which Correggio painted about 1518, in the Convent of St. Paul at Parma.

Though the design is not one of those that were finally chosen and employed by the master, it bears all the traces of his hand. It is the work of a painter who uses line simply for its convenience, and provisionally, but whose real language is colour.

VI. Drawing for the fresco of the Annunciation, which Correggio painted about 1524 for the Church of the Fathers of the Annunciation in Parma (Plate XX).²

Of the fresco itself nothing now remains but the ruined fragment in the Parma Gallery; but with the help of old engravings we can see that the painter must have adhered to this plan. The group is contrived so as at once to fill the space and tell the story with something of the masterly comprehension that we admire in a Greek

¹ "Reproductions of Drawings by the Old Masters in the Collection of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery at Wilton House," London, 1900 (Plate 24).

² *Ibid.* Plate 25.

gem, while there is an unearthly sublimity about the angel borne forward in the midst of a cloud that "the painter of the Graces" rarely achieved.

VII. *Drawing, by Federigo Baroccio,¹ in black and red chalk, of a nymph reclining asleep on cushions under a tree. A dog couches at her feet.*

In this charming drawing Baroccio displays the closeness of his dependence upon Correggio. The head large in proportion to the body; the pose and shape of the right arm; and the handling which suggests surface better than structure, are all constant features of the style of Correggio. But while he looks back to Correggio, Baroccio also looks forward to Cipriani and Bartolozzi, with whom this style may be said to have evaporated at last in a flush of rose-pink.

VIII. *Drawing of the Last Supper, by Federigo Baroccio.²*

Baroccio here discards the tradition to which Leonardo gave its classical and culminating form, and tells the story in a way that would have astonished any one of the Evangelists. He has striven hard to make the scene impressive; but with simplicity and fidelity all the dramatic elements have disappeared—melted away in the pervading atmosphere of sentimental pietism.

This is the art of the seventeenth century, of which the main chance lies through an appeal to the emotions when reason has gone over to the opposite camp.

IX. *The Portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire by Sir Joshua Reynolds.³*

"Portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her child by Sir Joshua Reynolds" *Ich nenne dich und alles ist gesagt!* The single phrase is the key to a whole world.

Born in 1757, her career embraced the period between Johnson,

¹ "Reproductions of Drawings by the Old Masters in the Collection of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery at Wilton House," London, 1900 (Plate 8).

² *Ibid.*, Plate 50.

³ Unpublished fragment.

PLATE XX.



THE ANNUNCIATION. DRAWING BY CORREGGIO.

(WILTON HOUSE.)

with whom an epoch closed and tradition died, and Byron, whose voice, not always tuneful, or always sincere, was carried nevertheless upon the storm which startled the teeming world into the birth of a new order. Walpole wrote of her "her youthful figure, glowing good nature, sense and lively modesty, and modest familiarity, make her a phenomenon"; and this is the more to be noted and admired, when one reflects how rarely a woman who has succeeded in distinguishing herself for wit or knowledge can resist the temptation to pedantry—as it was in Mrs. Montague—to eccentricity, like that of George Sand—or moral grandeur of the kind with which George Eliot first abashed and at last fatigued her audience. She was equally at home in the world of letters and in the world of affairs. At the time of the great rebellion there was more storm and stress; under the Tudor sovereigns there was probably a more splendid exuberance; while the public life of our own day is unquestionably marked by greater propriety and solemnity of loquacity; still the political *côterie* which was attracted and held together by the wit and charm of the beautiful Duchess yields to no other of any period in the variety and interest of its component figures. It is true, of course, that for a person of quality literary toil relieves itself of much of the pains and anxiety of which Wordsworth complains—flattery comes even if fluency lingers. Her verses, however, were praised by Walpole, to all appearance with at least as much sincerity as usual, and Coleridge exclaims:

O lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learned you that heroic measure?

Unlike our modern impressionists, who tend a sickly sprout of egoism with curious care in nervous jealousy of the ancients, Reynolds felt with Bentley that those who claim to use what their forerunners earned in fame or faculty, must first qualify for membership of the same circle. His art was deliberately and elaborately composite, and thereby became not artificial, but simply adequate to the widest possible range of perception and selection. His aim was to combine into a form that should remain personal and national the full-glowing audacity of Rubens with the critical depth of Rembrandt, adding thereto meanwhile something of the touch of Correggio, under which . . . flowers as if by magic suddenly

bud for ever to perfection. He bought pictures as investments, on the chance of hitting upon another and yet another hidden secret of perfection. In his own words, he looked upon himself "as playing a great game."

Reynolds painted not a few great pictures of great men, who, like Johnson, Yorick and Heathfield, remain for us immortal because typical and essential. But all this, and perhaps more, had already been achieved by Dürer, for example, with himself, by Titian with Charles V, by Velasquez with Innocent X—embodiments each and all, full grown and full flavoured, of masculine energy, by the side of which the women of the same style and time for the most part show frankly animal and prosaic, like Rubens' peach-coloured beauties, or the lady in Lotto's family group at the National Gallery, who despises and resents the constant inadequacy of her wool-gathering mate.¹ Even the maturely dimpled Gioconda, upon whom critics have operated like conjurers, extracting with a flourish only what they themselves have furtively concealed, puzzles and affronts far more than she seduces the beholder. Van Dyck, it is true, had gone from one to another of a whole peerage of ladies, but not before his art had reached its furthest limits, and borne its ripest fruit. Superior both to his craft and to his theme, like Sir Godfrey after him, he dealt summarily with his sitters and according to pattern, with a sort of light-fingered nonchalance as became the gentleman into which he had suddenly blossomed under English skies.

But Time, as he wove new figures, brought to the painter new ideals and new chances. It remained, therefore, for our own gentle Reynolds to discover and to perpetuate the eternal feminine of aristocracy—courage without coarseness, freedom without license, and tenderness with no weakness of subservience, all that, in short, which is the crown of the gentle life, where growth is protected and opportunity assured. Of such we have here an example in the fairest flower of an ancient stem rooted in the soil of a free country. Reynolds by a supreme effort has risen to the height of a unique opportunity. He has caught and fixed that grace which was too hard for Gainsborough. . . .

¹ This fragment having remained unpublished, Mr. Strong made use of this particular criticism of Lotto's pictures in the article on the Lotto at Wilton (cf. page 67).

X. *Royal Society of British Artists.*¹

The Royal Society of Artists, though junior to the Royal Academy, is more than a hundred years old, that is to say old enough to have learnt caution in the pursuit of ideals and stability in the presence of change. The prize of their high calling—in Reynolds's phrase, “the honourable appellation of an English school”—the allied societies have not taken by storm; but it may be hoped that what has been patiently won will be firmly held. And even at the present day, when the very respectability of English effort and achievement is ridiculed, in a mixture of French and English, we can say to a society that must have seen at least four-and-twenty leaders of revolt:

O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem!

The studies and other such *opera minora* contributed by prominent Academicians—from the rich men's tables, as it were—are a pleasing and instructive feature of these gatherings. For it often happens that the remarks a man makes when he is least on his good behaviour are the most characteristic and piquant of all. In the Central Gallery there are five studies by Sir Frederick Leighton which in their first freshness and impulsiveness are almost more significant of his power than all the luxurious labour of his finished works.

* * * * *

Ruskin once said that the only man who could put his pencil to full speed and yet retain perfect command over it was Dürer, and the President is certainly the only man who could have safely let himself go the shortest way to such heights and depths as these. With all the simplicity and concentration of Turner vignettes, these studies have a quality which, as it is the outcome of passion fed with *knowledge*, Turner failed to give—that is to say, they are *classical*, not in the conventional, but in the real sense of the word. Turner would have been no more impressed by Marathon in itself than by Mortlake, and he would have translated his impression into poetry or prose according to the weather. But here there is no obtrusive conquest of technical difficulties; no labels prepare the

¹ From an old proof found among Strong's papers; perhaps for the “Guardian.”

spectator to see what the artist intended to convey; yet, though no particular story is told, we can see and feel that there must be a story to tell. To take two examples. In the first, there is nothing but the waves and the curved line of the shore, as barren now and lonely as the sea; but we feel the silence "solemn and melancholy," as Gibbon felt it, on the shore that "once rang with the world's debate." The second is equally simple: an island rises sharp and rocky out of the sea, which is smooth and intensely blue; but, again, we understand how it was that, in the time of deepest degradation at Athens, the *bema* was removed from its accustomed place, that the orators might no longer be inspired "by the sight of the sea and of Salamis."

•

XI. *Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.*¹

It was a favourite principle with the late illustrious Edwin Hatch that in this country, as compared with France, Nonconformity had accomplished a beneficent work by providing channels, as it were, in which such forms of religious thought and enthusiasm as had either escaped from the Church, or arisen outside her boundaries, could be drawn off and utilized instead of being wasted. In France, on the other hand, we are met by the single sharp distinction between the Establishment and its enemies. Now, that everything which is not with the main historical organization should be against it is a state of things no less dangerous in the sphere of art than in that of religion. The blood of honourable rivals is the seed of implacable foes; and if the Royal Academy in England enjoyed the solitary pre-eminence of the Church in France, it is probable that the arts would only escape being frozen in the too still academic air to run the risk of being tortured to death by the random experiments of amateurs. But, as it is, the priority of the Academy confers no primacy. There are the younger societies offering a field and a chance to those who have not yet reached the threshold of the historic institution, or who decline to knock at the door. In fact, if we fail as a school it will be for want of talent, not for want of the means of displaying such talent as we have.

¹ From an old proof found among Strong's papers; perhaps for the "Guardian."

The Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours fairly represents the main tendencies and the normal level of English art. It stands, as it were, midway between the pedantry which still distinguishes the Academy, like an order of knighthood, and the secondhand French finery of the New English Art Club.

XII. *Mozart*.¹

Philosophers have often dwelt upon the fickleness of the crowd, which will be ready to crucify to-morrow what it applauds to-day; but the variations of expert opinion, though in reality they are none the less wide and abrupt, have as a rule received less attention. This may be partly due to the fact that the expert, if he be lucky enough to earn his promotion to a place among the immortals, is generally introduced to posterity by his apologist, or shield-bearer, whose business it is to apply to the period what might otherwise fall as an accusation upon the person. The shield-bearer is not seldom a reactionary. It is he, for instance, who points out that if the freethinkers had not been so impatient, Papistry might have pretended to be quite reasonable; that if the Holy Inquisition had only been allowed to go on burning Jews and heretics, the world would soon have been educated up to the point of recognizing that this was merely a picturesque impulsive way of expressing liberal tendencies. But while the case of a corporation with never a body to be kicked is comparatively simple, with individuals, on the other hand, the shield-bearer's dexterity sometimes fails, and then there is nothing for it but to drop what it would be either dishonouring to the expert, or inconvenient for ourselves to repeat. For instance, we are not likely to be reminded by musical critics of the "thoughtful" and "sensitive" school who refuse Handel a place in the front rank of artists, that Beethoven declared he would kneel down bare-headed at Handel's grave. A feeling of respect for Beethoven's genuine services in other directions would doubtless make them unwilling to expose the crudities and limitations of his critical perception; while, to take another example, Goethe's estimate of Byron was undeniably such as must disturb our faith either in a good deal of contemporary criticism or in Goethe. But there were

¹ Unpublished fragment.

more weak places than one in Goethe's judgment, for he even went so far as to assert that only Mozart could have set "Faust" to music. Now this recommendation would have very little weight with modern musicians, whom faith in Wagner has redeemed from the bondage of rules and forms which they have never shown any particular capacity to handle, and who, in their consciousness of emancipation, find themselves quite unable to take the plot of "Don Juan" seriously. In the first place, thoughtful musicians require something to occupy their thoughts, and in the second Mozart's "merry tunes" have no power to charm the senses that have once been feasted upon the dwarfs, rings, dragons, spears and potions of Wagnerian opera.

This being so, it is somewhat surprising to have one's attention suddenly called to a work in praise of Mozart's "Don Juan," and by a musician too; and yet this is what M. Saint-Saëns has just done in his *brochure* entitled, "Charles Gounod et le Don Juan de Mozart."

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HISTORY AND LITERATURE

PLATE XXI.



ARTHUR STRONG AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-FOUR.

DRAWING IN SILVER-POINT BY ALPHONSE LEGROS.

HISTORY AND LITERATURE

ERASMUS¹

[1894: AET. 31]



T was said of Laplace that he was the "head" of the astronomers of Europe, not only in the sense of being their chief, but because he did the thinking for them. In the same way, when all Europe was agitated with the first thoughts of the modern world, the brain of the movement may be said to have been Erasmus. Yet as an embodiment of reason, or rather of reason as it was understood by the men of the Renaissance, he enjoyed more prestige than power; for when the time for action comes, it generally happens that passion snatches the control. So in this case: Erasmus might and did propose to Pope and Emperor; but it was the fanatic after all that disposed.

There are men whose achievement takes a form so rigid that it seems almost to entomb the informing mind. The work of Scaliger, for example, may be likened to a huge edifice once the scene and centre of "high triumph" in peace or war; but now, disused and deserted, it is only saved from vanishing altogether by the pious care of the wandering antiquary. And this would have been the case even with Newton, if it were not that his monument was raised on a base so sure and a plan so regular that time has not been able to impair or fashion to improve it. It is far otherwise with Erasmus. Although he expressed his moods and embodied his knowledge as he passed, his spirit was too subtle and volatile ever to be entrapped by circumstance or imprisoned by achievement. Indeed, if he had bound up in folio all that he had in him to say, the dunces, like an army of white ants, would long ago have demolished him. The

¹ "Life and Letters of Erasmus," by J.A. Froude. London, 1894; "Athenæum," 6 October, 1894.

Catholic priest, of course—even of that superior type that has accepted to some extent the results of the Reformation—will never forgive the man who exposed before all Europe the vices and ignorance of priests. Then, again, was it not Scaliger who said, “Il y a bien des fautes au Latin dans ses colloques”? And where Scaliger led the way, Dryasdust and Gigadibs have not been slow to follow. Any Don can now pelt Erasmus with his *telum imbelle*, Dead Sea apples. Erasmus's works remain, nevertheless; but as the fixed points which determine the form and compass of a luminous orbit. They help to explain what he did; but they borrow their light from what he was. The man included the scholar, and the artist expressed both. And herein lies the secret of the ever-fresh vitality of Erasmus. As he himself said of Dürer: “Dignus est artifex qui numquam moriatur.”

In recommending Professor Froude's pleasant pages, our task will be an easy one. It is Erasmus himself that speaks through the medium of a translation that admirably reflects the terseness, the vivacity, and the wit of the original, while the professor interposes, with an occasional reference or a few words of explanation, only so far as to enable the reader to keep hold of the main thread. Erasmus was notoriously careless in the matter of dating his letters; but in most cases the subject-matter itself has been a sufficient guide. The momentous events in which he had a share pass before us naturally and inevitably, not reduced to mere points as in the field of a modern historian's telescope, warranted to show what he goes out for to see, but in all their primitive actuality and freshness, and accompanied by their immediate effects upon a real man of elation, depression, or dismay.

The disappearance of the old universal language widened the natural gulf between England and the Continent; and so it has come to pass that when a new star rises above the European horizon, we are slow to hear of it, and still slower to believe in it. Dr. Johnson, our literary dictator in the eighteenth century, would have sent Voltaire to the plantations; Goethe had to wait till the end of his days for a prophet to arise “from the mountains of the North,” and he was not altogether fortunate when he found him; and it will be long before the true greatness of Renan can assert itself in this country against the orthodoxy of Christians and the Chauvinism of Jews. But in the days of Erasmus Europe was still bound into

a solid whole by community of faith, and—at least for the learned—community of speech; and, though he was never able to speak English, he remains the solitary instance of a man at the very heart of a great European movement who was recognized as such and appreciated in England.

To the great bulk of English readers Erasmus is almost as familiar a figure as their own Samuel Johnson—not that their image of him is so complete, but it is almost equally clear. What Reynolds did for the one, Dürer and Holbein as nobly and permanently did for the other; and although it is true in both cases that impressions break loose from knowledge and float vaguely like thistledown, yet it is easier to dislike than to disprove the current impression that “Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched it.” In what follows, therefore, we shall make no attempt to retrace the career of Erasmus step by step; we shall choose the easier and pleasanter part of looking over him as, sitting bolt upright and with thin puckered lips, he rapidly sets down his thoughts and experiences for the benefit of his intimate friends.

Here is a description of a party at Oxford during the first visit of Erasmus to this country:

Would that you could have been present at our symposium! The guests were well selected, time and place suitable. Epicurus and Pythagoras would have been equally delighted. You will ask how our party was composed. Listen, and be sorry that you were not one of us. . . . Colet was in the chair, on his right the Prior, on his left a young theologian, to whom I sat next, with Philip opposite, and there were several others besides. We talked over our wine, but not about our wine. We discoursed on many subjects. Among the rest we talked about Cain. . . . We disagreed. The theologian was syllogistic, I was rhetorical; but Colet beat us all down. He spoke with a sacred fury. He was sublime and as if inspired.

Colet was, as is well known, in close and constant intercourse with Erasmus at the time when he founded St. Paul's School. This is what Erasmus says about it:

The foundation has been extremely costly, but he did it all himself, and in selecting trustees (I beg you to observe this) he chose neither bishops nor priests, nor members of his own Cathedral Chapter. He appointed a committee of married laymen of honest reputation, and being asked his reason, he said all human arrangements were uncertain, but he had observed generally that such persons were more conscientious and honest than priests.

And again :

He had a bad opinion of the monasteries falsely so called. He gave them little and left them nothing. He said that morality was always purer among married laymen.

Luther has been taken to task by a modern historian for not acting upon the principle that the State needed reform as much as the Church. It seems that while he set the example of resistance to the one, he condemned resistance to the other. But if such were the genuine results of Colet's observation it is possible that something similar may have occurred to Luther too.

Erasmus's contemporary impression of Henry VIII and of his Court in the earlier days of his reign Mr. Froude, of course, took good care to quote in his famous history of that monarch's reign, but it may bear quoting again as a specimen of the way in which even so shrewd a man as Erasmus could misread a king's character when that king was polite to him:

Where in school or monastery will you find so many distinguished and accomplished men as form your English Court? Shame on us all! The tables of priests and divines run with wine, and echo with drunken noise and scurrilous jest, while in princes' halls is heard only grave and modest conversation on points of morals or knowledge. Your king leads the rest by his example. In ordinary accomplishments he is above most and inferior to none. Where will you find a man so acute, so copious, so soundly judging, or so dignified in word and manner? Time was when I held off from royal courts. To such a court as yours I would transfer myself and all that belongs to me if age and health allowed. Who will say now that learning makes kings effeminate? Where is a finer soldier than your Henry VIII, where a sounder legislator? Who is keener in council, who a stricter administrator, who more careful in choosing his ministers, or more anxious for the peace of the world? That king of yours may bring back the golden age, though I shall not live to enjoy it, as my tale draws to an end.

Erasmus saw reason to change his opinion when More's head fell on the scaffold.

Renan said, "La raison triomphe de la mort," and the assurance is comforting, for life, certainly, is no triumph of reason, and this Erasmus found before the game was over. He had sown dragons' teeth, and in the struggle of armed men that ensued, he himself only narrowly escaped destruction. Each side claimed him as an ally, and abused him as a deserter. If he was not with Luther, why

was not he against him? If he did not condemn Luther, why did not he defend him?

No one had more friends than I before the battle of the dogmas. I tried to keep out of the fray, but into the arena I had to go, though nothing was more abhorrent to my nature. Had I but a single set of enemies to contend with, I might bear it. But I am no sooner engaged with one faction than the other whose cause I am defending stabs me in the back. . . . I was in the thick of it, when out came this war of opinions by which the world is still convulsed, and almost all those who were then with me went over to the new sect. I could not go with them and I found myself deserted. They were patient with me for a time. They thought I was hiding my real views and would be with them in the end. At last I had to enter the lists against their leader, and those who had been my sworn allies became my bitterest foes. I was in no better case with my old opponents, who tried to persuade the world that the religious revolt could not be ended till learning was put down, and especially Erasmus. Thus I was shot at from all sides, and was only saved by the Emperor. . . . Had I been attended to at first, the quarrel might have been composed, and now we are to be trampled down by contending armies.

It seems possible that Reason may one day be heard to renew this complaint, "Had I been attended to at first!" History repeats itself, as a turning-wheel repeats the selfsame motion; but the very fact of motion brings the bottom to the top. The Anabaptists had begun to appear in Erasmus's day. They were then hunted like wolves. Now their intellectual descendants give advice to statesmen. "Community of goods is a chimera," said Erasmus; "charity is a duty, but property must be upheld." No wonder we hear that the social revolt cannot be ended till reason is put down.

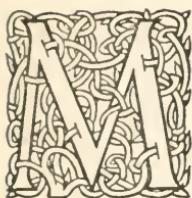
In conclusion, we would gladly have shown Erasmus in his lighter vein, as

Scripturas quoque temperavit omnes
Festivo sale comico lepore.

But we must leave to the reader the delightful task of seeking him out at such moments of relaxation. For ourselves, as we close the book, we think of what Johnson said after reading "Ciceronianus": "My affection and understanding went along with Erasmus."

THE POETRY OF THEODORE WATTS- DUNTON¹

[1897: AET. 34]



R. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON has hitherto been known to the general public of readers mainly as the author of a large body of criticism, distinguished by the combination in a unique degree of minute acquaintance with the details and profound knowledge of the principles of poetic art. That, in addition, Mr. Watts-Dunton is himself a great poetic artist is now obvious, though the evidence stands here fully revealed for the first time.

The most elaborate and important poem in this volume is that which heads the list, entitled "The Coming of Love." To a worshipper of nature, especially in her most ample and grandiose manifestations, love comes in the form of a being so artless as still to think and move in unison, as it were, with the dumb show of nature inarticulate and unutterable. At the outset, nature seems to meet and to flatter the optimism of youth and health. Then follows the loss of the loved one in the tragic sequel to a tragedy. The lover, driven forth to wander once more in solitude, swings round from his early easy complacency. The face of nature wears a different expression now; he feels himself hunted by the envious, crafty spirit of *Natura Maligna*, until finally, recognizing that in the love of one living thing he has identified himself with the whole will to live and therefore to love, he reposes in the conviction that nature, just because she means *to be*, means *well*.

The poet has treated the successive cadences of this episode with consummate skill; in fact, he has struck, not a new note only, but a new and complex chord in literature. For after all, though many

¹ "The Coming of Love and other Poems," by Theodore Watts-Dunton. London, 1898.—"Literature," 27 November, 1897.

have styled themselves nature worshippers, few have loved her in and for herself, owing—more, perhaps, than to any other cause—to the fact that the people, though they are quite content that a poet should sing with and for the few, demand that he should always think with the many, if not with the mob. Tennyson, for example, has been solemnly taken to task for not having felt, or at any rate exhibited, any particular sympathy for Collectivism, while after the death of Browning the reviewers hastened to enshroud the lion—“famous, calm, and dead”—in the well-worn ass’s skin, lest by chance the people should discover to their amazement and indignation that the author of “The Ring and the Book” had soared above and beyond the cycle of “The Christian Year.” In the eighteenth century, it is true, poets flew to “nature” with their grievances or their creeds; but only as children, beaten at a game, might run whimpering to an old nurse. Now, however, that man has begun to suspect, not only that the spot of earth he inhabits is not the centre of the universe, but that even within that narrow circle he is of no more final account than any other of the million organisms passing in endless procession between birth and death, he can turn to nature in herself with a new eye, cleansed, that is, for the first time from the film of traditional egoism. Our poet differs from the few who for power can be placed alongside of him in this, that he has not only loved *Natura Benigna* with the comprehending, unifying passion of the philosopher, but has explored her secrets in detail with the patient, persistent enthusiasm of the man of science. As an example of the author’s manner we give the following stanza, into which he seems to have distilled the very heart of the longing of all the exiles:

 Last Sunday morn I thought this azure isle
 Was dreaming mine own dream ; each bower of balm
 That spiced the rich Pacific, every palm,
 Smiled with the dream that lends my life its smile.
 “These waves,” I said, “lapping the coral pile
 Make music like a well-remembered psalm :
 Surely an English Sunday, breathing calm,
 Broods in each tropic dell, each flowery aisle.”
 The heav’ns were dreaming, too, of English skies :
 Upon the blue, within a belt of gray
 A well-known spire was pictured far away ;

And then I heard a psalm begin to rise,
 And saw a dingle—smelt its new-mown hay
 Where we two loitered, loitered lover-wise.

Rhona is a genuine gipsy, and she speaks throughout in her own dialect, which, under the poet's touch, flows as smoothly and limpidly into the subtle scheme of pause and rhyme as dew into cut glass.

She sez, "The whinchat soon wi' silver throat
 Will meet the stonechat in the buddin whin,
 And soon the blackcap's airliest gillie 'ull float
 From light-green boughs through leaves a-peepin thin;
 The wheat-ear soon 'ull bring the willow-wren,
 And then the fust fond nightingale 'ull follow,
 A-callin, 'Come, dear,' to his laggin hen
 Still out at sea, 'the spring is in our glen;
 Come, darlin, wi' the comin o' the swallow.'"

In "Christmas at the Mermaid," the poet introduces us to the circle of Elizabethan wits assembled—with the exception of the greatest of all—under glorious Ben's presidency at the Mermaid. At the invitation of Ben, "Mr. W. H." discloses, in a series of "sugared sonnets," the real reason why Shakespeare chose, when at the very summit of his fame and power, to exchange the scene of his activities and his friendships for retirement at Stratford-on-Avon. The first sonnet will give a good idea of the melody and the glow of the verse:

As down the bank he strolled through evening dew,
 Pictures (he told me) of remembered eves
 Mixt with that dream the Avon ever weaves,
 And all his happy childhood came to view;
 He saw a child watching the birds that flew
 Above a willow, through whose musky leaves
 A green musk-beetle shone with mail and greaves
 That shifted in the light to bronze and blue.
 These dreams, said he, were born of fragrance falling
 From trees he loved, the scent of musk recalling,
 With power beyond all power of things beholden
 Or things reheard, those days when elves of dusk
 Came, veiled the wings of evening feathered golden,
 And closed him in from all but willow musk.

David Gwynn, the Welsh galley-slave, then describes to the company how he crippled the Armada before it reached the Channel. And here the poet has wisely discarded the more usual staccato ballad-measure, which is apt at last to sound too much like the droning or intoning of an official report, for an elaborately-contrived scheme of long, supple lines, through which we seem to feel the straining of the speaker to hold and utter the tumultuous stream of images and ideas as they boil up from the depths of memory.

But it is, after all, in sonnet-form that Mr. Watts-Dunton prefers to express his best thought. "Although Rossetti," says Mr. Sharp in his monograph, "knew well the sonnet literature of Italy and England, and was such a practised master of the 'heart's-key' himself, I have heard him on many occasions refer to Theodore Watts [-Dunton] as having still more thorough knowledge on the subject and as being the most original sonnet-writer living." Our poet is certainly one of those few who have mastered the art of precipitating, as it were, the ingredients of a complex thought in superbly permanent form. He defies the limitations that the very terms of the sonnet-scheme impose upon less subtle artists, who indeed manage to strain their meaning through the rhymes, but disguised and attenuated, as light passes through the figures on stained glass. All the laws of the sonnet are at Mr. Watts-Dunton's command. He can be pictorial without ceasing to be pregnant, and pregnant without lapsing into platitude or prose. If the poets were all arranged according to the degree in which they possess this power of crystallization, some of them would become acquainted with "strange bedfellows." Tennyson, for example, would find himself closer to Pope than to Keats, while it seems almost incredible that Browning, so obtrusively a man of the world, so knowing and so shrewd, as he buttonholes his reader and with a wink and a jerk propounds a riddle or half tells a secret, should never have had the patience to shape and reshape his material until—as so often with Tennyson or with the poet before us—it emerges with all the combined solidity and sharpness of a Greek gem.

Of the two great groups into which poets can be divided on technical grounds of art, one comprises those to whom metrical contrivance is an added freedom and power, with the help of which they are carried, as if by the fabled hippocriff, through empyrean

air—to whom every rhyme-word coruscates, as it were, with harmonious suggestion. The other, larger group, is of those who can indeed beat their thought into verse, and often enough make it ring, but who are apt either, when the poetic flow ceases, to make shift with prose, like the stage-manager who, when his white paper ran short, continued the snowstorm with brown, or, like Procrustes of old, to make the matter fit the form by the sacrifice of unmanageable dactyls. On the other hand, it may happen that the voice of the airy rhymester, though melodious, sounds from between earth and heaven vague and fitful as the wind itself, while from the poet who is content to declaim or to preach what refuses to be sung, man may derive more of that solid sustenance in the form of counsel and consolation upon which he must after all depend so long as he is tethered by the navel to his ancient mother Earth. We have digressed thus far in order to call attention, in conclusion, to a rare and peculiar quality of this verse, a quality, namely, which flows from the fact that the artist, though he is playing all the while with the complex harmonies of rhymed measures, yet never allows sound to lose itself in distant ineffectual echoes of sense, but, on the contrary, makes it speak with the connected clearness and surety of prose. In a word, he has succeeded in wedding the music of the poet of sound to the solid stuff of the poet of sense. For example, in the last three stanzas of "Pierrot in Love," he has made an intricate metre embody all the solidity and logical tenacity of a paragraph set square and built up clause after clause in prose. The same may be said of another metrical marvel, the "Toast to Omar Khayyám," which rises in Persian gardens and flows through "Suffolk meads"—but throughout between two rhymes.

“THE KINDEST-HEARTED OF THE GREAT”

INEDITED LETTERS OF DICKENS, THACKERAY AND
LEIGH HUNT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE
DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE¹

[1898: AET. 34]



T has been said that the history of England will never be completely known until the annals of the great houses have been compiled, and fitted into the gaps in the plan and the picture. As it is, we are only shown what may be called the full-dress performances, when, as for example in 1688, a noble on the steps of the Throne carries the *vox populi* uncomfortably close to the ear of the Lord's anointed. In the same way, the mere mention of the names—taken at random—of Hobbes, Locke, Prior, Priestly, Crabbe, shows that the tradition of private beneficence was just as consistently and successfully maintained by the privileged order as their other great tradition of public service. And yet here, too, a whole world of those details in which truth hides lies waiting to be recovered from the dust and the dark of munitment and lumber room.

The documents which we propose in what follows to lay before the reader belong, it must be confessed, only to the nineteenth century. There is no question here of rescuing a scribbler from a sponging-house. No longer does the philosopher prompt the peer with *delenda est Carthago*, or reduce the movements of a racehorse to first principles. On the contrary, the tables are turned. Whereas formerly the mummer was as much my lord's servant as his cook, nowadays mummery has developed into a branch of moral instruction, and the “fellow who shows himself for a shilling” patronizes with a kind of amiable benediction the fellow who only pays the shilling at the door.

¹ “Longman's Magazine,” February, 1898.

And yet in one case, at least, patronage survived, but transformed in fact and in name as friendship. "The kindest-hearted of the great" befriended—to name three only out of the whole literary and artistic world of his day—Leigh Hunt, the reformer of the Prince Regent; Dickens, the creator of Sir Leicester Dedlock; and Thackeray, the intrepid satirist, who feared not to carry the holy war against privilege into the very heart of the servants' hall.

William George Spencer, sixth Duke of Devonshire, son of the fifth Duke and the beautiful Duchess, succeeded his father in 1811. He took no very active share in public life, a circumstance which Greville attributes to his deafness, though it is possible that he may have seen little in the politics of the Greville period to rouse or to reward his ambition. Once, at any rate, he preferred rather to be guided by the great Liberal tradition of his house than to be misled by the strength of his attachment to the engaging person of George IV; but, on the whole, as a man of taste, the friend of art and letters, he seems, as it were, to break the long Cavendish line of men of affairs. At present we are concerned with him only in so far as his dominant impulse and ambition brought him in contact with the chief literary men and movements of his day.

His intimacy with Dickens began in 1851, when, in aid of the projected Guild of Literature and Art, Lytton's comedy, "Not so Bad as we Seem," was performed before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Devonshire House. A long series of letters passed between Dickens and the Duke, of which the greater number, concerned, as they are, mainly with the discussion and arrangement of practical details, would hardly interest the reader. But the following extract is worth preserving, for here Dickens strikes a favourite note, which his studious admirers may remember to have heard in "Pickwick."¹

Broadstairs: Sunday, June 1, 1851.

. . . I am in a favourite house of mine here, perched by itself on the top of a cliff, with the green corn growing all about it and the larks singing invisible all day long. The freshness of the sea and the association of the place (I finished "Copperfield" in this same airy nest) have set me to work with great vigor, and I can hardly believe that I am ever a Manager, and ever go about with a painted face in gaslight.

¹ This extract and the succeeding letter are published by the kind permission of Miss Hogarth, the owner of the copyright.

When I first had the happiness of seeing you in the room where we have since held so many Councils, you gratified me very much by your affectionate remembrance of "Copperfield." I am having him put into a decent suit of morocco, and when he comes home in his new dress shall entreat you to give him a place on your shelves for my sake. You see how dangerous it is to give me encouragement!

When I saw you last I was quite full of the melancholy of having turned a leaf in my life. It was so sad to see the curtain dropped on what you had made so bright and interesting and triumphant, that something of the shadow of the great curtain which falls on everything seemed for a little while to be upon my spirits. I have an indescribable dread of leave-takings; and the taking leave of such a gracious scene made me almost miserable—which I acknowledge here, because it was certainly and undoubtedly your fault.

With the utmost earnestness of my heart,

CHARLES DICKENS.

In October of the same year Dickens was invited to Chatsworth. The Duke had compiled for his own pleasure and the use of his friends a gossiping account of the house and its contents, which still exists.¹ That it is not without merit will appear from the impression that it made upon so practised a literary hand as Dickens, even though one may recognize in the tone of the letter a natural desire to say the pleasing thing first and the pointed thing afterwards.

Broadstairs, Kent: October 10, 1851.

My dear Duke of Devonshire,—As I travelled from Chesterfield in the railway carriage I read the little book I now return with a pleasure I can scarcely express to you. It was so like going over the house again with you, and hearing you talk about it, that it had a perfect charm for me; and besides this, I found it in itself so natural and unaffected, so gracefully sensible, and altogether so winning and so good, that I read it through, from the first page to the last, without once laying it aside.

I could mention some things in it which it would require a very nice art to do as well in fiction. The little suggestive indications of some of the old servants and old rooms—and the childish associations—are perfect little pieces of truth. I know that lingering old smell of the spirit lamp, for instance, so well! The American Hobbs could do nothing so agreeable or a thousandth part so agreeable with any Lock in the world as you have

¹ It is addressed, in the form of a letter, to the Countess Granville.

done with that lock wherein the man's hat must be pulled over his eyes. It is quite a spring description, touched in the right place and done with.

I meant to have told you how much I was moved by the tribute to Paxton—rendered with such a generous and noble earnestness. But I am afraid you would begin to think me a victim to the habit of authorship, and remorelessly inflicting on you a regular review of your book. I must, however, thank you from my heart for all your kindness and hospitality, and assure you that among your "troops of friends" there cannot be one more obliged to you and attached to you than I am. I feel as if there were a sort of boastfulness in writing as much, even for your eye, but I cannot help it.

My dear Duke of Devonshire,
Ever faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

The Duke of Devonshire.

The description of the lock is as follows :

Observe the most curious of locks on the door to the south-east sitting-room. It was on the door of the den in the north front, and augmented my childish awe and respect for that redoubtable room. Each time the door is unlocked the dial turns round, but it must have revolved one hundred times before the cipher below advances. To bolt the door you pull the man's hat over his eyes ; to detect the keyhole you touch the spring under his foot. What a lock !

Here, to take another example, is a scene in which the opulent outline of the First Gentleman in Europe is touched in with a light hand :

Sir Thomas Lawrence's George IV. is the second he painted ; the first was a full-length for Lady Conyngham. This one was actually sent to Rome in 1824, to be presented to Cardinal Consalvi. His death occurring, and not long after that of Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire, who was to have had it, the picture came back to London. The King gave it to me in his usual characteristic manner. "Hart, will you do me a favour ?" "What is it, sir ?" "I wish you to be on the commission for rebuilding Windsor Castle." Hart respectfully declined, and, being in opposition to H M.'s Ministers, said he had better not. "Well, Hart, you have refused me that ; will you do me another favour ? Will you accept my picture by Lawrence ?"

When he comes to the coronation chairs, which are still preserved at Chatsworth, the Duke recalls the occasion on which George III

nerved himself to strike at the too powerful order in the person of its most conspicuous representative.

The Majesties of William IV and Adelaide the charitable were crowned in Westminster Abbey in those two chairs. After the ceremony, during which I was Chamberlain, I thought they would, almost of their own accord, drop into the State Rooms here, because their predecessors, that held George III and the virtuous Charlotte, had stared me in the face here all the days of my life; and that the "Prince of the Whigs" (so called by the King's mother when he was humbled—qu., honoured?—by being dismissed from Lord Bute's Council) should have permitted the tokens of his servitude to remain here appears to me to have been an exemplary condescension.

However, the chairs did not arrive spontaneously, and really, had it not been for the cordial advice of the dear old fat Princess Augusta, I should hardly have encountered the difficulties made to prevent my obtaining them. The official underlings actually got the Queen's chair placed in the House of Lords, under the canopy, as if there was no other to be had for the purpose. Nevertheless, here they are, and in my turn I was turned out myself; and you remember well that it was in good company, with Lords Lansdowne, Holland, Melbourne, etc. When pressed to resume my place with them, I had learned by experience my unfitness for it; and that though the indulgence felt by George IV towards me led him to think me the best of servants, and to ask those who displeased him how they could be so un-Devonshirelike, those qualities might be less apparent to the bluff and unkinglike William. Experience had also taught me no longer to mistake affection for loyalty.

The mention of Dickens inevitably suggests Thackeray. It would appear that the Duke was no more satisfied than the other readers of "Vanity Fair" when the puppets were finally shut up in the box. The antics of the Becky puppet, at any rate, could not have stopped there, and this is Thackeray's account of the matter:

Kensington: May 1, 1848.

My Lord Duke,—Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, whom I saw last week, and whom I informed of your Grace's desire to have her portrait, was good enough to permit me to copy a little drawing made of her "in happier days," she said with a sigh, by Smee, the Royal Academician.

Mrs. Crawley now lives in a small but very pretty little house in Belgravia, and is conspicuous for her numerous charities, which always get into the

newspapers, and her unaffected piety. Many of the most exalted and spotless of her own sex visit her, and are of opinion that she is a *most injured woman*. There is no *sort of truth* in the stories regarding Mrs. Crawley and the late Lord Steyne. The licentious character of that nobleman alone gave rise to reports from which, alas! the most spotless life and reputation cannot always defend themselves. The present Sir Rawdon Crawley (who succeeded his late uncle, Sir Pitt, 1832; Sir Pitt died on the passing of the Reform Bill) does not see his mother, and his undutifulness is a cause of the deepest grief to that admirable lady. "If it were not for *higher things*," she says, "how could she have borne up against the world's calumny, a wicked husband's cruelty and falseness, and the thanklessness (sharper than a serpent's tooth) of an adored child? But she has been preserved, mercifully preserved, to bear all these griefs, and awaits her reward *elsewhere*." The italics are Mrs. Crawley's own.

She took the style and title of Lady Crawley for some time after Sir Pitt's death in 1832; but it turned out that Colonel Crawley, Governor of Coventry Island, had died of fever three months before his brother, whereupon Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed.

The late Jos. Sedley, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, left her two lakhs of rupees, on the interest of which the widow lives in the practices of piety and benevolence before mentioned. She has lost what little good looks she once possessed, and wears false hair and teeth (the latter give her rather a ghastly look when she smiles), and—for a pious woman—is the best-crino-lined lady in the Knightsbridge district.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Dobbin live in Hampshire, near Sir R. Crawley; Lady Jane was godmother to their little girl, and the ladies are exceedingly attached to each other. The Colonel's "History of the Punjab" is looked for with much anxiety in some circles.

Captain and Lt.-Colonel G. Sedley-Osborne (he wishes, he says, to be distinguished from some other branches of the Osborne family, and is descended by the mother's side from Sir Charles Sedley) is, I need not say, well, for I saw him in a most richly embroidered cambric pink shirt with diamond studds, bowing to your Grace at the last party at Devonshire House. He is in Parliament; but the property left him by his Grandfather has, I hear, been a good deal overrated.

He was very sweet upon Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt's daughter, who married her cousin, the present Baronet, and a good deal cut up when he was refused. He is not, however, a man to be permanently cast down by sentimental disappointments. His chief cause of annoyance at the present moment is that he is growing bald, but his whiskers are still without a grey hair and the finest in London.

I think these are the latest particulars relating to a number of persons

about whom your Grace was good enough to express some interest. I am very glad to be enabled to give this information, and am

Your Grace's very much obliged servnt,

W. M. THACKERAY.

P.S.—Lady O'Dowd is at O'Dowdstown arming. She has just sent in a letter of adhesion to the Lord Lieutenant, which has been acknowledged by his Excellency's private secretary, Mr. Corrie Connellan. Miss Glorvina O'Dowd is thinking of coming up to the Castle to marry the last-named gentleman.

P.S. 2.—The India mail just arrived announces the utter ruin of the Union Bank of Calcutta, in which all Mrs. Crawley's money was. Will Fate never cease to persecute that suffering saint?¹

Leigh Hunt's letters transport us into a very different atmosphere. The cause of reform was a serious business at the time when he had the misfortune to endeavour to promote it. It had not yet become everybody's amusement, from the pedlar to the priest. Nothing worse befell Dickens, even after his terrific onslaught upon the Circumlocution Office, than that Sir James Stephen called him—anonimously—a buffoon. The bark of the Barnacles was worse than their bite. While as for his great contemporary, in whom Charlotte Brontë hailed a prophet mighty to save society from “a bloody Ramoth Gilead”—whatever that may mean—perhaps even he may have come to suspect that, after all, the man about town had chosen the better part.² In short, the difference is instructive between the two fortunate and the fashionable satirists and the broken-down invalid who went to prison for two years for having ventured to criticise the public deportment of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, for the latter's good.

32, Edwardes Square, Kensington: January 10, 1844.

My Lord Duke,—I hardly know what right I have to ask your Grace if you could do me a kindness; but what courage I should want to address

¹ [Now reprinted in Messrs. Smith and Elder's new edition of “Vanity Fair.”—ED.]

² “Dick Doyle speaks in a slow, rather drawling tone, but always admirably *ad rem*. Of Thackeray he said that he could not get over the impression that he despised the finest of his own creations. He looked down even on Colonel Newcome because he was not a man about town” (“The House of Commons Half a Century Ago,” ii, by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, “Contemporary Review,” September, 1897, p. 447).

you as far as myself am concerned is supplied me by the sight of an anxious family, and by that reputation for good nature on your Grace's part, which it would become me on such an occasion neither to omit noticing altogether, nor to dilate upon.

Perhaps your Grace need not be informed that, owing to an early zeal in the cause of Reform, my life has been a life of struggles, often aggravated by sickness, though otherwise very cheerful and willing, and accompanied by great sympathy on the part of my friends. There was a talk of a pension under the late government, and I had several friends of influence who so urged it that, what with the good nature of Lord Melbourne, and the countenance which her Majesty was pleased to show me, I am not without hopes of it still, in the event of a change of ministers; but at this special moment the trade of an author is so hard, owing to the depression of that of the booksellers, and indeed of *all* an author's channels of communication with the public, that the former will neither hear of new books as they used to do, nor, though I have two plays for the theatre, one of which has had a retaining fee of £100 from Covent Garden, can either of them find actors. An illness of seven months' duration last autumn and winter has at length completed the distress occasioned me by these circumstances, and for want of¹ . . . I am threatened with every species of impediment to my future labours. There is an old gentleman, meantime, upwards of ninety (the father of my dear friend Shelley), at whose death, which has been twice expected during the past year, I shall receive two thousand pounds; and what I would beg of your Grace (if I do not too much presume on your sympathy, or, on my very doubtful, I fear, right of addressing you) is that the above-mentioned sum of¹ . . . might be lent me, upon the understanding of returning it as soon as Sir Timothy dies, or, in the event of his still living so long, of repaying it at the end of two years from this present time, and of giving notes to your Grace's agent to that effect.

Having at length *got out* this request, I do not well know, in my confusion, what to add; but I think I may at all events trust that your Grace will pardon the application for the sake of the painful circumstances that urge me to make it, and I feel certain that if unable to answer it as your kindness might desire, no uncourteous words will, at any rate, or could pass the lips of the Duke of Devonshire towards an anxious man.

I have the honour to be, . . .

LEIGH HUNT.

On the following day he writes again :

Kensington : January 11, 1844.

My dear Lord Duke,—(For the epithet rushes to my pen, and assuredly it is out of redoubled respect that it does so), I cannot express to your

¹ Subsequently erased.

Grace the good that your most kind visit of this morning did me. I should have written this letter the moment your Grace left me, but my fingers could not hold the pen steady enough; so I took a long walk to settle them, and am now sitting in the place which you honoured with your company, and again writing there; but with feelings—how different from what they were before you came in! I was then fitter to be in my bedroom than my study, and had, indeed, been very unwell just before I saw you—and *now*— But permit me to enumerate to your Grace a few of the good offices you have done me. It is the best return I can make, at this present moment. My friends, though an excellent, and for the most part rare, set of people, are very few of them rich; the booksellers are all frightened by the times; I had tried to rouse them with my pen, to the very last moment; and then it was, for the first time in my life, that the fear of what was hanging over my house made me apply to a stranger. Thank God! the one I selected from the whole world did not misconceive nor despise me.

Your Grace delivered me from two immediate demands, which I had but a few hours left me to discharge.

You delivered me from the dread I was under of having my books taken from me.

You delivered me from a variety of smaller claims which had been coming upon me, “casting their shadows before,” one of them from the collector of the Income Tax, whose letter to me was headed “*The QUEEN against Leigh Hunt*,” which I thought the “unkindest cut of all”!!

You delivered me from the necessity of endeavouring to part with the copyright of a volume which I am preparing for the press, and which may now turn to double account in my favour; nay, twentyfold.

You have enabled me to get in advance of all my immediate pressure, so as to have several months before me of clear, unalloyed ability to write. (There is a knock this instant at the door, and *I am not afraid of it.*) I shall therefore write, not only with comfort, but with double enjoyment of what I write; therefore, I hope, with double pleasure (*si placeam*) to the reader.

But, above all, you have relieved a whole family of five people from very painful chances, and my wife begs to join me in humble and delighted acknowledgment. (She is an invalid, almost confined to her room, and has been the anxious but uncomplaining companion of the troubles of twenty-five years; yet life, I trust, is still strong within her, and we are both sanguine people, and insist upon still looking forward to a tranquil decline.)

When I think of all this, and when I call to mind with what a promptness, a considerateness, a delicacy, and (pardon me for adding) a charm of manner your Grace did it all, obliging me after my own mode of wishing to be obliged, coming also in your own person, and enabling me to look upon one whom I had so long respected, and to whom I had now reason to

be personally attached, I will not, for your Grace's sake as well as my own attempt to express all I feel, lest I should at once oppress yourself and run the risk of being thought excessive in words.

My Lord, the struggles which originated in my zeal for Reform were first detained upon me (so to speak) by the bankruptcy of a relation; and ever since that time I have been fighting sword in hand against necessity, often prostrated, unfortunately, by illness (otherwise I would assuredly have beaten them all), but still enjoying exquisite spots of refreshment, in the intervals, in consequence of my love of nature and books. That love (I may be permitted to say) I am acknowledged to have contributed to circulate to no mean extent among my countrymen; and for this reason it was (politics apart) that my friends, and some of the late ministers themselves, thought that a pension might have been given me. With regard to anything that might be bestowed upon me under the present administration, I take the opportunity of repeating more distinctly what I said to your Grace this morning, namely, that as there is nothing, great or small, which I could not, with exquisite pleasure, receive at the gracious hands of her Majesty (whose kindness to me already, and whose two-fold visit to my play, an author's self-love as well as love can never forget), so I think it incumbent upon me, as an advocate of public consistency, not to run the risque of doing injury to a principle in my person (however humble) by accepting favours from the present ministers themselves, even supposing they were inclined to bestow them; which, in candour, I am bound to acknowledge I do *not* suppose. If England were Fairy-land, and it could happen by any possibility that her Majesty should send me a *straw*, I think I should feel tempted to frame, and glaze, and adorn it, as my friend Sir Edward Bulwer has done to the portrait of which she made him a present (not that I mean to compare *that* with a straw), but I own I cannot conceive how I could accept any kind of present from Sir Robert Peel. To be obliged to her Majesty, or your Grace, seems the same thing as being obliged to every thing cordial and graceful; but the habits, perhaps the prejudices, of a whole earnest political life will not allow me to associate such ideas with the opposers of what is liberal towards mankind at large. If this is grand sort of talking for a poor man, my family are at least good and generous enough to encourage me in it; and I feel that your Grace is not the man to scorn it.

In the course of a few days (a delay which your Grace must be kind enough to construe in your handsomest manner) I shall take my chance, in Piccadilly, of making my small return in person for the honour of your Grace's visit. Meantime, begging pardon for this long letter (which is one of the penalties good men must pay for exciting the gratitude of their fellow-creatures), I have the honour to remain, with affectionate respect, . . .

LEIGH HUNT.

In the following extracts we catch glimpses of Dickens and of the play:

Dickens's manners are as pleasant as some of the best things in his books. Among other things to be envied in him, how often have I wished for the health that enables him to go about as he does, and look upon what faces he chooses! But he is young; and I have had my pleasures, too, and am bound to be grateful. Besides, there are pleasures, and exquisite ones, too, which one cannot realize without less good fortune. It is impossible, to be sure, to wish for them. *That* is not in human nature. But when the pangs subside, what exaltation of humanity is in the balm!

I should have sent the explanation long ago had I not thought, or fancied, in my fear of doing anything which you disliked—when I attended the amateur rehearsal in Piccadilly—that a shade of displeasure crossed your countenance when I said I had not yet seen the Exhibition, even then. I said to myself, “He does not know, then, how true to the letter was what I have intimated respecting my state of health—so full is the world of excuses which only mean half what they state!” I remember being startled once even by my friend Dickens’s saying to me, in a kind of half-bantering manner, “You are *always* ill, are you not?” I say “even” because he does not live so much in a world where such excuses are thought necessary to the refinements of intercourse. Alas! I *am* always ill; and he will be lucky if his used brain, for all its wonderful powers, finds him in no such condition when he has grown as old.

Permit me to thank you again, “next morning,” for your Grace’s invitation of last night, through my friend Dickens, and the pride and pleasure which it gave me. I sate (owing to my bad health) with cold feet and an aching head, and yet I would not have missed the entertainment for a great deal; for though much of an amateur performance is of necessity crude and awkward (owing to want of practice), yet there was often capital acting before me, especially that of Dickens and Lemon; and I was conscious of being for a longer time than usual in the same room with one of the kindest men in the world, who fills my heart with emotions which I cannot express for fear of seeming to write like a child.

During the years 1852 and 1853 “Bleak House” was published. Left to himself, Leigh Hunt would probably never have guessed that he had anything in common with Harold Skimpole—no man is to himself what his neighbour sees him to be; but he was warned of the writer’s intention by the kindly forethought of a friend. In the complaint which he pours, as usual, into the ever-willing ear of his benefactor there is no mention of Dickens; but it is easy to see whom and what he means. He describes himself as

being still occupied in sounding the mystery of a set of attacks upon me, which the person charged with originating them disclaims, and which accuse me, among other basenesses, and even inhumanities, alien from all which I ever think and do, of being the most ungrateful of men!! What particular success of mine, after all my adversity, can have occasioned such absurdities, unless it be the regard (if I may so presume to term it) publicly shown me by my Sovereign, and privately by your Grace, I am at a loss to conceive; and, fortunately, I have no reason to believe that such of the public as have had any intimation of them give them the least credit. Yet they have made me very unhappy for a time, and I shall take care, in the additions which I am making to my Autobiography, not to leave any possibility of my being misunderstood on such points by a single noble mind. Calumny sometimes really seems to grow mad, and to delight in accusing people of the very last things of which they are capable, precisely because it knows them to be so. This is very intolerable at the moment, but luckily helps to undo itself in the end.

On the following day he sends a postscript:

The person who is accused of volunteering the calumnies I spoke of (owing to certain personal traits of manners and pursuits with which they set out, and which have been thought peculiar to me) owns to those traits, but repudiates everything offensive to me that follows them, says that, conscious of the resemblances in question, he took pains even to make the rest as unlike me as possible—actually drew it from another person (whose name he disclosed)—and expresses his “deep sorrow” at my having been occasioned the least uneasiness. I was very glad to hear all this from him; for knowing, in truth, very little of me, I had begun to fear, in my astonishment, that he had really been led to form the most incredible opinions of me, and I had a long explanation with him in consequence. . . . I heartily acquit the person in question of all which he repudiates; but there are men in the world too willing to depreciate, and even to envy, the least prosperous of men, provided his very faults as well as better qualities, are different from their own, and he has succeeded in any one respect that mortifies their self-love. No English journal, as far as I am aware, has condescended to notice these supposed imputations against me. They were first broached in one of those American papers whose vulgarity is denounced by their own country, and which hate me because I am not a republican, a Mammon-worshipper, a slave-holder, or a dishonest man; and a bigoted Scottish paper repeated them, hoping, I believe, to set me at variance with an acquaintance.

It may be worth noting, in the last place that Leigh Hunt had some thoughts of retiring to a cottage near one of the Duke of

Devonshire's country seats, and of devoting the evening of life to the task of writing the history of the Cavendish family. “My books would *line* one of the rooms; and with these, and my family, and a dear Friend at hand, I can conceive no finer *sunset*. I have even fancied that if the Friend were the one I am thinking of I could devote my mornings to a History of his family.”

The annals are still to be written, and as for himself,

Forsitan illius nomen miscebitur istis.

VOLTAIRE'S "CANDIDE; OR ALL FOR THE BEST"¹

[1898: AET. 35]



ALHALLA is by no means the open court that we mostly dream of. Jutting out from the central nave, the few occupants of which, being unapproachable, are undisturbed, there are the private chapels, so to speak, enshrining local feeling and sectional conviction. That the merit of Themistocles was supreme appeared from the fact that everyone else was willing to put him second to himself. That a man is a prophet or a poet in his own country proves nothing, or at any rate less, elsewhere. Of this we have a good example within our own borders. A Scotch peer, more cultivated, perhaps, than critical, recently and in public conjoined Robert Burns and Napoleon the Great as parallel phenomena. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that when the books are opened, and the final class-list is announced to the sound of the last trump, Burns may find himself only a little higher than Teniers and a little lower than Béranger. Those as to whose primacy there is and can be neither doubt nor denial are fit indeed, but very few. To them Voltaire, in spite of the fact that he embodied the spirit of a whole epoch so fully as to appear its very emblem and synonym, *proxime accessit*. For in England we have never conceded the claims put forward and allowed on his behalf in France and the rest of Europe. In this, as in so much else, the island has held aloof—stolidly and sullenly peculiar—from the Continent. The causes that led to this result are abroad and active still. Voltaire purposely and persistently committed a crime for which in England there is neither tolerance nor forgiveness. He called a spade a spade.

¹ A new translation with introduction by Walter Jerrold; "Literature," July 2, 1898.

We are far more willing to tolerate criticism of our achievements than ridicule of our hypocrisies. Accordingly, boasting as we do of "development" to the disadvantage of our neighbours' clumsy trick of revolution, we are by no means pleased that Voltaire should openly have scoffed at superstition instead of laying stress upon its moral grandeur, its spiritual beauty, its abounding semi-reasonableness. Like all genuine reformers, as opposed to the satirist on easy terms who, like Thackeray, points the finger at precisely those things and people that do not matter, Voltaire was overtaken by a measure of the fate of Samson. That which his own hands overthrew buried him in its ruins. In fact, he may almost be said to live in and through one book, though he composed a hundred. And it is probable that even "Candide" would have been found too veracious for optimism and too witty for convention, if a strange chance had not thrown Voltaire—on his way to join the immortals—into the company of Dr. Johnson. Truly immortality acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows! Nowadays, unfortunately, few people read "Rasselas." Mr. Leslie Stephen, deserted for once by his customary power of sympathy and judgment, has likened that exercise to wading through a vast expanse of sand; but we read and talk *about* Johnson more than ever, and the echo of his cello-tones deepens and sustains the light-fingered rattle of Voltaire's spinet.

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THE PRIVILEGE OF PEERS¹

[1901: AET. 38]



HE trial of Earl Russell by his peers with an antique formality and ceremonial that is only too apt to overpass the dividing line between the sublime and the ridiculous has called attention less to the particular case than to the general question of the possession and exercise by the House of Lords of a privilege that goes back to Magna Carta. That the question should be raised or threatened in the other House was to be expected, though this of itself is no argument against the privilege on its merits. If the peers had simply been rendering in the ordinary course of business an admitted service to society, it would seem good to many members of the House of Commons to contrive that they should never again have the chance of appearing too useful or too venerable. What is more to the purpose is that many of the peers themselves are in doubt as to the policy of retaining a privilege obscure in origin, doubtful in value, and cumbersome and expensive to exercise. That a peer can be tried only by his peers is generally supposed to be a deduction from the provision made in the Magna Carta that no free man should be tried—and those who quote the Great Charter, whether from memory or from other quotations, are apt to omit the word “free”—*nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum* “or (uel) by the law of the land.” The Latin of Magna Carta must not be pressed too closely; but it would seem, at least possible that judgment by peers and by the law of the land were regarded as two distinct processes. It is not even certain that the term “free man” was meant to include peers, seeing that earls and barons are specially dealt with in another place of the same document. However, little more than a hundred years had passed before the Great Charter stood in need of reaffirmation. Then there was no doubt about it, for in 1341

¹ “Times,” August 12, 1901.

Archbishop Stratford secured the right of the peers to be tried only by their peers *en plen Parlement*. But at this point Selden's opinion is worth noting that, though judgment belongs to the Lords alone, full Parliament must be taken to include the Commons:—"How can it be said in full Parliament when the Commons, one of the States, are absent?"

If, then, the peers should think fit to divest themselves of their privilege, as in the reign of Edward III they divested themselves of the right to try other than peers, the simplest plan would be to let the law of the land take its course; and this, after all, would be in accordance with the plain terms of *Magna Carta*. The benefit of peerage nowadays, when aristocracy is visibly quickening into the lower and more dangerous form of plutocracy, is more than doubtful. *Aurum omnes victa iam pietate colunt*. The danger is not lest the peers should be a little kind to the faults of one of their own order, but rather lest they should be led to exercise their power with undue harshness through fear of the Commons or out of deference to the rabble. If the Commons are to share the ceremony, they would be likely in their present mood to claim to influence the sentence; while a committee of Law Lords, though legally valid, "for it is not material whether some Lords do absent themselves," would, save for the honour of the thing, come to much the same as the ordinary Court.

LADY SARAH LENNOX¹

[1901: AET. 38]



HERE is a glamour about Holland House which it is difficult to define. It seems at first sight to be the outcome of a long tradition; but in reality it is due to the genius and charm of a single man, and to the talkative brilliance of a motley group who, in the silver age, without showing more than a family likeness to Agamemnon, succeeded to his merits when his work was done. It is true that the ghost of Addison was brought into the family by a marriage that was little to his credit; but the great spirit of all those that rise at the sound of the name is Charles James Fox, though even in his day the main stream of Whig policy did not flow through Holland House. The mention of Lord Rockingham calls up the figure of Burke. The Duke of Portland resided at Burlington House, the property of his kinsman, the Duke who came after "the king of the Whigs"; while Sheridan was at home, if anywhere in London, with Fox's Duchess. The truth is that the great day of Holland House was a day of high talk, but, so far as the Whigs were concerned, of small things. Whiggery seems to have passed abruptly from the state of a grandiose ideal into that of a venerable tradition. There was no summer. The illusions of promise gave way without a break to the legends of memory. There is no gap and no link between Charles Fox, generous and full of faith, with the broad light of a great epoch upon him, retaining to the last the virtues of youth when its failings had deserted him, and Lord Holland, whom we figure as essentially and permanently elderly, monumental between the fuss of Lord John Russell and the flow of Macaulay, and ever ready to temper or to instruct the present with an example or a maxim of "my uncle."

¹ "The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826." Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. London. 1901. "Quarterly Review," January, 1902.

In the standard compilations of Lord Holland himself and Lord John Russell we probably already possess the bulk of what Holland House has to contribute to history; but it seems that there are still flowers to be gathered in the by-paths, and we are grateful for the care with which Lady Ilchester and Lord Stavordale have put together this "friendship's garland," still fragrant after the lapse of a hundred years. Lady Sarah Lennox, under whose guidance we can follow the events of almost the whole reign of George III, was the eleventh child of the second Duke of Richmond. Her father had been married, when still a boy, to Sarah, the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Cadogan. In the good old times marriage was often an affair more of prudence than of passion. If the demands of wisdom were satisfied, love, it was held, would come—as in point of fact it not infrequently did—climbing up some other way. In the present case, which is almost unique of its kind, the children were tied together to cancel a bond in the shape of a gambling debt between the parents. When the formalities had been gone through, the young Lord March—who had naturally taken an instinctive dislike to his wife, "as per agreement"—betook himself to his tutor and his travels. On his return to England, some years afterwards, he happened one evening to go to the play, where he was arrested by the beauty and bearing of a young lady in the audience. He asked who she was, and was told "the reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March." So he enjoyed the uncommon, if not unique, experience of falling in love with his own wife inadvertently and at second sight. Lady Sarah's brother, the third Duke of Richmond, made less of a mark in politics than might have been expected from his vigour and violence. The King disliked him; and, in opposition to the great Earl of Chatham, he dared what few were equal to, calling the Thunderer "an insolent minister" in the House of Lords. But he will always be remembered for the part he played in the most dramatic scene in all our parliamentary history. For it was in the course of the debate on the Duke of Richmond's motion for withdrawing the troops from America that Chatham, on rising to reply to the Duke's second speech, was struck down with the sonorous protest on his lips "against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy."

Lady Sarah's own romance will always ensure her a footnote, if

not a paragraph, in serious history; but for literary purposes the hour of illusion passed all too soon. It is as with the opening *r̄hesis* of a Euripidean drama, when a tiresome messenger or a god, seeing things whole with Olympian detachment, lets us at once into the secret of the best and the worst. There is this difference, that Euripides is sure to give us finished pieces of choral writing and sentences of humane wisdom that justify themselves, however little they may promote the action; whereas, after the opening chord, Lady Sarah's letters ring flat. They are full of sense; but her charm—and we know that it led to real results lawful and unlawful—must have appeared in some other way. It seems that Lady Sarah had already taken the fancy of the young Prince of Wales, when in 1760 he succeeded to the throne. That he was no less susceptible to the charms of the female sex than the other princes of his house, appears from the legend of the fair Quakeress; but his behaviour in this case, if we may trust the report of one side, shows him to have been capable of a depth and fidelity of attachment to which his grandfather and his son were alike strangers.

“He is in love with her,” writes Lord Holland; “and it is no less certain she loves him. . . . It were impossible to write down so much discourse as the King held with her; nor was that so remarkable as the *language des yeux*. Among other things he desir’d his sister to dance ‘Betty Blue’; ‘a dance, Madam,’ says he to Lady Sarah, ‘that you are acquainted with. I am very fond of it because it was taught to me by a lady’—looking very significantly. She really did not know who he meant. ‘A very pretty lady,’ says he, ‘that came from Ireland, November was a twelvemonth.’ She then knew, but did not then pretend to know. ‘I am talking to her now,’ says he; ‘she taught it me at the ball on Twelve night.’ ‘Indeed, Sir,’ says she, ‘I did not remember it.’ ‘That may be,’ says he; ‘but I have a very good memory for whatever relates to that lady. I had got a pretty new country dance of my own for the late King’s Birth-day, if he had liv’d to it, & I named it, “The 25th of February”’ (which is Lady Sarah’s birthday). She colour’d, & in this *pretty* way did these two lovers entertain one another & the eyes of the whole ball-room for an hour.”

The real obstacles in the course of what seemed true love to Lord Holland and Lady Sarah will probably never be known. The King was in the hands of a Scotch clique, whose power for mischief did not end with their fall. To such close observers of the main chance it would have seemed fatal to allow the King to set out by

pleasing himself in so important a matter as the choice of his Queen. An English lady of the highest rank would be far more difficult to manage than a stranger from Germany—lonely, ill-favoured, probably, and unpopular, and on that account all the more apt and willing to yield herself a prey to the interested flattery of parasites. Lady Sarah, it is true, was little more than a child; but then she had powerful friends, who would not be backward to push their advantages. In fact, in Bute's dread of the influence that would inevitably accrue to Lord Holland there is probably reason enough for the miscarriage, if a political reason must be found. But from the standpoint of a love-match pure and simple, Lady Sarah herself cannot be acquitted of blame. In the first place, her deportment may have thrown too much upon the other, for it seems to have been correct to the point of coldness. As a go-between, her friend, Lady Susan Strangways, behaved with a tact and loyalty that are by no means invariable in that situation; but we feel that the result might possibly have been different if more had been left to the unspoken reciprocity of lovers

—*φωνάτα συνετοῖσιν.*

But if the omissions were serious, what was committed was far worse. “Il y en a toujours un autre,” and the other was Lord Newbattle, “a vain, insignificant puppy, lively and not ugly, who made love to all the girls, but was much in love with Lady Caroline Russell, the Duke of Bedford's daughter.” Lady Sarah must needs endeavour, out of frolic and vanity more than for love, to detach him from Lady Caroline. Thanks to the intrigues of others, she succeeded to more purpose than she had meant. A meeting was arranged, of which it is said that, by Bute's contrivance, the King was a hidden spectator, and words were spoken. Lord Newbattle's parents refused their consent, and forced him to write a letter to that effect; but he plucked up sufficient courage to follow the lady and recant by word of mouth. Begun for a vain reason, the affair ended in nothing; but enough had happened in the process to unsettle the King, and, so far as she was concerned, the Crown. Oscillating giddily between the shadow of the one and the substantial comfort of the other, she missed both. “The King” (writes Lord Holland) “has undoubtedly heard of Lord Newbattle, and more than is true”; so, at this distance of time, we are less surprised than was Lord Holland to learn that on the 8th July,

1761, the King announced his intended marriage with "Miss Charlotte of Mecklenburgh." It appeared then that Lady Sarah had never really loved him; and though she resented his "duplicity," of which she was a better judge than we have the means to be now, she sought and found distraction in the case of a favourite squirrel which had providentially sickened to death about the same time. The outraged family showed their displeasure according to their means and station. It is written that the King quailed under the glance of Lord Holland's resentment; while, as for Lady Sarah, chance soon furnished her with an opportunity of "confounding" the King "with dignity and gravity and a cross look."

One word more, and we shall have done with Lord Newbattle. He and Lady Sarah agreed, with mutual compliments, to part good friends; his lordship, who it seems was a philosopher, observing, "After all, it is much better as it is, for I should have made a damned bad husband." And now that the comedy has ended in a marriage, as Erasmus said of Luther's career outside the convent walls, even if it be only the marriage of some one else, the main interest of the piece ends. It is as if Hamlet had laid the ghost, killed the King, and buried Ophelia in the first act, with the remaining four to spare for meditation on the riddle of existence. Henceforth the interest of Lady Sarah and her letters is confined to the occasional flashes of light that they throw upon the main stream of events.

She did not remain long in the forlorn condition in which the King's duplicity and the peer's philosophy had left her, for the year after the coronation she was married to Thomas Charles Bunbury, Esq., who succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1764. Considering the sequel of the marriage, it is a pity that we know so little of the preliminary stage of love, if there was any, and courtship. At the outset Lady Sarah threw herself with ardour into her husband's pursuits, which were those of a sportsman and country gentleman.

I have been a-hunting with Mr. Varny, and I hunted twelve miles one day, which tired me to such a degree that I was as sick as a dog, and tho' I had eat not enough to keep life and soul together, for 'twas not a bit since 8 o'clock till 6 at night, I could not touch even a sausage, but went to bed. . . . This d——l of a frost hinders me, and so Mr. B. and I sit scolding and grumbling and growling, he because he can't course, and I because I can't hunt, and that I fear 'twill kill my dear cedars.

In her next letter we learn that she had been to Court and encountered the King, whom she treated with monosyllabic politeness. "The King asked me if I had not had fine weather all Summer. 'Yes,' said I, and that was all."

Here is a passage which already has an ominous ring about it, for when happiness comes to be computed or debated, it is a sure sign that it is either going or gone.

You have made a mighty pretty discovery, Miss, truly! "I can think there is happiness in the country with a person one loves." Pray, now, who the D——l would not be happy with a pretty place, a good house, good horses, greyhounds, etc., for hunting, so near Newmarket, what company we please in the house, and £2,000 a year to spend. . . . Pray, now, where is the great oddity of that, or the wretch that would not be happy?

And yet in the long letter of advice to her friend Lady Susan, who had just shocked all Holland House by running away with Mr. William O'Brien, "an actor by profession," she says that "Mr. Bunbury's love and attention would make me happy whatever happened to me."

In 1765 Lady Sarah paid a visit to Paris. She found the people so genteel that it was "a real amusement to drive about the streets." The houses, on the contrary, were dirty and cold. Like most people of that time, accustomed to the Italian manner, she was not only disappointed, but disgusted by the French Opera. According to Dr. Burney,

When the French are obliged to allow the musical composition and singing to be inferior to that of Italy, they comfort themselves and humble their adversaries by observing that their Opera is at least a fine thing to see: "C'est au moins un beau spectacle qu'un Opéra en France."

And so it proved here.

The Opera is the most ridiculous music you can imagine; 'tis most like to Mrs. Clive, when she imitates an Italian singer, than to anything I know; but the dances & the scenery is beyond anything I ever saw.

She was well received by the King and Queen, when her fatal fascination for monarchs could not help asserting itself once more.

"Oh! by the bye," she writes to Lord Holland, "I suppose my sister has told you how well we were received at Marli, & how we luckily saw the

King and Royal Family, but she has not told you the Paris story, which says that he embrac'd me twice, and that one of the Seigneurs said, 'En vérité c'est trop Sire.' 'Je ne sais si c'est trop, mais je sais que ça me plait,' says the King."

Here is a passage in which one form of folly in vogue is touched with a sprightlier hand than usual:

I told you the word "boar" is a fashionable expression for tiresome people & conversations, & is a very good one & *very* useful, for one may tell anybody (Ld G. Cavendish, for example), "I am sure this will be a boar, so I must leave you, Ld George." If it was not the fashion, it would be very rude, but I own I encourage the fashion vastly, for it's delightful, I think; one need only name a pig or pork, & nobody dares take it ill, but hold their tongues directly. To "grub up such a one" is also a new expression, which cannot be better illustrated to you, than by supposing you were talking to Mr. Robinson, who diverted you very much, in comes the D. of York or Gloucester, & by sitting down by you "grubbs up" poor Mr. Robinson, perhaps for the whole evening. The Dukes will either of them serve for an example of a boar too, also Ld Clanbrassile. When you know what "lending a tascusa" is, you are *au fait* of the *bon ton*. You have lent that puppy Major Walpole many a "tascusa," &, indeed, I think you have the knack of lending them better than anybody, so when you are *glumpy*, & that same puppy comes & talks to you, the snub that they will get from you is exactly a tascusa in its full force. Take notice the word, tho' it appears Italian, has no meaning of its own; its like "chiquinno," which is used for any card under a 5 at quinze.

In 1776 Jean Jacques visited London. Just as later the Ettrick Shepherd, when on a visit to London, was advised by his publisher to parade the streets in a huge plaid, in order to appear as extravagantly Scotch and pastoral as possible, so it seems that the philosopher adopted a disguise and deportment in character which mightily offended the good sense of Lady Sarah.

By way of news, Mr Rousseau is all the talk; all I can hear of him is that he wears a pellise & fur cap, that he was at the Play, & desired to be placed so that he might not see the King, which, as Mrs Greville says, is a "*pauvreté* worthy a philosopher." His dressing, particularly, I think is very silly, & if, as the papers say, he told Garrick that he made him laugh & cry without understanding a word, in my humble oppinion that was very silly too, for I am sure neither Lusignan or Lord Chalkstone are likely to do that if one don't understand the language. He sees few people, and is

to go and live at a farm in Wales, where he shall see nothing but mountains & wild goats. “*Autre pauvreté.*”

In the case of Wilkes, her old fondness for the King softened for once the rudeness of Whig principles in Lady Sarah; for though the spectacle of a King bullied by a demagogue ought surely to have presented nothing but what was fitting to a Whig, she writes:

Are you still politician enough to be eager about the fuss they make with Mr Wilks? If you are, I wish you would write an anonymous letter to His M. to advise him not to sculk in his den like—I don’t know what, for I must not say what a *pauvre animal* I think him; but it really provokes me to see him so bullied, but you know *we* always prophesied he would never make a figure when once he ceased being in our good graces, & *we* never were mistaken certainly. Do you know that he has made his brat the proudest little imp you ever saw. Just like himself.

In 1769 Lady Sarah left her husband for reasons which do not appear from the letters.¹ She went first to the house of Lord William Gordon, but in a few months rejoined her brother, the Duke of Richmond, at Goodwood. The divorce took place without opposition from Sir Charles Bunbury in 1776. Just as we shall never know what the King really meant, or what dissipated the early dream of the Crown into thin air, so here again we are left to conjecture what we are not told. It is true that sportsmen, as a rule, do not wear well; like the horses and dogs they cherish, their first charm soon passes, and time has a blunting instead of a refining and forming effect upon them. Sir Charles may have come to resemble the successful suitor of Locksley Hall, as he is portrayed for us by the trenchant hand of his rival :

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse;

still, there may also have been difficulties on the other side. Nothing is more awkward to cope with, more depressing to some moods, and more irritating to others, than good sense—unaccommodating and inexhaustible—in other people; and a lady who, to the advance of old age, opposed so serene a front of philosophy and principle, must have been hard to live up to:

¹ See, however, the Preface, p. xi.

As to my phiz, it is grown to look older, I have less colour, & my nose is grown long, so you may guess I am not much improved, indeed, few people are with growing old; but I flatter myself I have one advantage over many people, & that is, that I tell myself every day, "I am not old, but I am passed the age of a girl, it is time for me to check my vanity, & to remember that if I don't make myself agreeable, I have no right to any attention from my acquaintance."

At this time men's thoughts were distracted by the struggle with the American colonies. Lady Sarah's point of view is interesting, and, for the sister of the Duke of Richmond, notably original; for though, as a Whig, she was with the prophets of evil as against the King and his measures, she seems to have had no fanciful fondness for a rebel as such, no tendency to idealize the colonists, after the manner of Walpole, as a kind of virtuous arcadians goaded by tyranny into making swords of their ploughshares, just as later we have seen the Boers transformed for political purposes into a pastoral folk of simple manners under the benevolent *régime* of a psalm-singing patriarch. Her shrewd sense of the relation between rebellion and dissent is in the manner of Dr. Johnson.

Only 2 things, I think, won't bear dispute; 1st, that those who cause most lives to be lost are the worst people; 2ndly, that the Bostonians, being chiefly Presbyterians, & from the north of Ireland, are daily proved to be very bad people, being quarrelsome, discontented, hypocritical, enthusiastic, lying people. Tho' they have money, lands and employment sufficient for them, they are discontented and rebellious, and whoever has such bad principles for the foundation of their character are not likely to make a good set of people in general.

Her thought of the King in his tremendous situation calls up for an instant the memory of early dreams and ambitions, and her conclusion is that the disappointment was a deliverance.

You talk of the time when we used to *fancy great things*; I am sure I can thank God very sincerely I am not Queen, for in the first place, I should have quarrell'd with His Majesty long before this, & my head would have been off probably. But if I had loved & liked him, & not had interest enough to prevent this war, I should certainly go mad to think a person I loved was the cause of such a shameful war.

Semel insanivimus omnes, and Lady Sarah warned her correspondent that, if she ever tempted fortune a second time, it would

be a sign, not only that she had run mad herself, but that she had found another in the same plight.

Your answer to me about Sir Charles made me laugh, indeed, I would give you leave to laugh if I was to marry him again, but that will never be, I assure you; first, because Sir Charles, who never liked the life of a married man, enjoys his liberty too much to resign it without *some temptation*, & secondly, because I hope I shall never be idiot enough to marry *avec toutes mes années et tous mes défauts*; but if ever I do, you may certainly consider me as *mad*, & that I've met with a man as mad as myself. Now, as Sir Charles *n'est rein moins que fou*, we shall, I hope, be *friends* & no more as long as we live.

But it happened, prudence and experience notwithstanding. In 1771 she was married to the Hon. George Napier, eldest son of the fifth Lord Napier of Merchiston; and at this point we are glad to exchange the atmosphere of horses for that of heroes. Her husband was himself a distinguished soldier, while of her five sons, Charles was the future conqueror of Sind, George became governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and William was to write the history of the Peninsular War, in which he took a glorious part. Subsequently Lady Sarah removed to Ireland with her husband, who had been made comptroller of army accounts there. Here they remained until 1804, when ill-health compelled Colonel Napier to seek the climate of Bath. Her letters of this period, written as they were at a distance from the main current of events, contribute little to knowledge or amusement.

The apparition of the great Napoleon profoundly moved her; and her enthusiasm opened her eyes to what has been hidden from voluminous and precise historians, namely, that in him, not a *condottiere*, but a Roman Emperor had come again.

Is not Caesar returned in the shape of Buonaparte? The same genius, the same promptitude to concert, to execute great plans! One is lost in guesses of what is to follow, so I never think about it, but give way to a pleasing presentiment that a *great* man is always more likely to do good than a poor pitiful character who keeps his head above water by subterfuge, falseness, & swindling tricks, or than those who reign by the help of terror.

On the other hand, she was inclined, at the outset, to be hard on Lord Wellington. "I heard to-day what Lord Wellington's ideas were of what was to be done in Spain, and to my humble concep-

tion they are a bubble-making, a plausible-sounding appearance, and must break and vanish into air."

In 1809 the jubilee of George III was celebrated; and, as we began with illusion, so we are not sorry to end with legend. The King, when disease had robbed him of that "infernal power" which the resounding Whig orators used to assail, becomes invested with an aureole of dignity and pathos:

Dark in light, exposed
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong;
In power of others, never in his own,

we forget his tyranny, even his "duplicity": he has become the "good King."

Henceforth Lady Sarah's letters are few and far between, owing more to the advance of blindness than to the decay of old age. To the last she continued thoughtful and observant, and, unlike Mrs. Thrale, who lived through much the same span, she did not find the world at the close of life so very different from what it had seemed at the beginning.

I see a good many people & do not perceive any alterations in the ways of London since almost our younger days, except in hours, in dress, & in the sanction given to unmarried women to take lead even in their parents' houses, for in many they are supposed to make the list of persons invited to dinner; thus the older people seem more in the background than they are used to be, but the same objects in society seem going on.

On looking back over the same period through the medium of these letters, we are conscious of a feeling of disappointment. When so much is said, it is surprising how little is shown. For the fact is that Lady Sarah's hearsay is not much better than that of many another would have been, less fortunately connected and placed. Not a single fresh and living touch is added to any one of the great historical portraits, except perhaps that of Charles Fox, to whom we shall return immediately. Lady Sarah seems to have set a high value on Garrick, both as an artist and as a man; but we do not see him the better for anything she says. Of Johnson, Reynolds, Sheridan, Hastings, Junius, there is not a word, and of Burke's thunder only such echoes as ring in handbooks. Even when public events are judged or discussed, we never feel that we are admitted behind the scenes. We get the gossip of a circle with

opportunities, it is true; but gossip that has lost weight and point in its passage from mouth to mouth. As the record of a high character and consistent life, the book has a real value, but more, we think, for the family than for the public. To place the letters anywhere within view of the classical masterpieces of Walpole and Miss Burney, would be manifestly unfair; but, to take a more obvious comparison, for grace of style, range and vision of events, wit, and what Sir Joshua called "knack at characters," they are vastly below the letters of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, written likewise within the Whig circle and under much the same conditions of intimacy and freedom.

To the rule of vagueness and commonplace, Fox is almost the solitary exception, for Lady Sarah watched the Rake's Progress with motherly care and interest, so much so that it would be possible to work up her scattered notices into an original and living sketch. We first hear of Fox at Eton, writing verses to his love, Lady Susan, which were sent up for good. They were then prettily translated by another boy, and duly forwarded to the lady whom they concerned. He early developed and cultivated a pretty wit, for, when Mr. Bunbury went on a visit to Woburn, leaving his wife behind at Holland House, Mr. Fox was facetious at the expense of the "widow," as she was called. He then falls violently in love with the Duchess of Hamilton, who was one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, and conquers his indolence so far as to ride out to see her. But the effect of it all seems to have been sobering and improving, for "he is now quite manly, and is very much liked. He is a sweet boy, and I hope will continue as amiable as he is." In Paris, where we next hear of him, he had made up his mind to fall in love with a noted beauty, Mademoiselle Coislin; but, being actually captivated by someone else, he conducted the business on the generous principle of share and share alike. To Lady Sarah it seemed as if the double enterprise would tax the resources of a beginner. "I told him he was too young for such scheemes & would fail in both, but he trusted to the ladies' characters, & I believe he may succeed." Passing over an intercalary passion for a "Mrs. Burrer'd," for whom he appears to have sighed at a distance, we come to the sad case of Lady Holland's will. By that harsh instrument Charles Fox's natural expectations were cruelly disappointed; but it seems that, though he afterwards called himself a very pains-

taking man, Lady Holland might have done better, if he, for once, had taken more pains.

I make no doubt but that if Charles had shewn her that attention he *ought* to have had, her affection for him would have remained as great as ever, but can one expect any mortal to excuse his intollerable negligence? I don't love him a bit the less for it because I know it's *the nature of the beast*, as my poor sister used to say, & I know him to be as capable of friendship & to have as good a heart as it's possible, but I can never wonder at anybody who is angry with him.

In 1780 Fox, in consequence of a parliamentary dispute, fought a duel with a Scotchman named Adam. The affair made a great noise at the time, for there were many who suspected and asserted that the perfervour of his antagonist was more like that of an assassin than that of a gentleman privileged and accustomed to wear a sword. However, Lady Sarah's unfailing good sense kept her in a moderate course.

I accuse you of violence in what you said of Charles Fox's duel, for I really think that the word assassination is not just, & does Charles harm; that Mr Adams is a fool, a weak, unsteady man, who knew not what his honour required or did not require, is certain, & surely Charles' generous treatment of him would lose much of its merit if one looks on the man as an assassin, or that Charles' friends call him so, for the generosity ceases if he gives him his life and takes away his character.

In 1782 Lord Rockingham died, and the King appointed Lord Shelburne First Lord of the Treasury. "Charles Fox flew out into a violent passion and resigned." For this he was, and has been since, much blamed; but we believe that whatever side-currents of influence may have played upon him, he had taken the true measure of the man with whom he ever afterwards resolutely declined to co-operate. For there was a sort of Radical duplicity of temperament about Malagrida, "not made occasionally but as intended first." Whatever is proposed, such a man knows of a more excellent way, but on somewhat higher ground; and, if it can only be followed behind the backs of his colleagues, so much the better. For example:

Ld George Cavendish told me that Lord Shelburne used to say to Lord F. Cavendish & Charles, "I have been with the King & I am not at liberty to tell the particulars, but you will find everything settled in the most satisfactory manner." This he said on all occasions.

As he begins with superiority, so he ends with impunity, that is, he contrives to evade his share of the hard knocks with which fortune occasionally visits mere average endeavour. If revolution, for example, comes to the point of killing the King, it was a higher innocuous kind of revolution that was talked about and recommended. If the abolition of Christianity is proposed or attempted, it was Deism without drawbacks that was always really meant, or freethought in fruitful union with superstition. Malagrida belonged, in fact, to a type with which we have nowadays grown more familiar in other phases, the type of the parliamentary umpire, who invariably gives his own side out, earning thereby a settled reputation for "righteousness" with the opposite party. When Goldsmith, with that amiable *naïveté* which so inimitably distinguished him, said to Lord Shelburne, "I wonder they should call your lordship Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good man," he came to the point more closely than he knew, for there precisely lies the humour of it. Green the historian, writing to Freeman, said, "Sir Henry Vane was a good man, but it seems to me that it is good men who mostly bring about the evil of the world."

A statesman often betrays his character by what he turns to out of office. One wrote novels, another fortified the already impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture, while a third has been known to find comfort in the solitude and peace of bucolic pursuits. Charles Fox certainly made a free use of his enforced leisure and liberty. In fact, his behaviour was so marked as to provoke Lady Sarah to one of the few sallies of wit that are here written for our learning:

I hear that Charles saunters about the streets, & brags that he has not taken a pen in hand since he was out of place. *Pour se désennuyer* he lives with Mrs Robinson, goes to Sadler's Wells with her, & is all day figuring away with her. I long to tell him he does it to show that he is superior to Alcibiades, for *his* courtezan forsook him when he was unfortunate, and Mrs Robinson takes *him* up.

We assist at the short-lived triumph of the India Bill, which preluded twenty years' exile of Opposition. Lady Sarah called Fox "the greatest minister this country is likely to produce," while Princess Amélie declared in the same strain, "This country is ruined, unless such a great man governs it."

In the heat of the struggle for Catholic Emancipation in Ireland

he is shown to us "resisting from his noble height of principle all temptation to fall into mean power and adulation." Lady Sarah implies that his principles were too large and lofty for him to succeed as a mere minister. She might have added that, with him as minister, they were large and lofty enough to ruin his country. This was indeed the weak point of Whiggery. Rhetorically meant for mankind, in practice it was apt to profit the enemy.

Later we hear of the promotion of Mrs. Armistead to the state of matrimony, with the remark of Lord Fitzwilliam:

Charles Fox's marriage was just then *sur le tapis*, & Lord Fitzwilliam said to my sister that all things considered he was glad of it, for that it would be much *less* disadvantage to Charles to be seen with his *wife* than his mistress.

When he at length emerged from his retreat, to sacrifice, as some of his friends thought, a part of his fame to a changed King, party, and country, the hand of death was already upon him. The last scene at Chiswick is described in a few touching pages from the diary of Mrs. Fox, which form a valuable supplement to the classical account of Trotter.

Far more valuable, as a contribution to political history, than anything in the letters themselves, is the memoir of the first Lord Holland describing the circumstances of the death of George II and the accession of George III. On the death of the old King it was at once plain to all concerned that the new *régime* portended sweeping changes; the old servants and the new order had to take stock of one another. On the one hand, a young King in the shadow of a favourite whose influence was all the more dreaded in that it was personal and irregular; on the other, a ministry of middling men, cowed, even when unconvinced, by a superb dictator. At this juncture Lord Holland writes:

All sorts of people, great and little, friends and enemys, conspired in saying and insisting that the D. of Newcastle's remaining where he was was absolutely necessary. Strange, that unless a worthless and a silly and an ignorant man is at the head of the state it cannot flourish.

It seems, however, from a memoir of the Duke of Devonshire, that the first impulse to retain the Duke of Newcastle came from the King himself and Bute.

The Duke of Newcastle told me he had had a long conference with him [Lord Bute], the purport of which was that the King thought him to be the properest person to be at the Head of the Treasury, and wished that he would continue there, and he, Lord Bute, made great professions of supporting him and acting in consort with him. The Duke replied that he was much obliged to H. M^y and to his Lordship, that he was now very old, that it was high time for him to retire from Business, and that he begged to be excused, and said the same to the King, who replied, "That must not be." He asked my opinion: I said that as a friend merely to the Duke of Newcastle, I should advise him to adhere to that opinion; at the same time as a Friend to the public I should certainly advise him to continue, that I thought he owed it to his Friends and the Whig Party who would be broken to pieces and turned adrift.¹

The Duke of Devonshire feared that if the Duke of Newcastle were got rid of the Whig party might break up, for Pitt's sense of the difference between Whig and Tory was by no means acute; while, on his own account, Pitt felt that his measures would be safer with Newcastle, accustomed to the demands and methods of a war policy, at the Treasury.

The great day of the opening of Parliament approached, and a Committee, called by Lord Holland a *conciliabulum*, met to frame the text of the King's speech.

The first [meeting] for making the speech consisted (Ld Holderness being ill and absent, which does not much signify to any *conciliabulum*) of four only, Duke of Newcastle, E. of Bute, E. of Hardwicke, and Mr. Sec^y Pitt. They went through, and settled it. When Mr Pitt said there must be some mention made of Militia, D. of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke oppos'd it: Lord Bute declared on Pitt's side. When this was known, D. of Devonshire was violent, & said he would protest against it & oppose the address, & it was hard to make a man give up his opinion, which he could not do, or appear against the first address to the King.

This is the Duke of Devonshire's own account of the matter:

The Duke of Newcastle sent to me to give me an account of what passed the night before. There met Lords Hardwicke, Bute, Mr. Pitt & himself. It was agreed that the first should draw up the speech. They went through all the different parts that were to compose it without any difference of opinion, till at the close, Mr Pitt said that the Militia must be included in

¹ Devonshire House MSS.

the speech. Lord Bute agreed with him, and the other two opposed it. Pitt was very calm in what he said, but remained firm, and they parted without coming to any agreement. I told the Duke of Newcastle that I thought it very ill-judged in anybody to desire it, that for my part everybody knew I was against the Militia in my opinion, and therefore I should, if I was called to counsel when the King's speech was read, enter my protest against it. Mr. Pitt spoke to me afterwards. I told him it was very wrong to mention any subject in his speech that was a point of controversy, that it was even begging a debate upon a day that every man who wished well must desire should pass with unanimity, and was putting those that were against the Militia under a cruel dilemma, that I had taken as much pains, and gone as far to keep things quiet as any man could do, but convinced as I was of the danger of perpetuating the Militia, I could neither in honour or conscience come into a measure of this sort. He said that though he differed with me upon the utility of the measure, yet he should be very desirous of accommodation; that he had proposed the inserting it in the speech with a view to keep things quiet, and as a means to prevent more being asked on the point than he thought those who were against it could be brought to consent to; that he had declared that the expressions should be measured carefully; that surely I could not be against thanking the gentlemen that had served, as I would not deny the utility they had been of. I answered "no," but why take that day to do it and spoil the unanimity? I added that probably, as there was a new reign, some notice must be taken of keeping it out, if so, let there be a message, and then it might fairly be debated.¹

The Militia clause, draughted in the large handwriting of the great Commoner, is still preserved at Devonshire House, but Lord Hardwicke induced him to lower the tone, and the subject was finally disposed of in the corner of a paragraph. Nevertheless, it is interesting to note that, as appears from another passage in the Duke of Devonshire's memoir, the King, if left to himself, would have gone at least as far as Pitt. "Pitt told me that when he showed the King the words in the speech about the Militia, he said he wished they had been stronger, but saw the necessity of acquiescing."

There was great consternation when the King delivered a paper with the famous sentence in his own words and his own hand: "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Britain." The Duke of Newcastle wrote to the Duke of Devonshire:

¹ Devonshire House MSS.

I this moment receive, to my great surprise and concern, the enclosed answer from my Lord Bute, and a paper wrote in the King's own hand. Sure this is a most extraordinary proceeding, and can't last in this shape. I suppose we must submit to the King's own words in his own speech. Pray observe the remarkable word "Britain"; that discovers something.

In this effacement of the predominant partner it was only natural to suspect the hand of the favourite, though many years afterwards the King claimed the idea as entirely his own. Lord Holland continues:

On Tuesday Novr 18, the King open'd the Parliament. He was much admired, but thought to have too much studied action, & it was observed that he laid the accent on the first syllable of *állys* and *révenues*, which is after the Scotch pronunciation.

The King's peculiarities of pronunciation, which are here ascribed to the strong contagion of the Scotch, were more probably caught from Quin the actor, whose method of declamation is known to have been peculiar, and who boasted on this very occasion that he "taught the boy to speak."

Lord Holland's account of his peerage, and of the difficulties that beset the uphill path of his ambition, is a frank display of character. It shows him on the same level as Bubb Dodington—*tout pour la trippe*. Equally frank is his handling of the question of those monstrous gains at the Pay Office, which were afterwards brought up in judgment against both father and son as ill-gotten.

The sudden and great rise of stocks has made me richer than ever I intended or desir'd to be. Obloquy generally attends money so got, but with how much reason in all cases let this simple account of my gains shew. The Government borrows money at 20 per cent. *disct.* I am not consulted or concern'd in making the bargain. I have as Pay Master great sums in my hands, which, not applicable to any present use, must either lye dead in the Bk, or be employ'd by me. I lend this to the Government in 1761. A peace is thought certain. I am not in the least consulted, but my very bad opinion of Mr. Pitt makes me think it will not be concluded; I sell out, & gain greatly. In 1762 I lend again; a peace comes, in which again I am not consulted, & I again gain greatly.

The best of these pages is the light they throw upon that animosity, unbridled and indiscriminate, against Pitt which Lord Holland bequeathed to his son as a ready-made weapon against

another Pitt. Some years after the time of this memoir, the Duke of Grafton, in allusion to a speech made by Lord Chatham at a Cabinet council, said, "It made us all feel how small we were." Henry Fox, on the contrary, felt in no sense diminished by the side of Pitt. That he resented his genius and mistook his aims, goes without saying; what is more remarkable is his attitude as a Whig towards the popular basis of Pitt's influence.

Pitt . . . attends to that nonsensical thing, undeserv'd popularity with the dregs of the people; & is afraid lest his health should not be drank on Ormond Key & Smock Alley by popish feagues and beggars.

Lastly, when Pitt fell, Lord Holland—who was of those who took short views of things—opined that he would never rise again, and predicted, with that confidence in posterity which the small share with the great, that when his own memoir came to be read, it would be an "allowed truth that Mr. Pitt, who has made so great a figure these four years, was what Lord Winchilsea four years ago said he was, a very silly fellow."

It is obvious, on the other hand, that Pitt must have sorely tried the temper, both of the King and of his colleagues. A genuine dictator, able, as Johnson put it, to set the State in motion, he exalted power above prestige, and treated middling men, even of the highest rank, with no more than a moderate share of deference and consideration. "The King's aversion to Pitt grew stronger every day; he disliked his popular notions and his principles."¹ The Duke of Newcastle writes to Lord Hardwicke in the same strain: "I have had long conversations with the King, Lord Bute, and Mr. Pitt, the last as bad, as unjust, as hostile, and as impracticable as possible." Though many, like the Duke of Devonshire, were convinced that neither war nor peace could be made without him, Pitt's wavering attitude on the subject of Lord Bute was another cause of perplexity. At one time, as we see from the following passage, Pitt drew a sharp distinction between the function of a favourite and that of a minister:

The Duke of Newcastle saw Mr. Pitt the day before, told him that he was unacquainted with what was doing, and didn't imagine His Grace was much more informed, that there had been often favourites, but that the

¹ Devonshire House MSS.

nation would never suffer them to be both favourites and ministers, instanc'd King William, as great a Prince as ever fill'd the throne, had favourites, D. Portland and Lord Albemarle, but then they confined themselves within the circle of the court, and didn't interfere as ministers; but in the present case, not to lay any stress on the country he belongs to, it would never be borne, and he for one would never consent to lend a helping hand to make him one.

But when it was proposed that Bute should be drawn out into the open as a responsible minister, then it turned out that Pitt "would never have anything to do with Lord Bute as a minister, and that he would not go on if he could have no access to the King but through Lord Bute."

In short, matters had come to the same pass in England as in Germany not so many years ago. In both cases a young King, accustomed to flattery, and with a high sense of his mission and his prerogative, confronts an old statesman, accustomed to rule, and with an equally high sense of his genius and his services. The issue was neither so definite nor so dramatic in England as in Germany, but it was of the same kind.

The thanks of the reader, and of all students, are specially due to Lord Stavordale, whose knowledge and pains have cleared an easy way through the allusions with which the letters are thickly set. At one point only—and that a small one—we seemed to go astray. Lord Stavordale accuses Walpole—who relates that Lady Sarah used to appear in the garden at Holland House "in a fancied habit making hay," in order to be seen by the King as he rode by—of a love of gossip and a disposition to be smart. This is almost as if one were to complain that Socrates had a tiresome habit of asking questions; for all those—and they are most readers of English—who love Walpole's gossip, will exclaim, *felix culpa*; while to say that he had a "disposition to be smart" is to admit the least of the truth. Walpole undoubtedly aimed at being witty, but it is also true that he generally hits. Among those that sparkle deliberately and by profession, he draws a blank as rarely as any; and we only regret that his awful example should so effectually have deterred Lord Stavordale from sharing the risks of the same attempt. Pending a denial from those who should know, we see nothing unlikely in the incident, and we confess that the lengths to which Leigh Hunt's disposition carried him seem to us far more

outrageous; for he did not scruple to suggest that Lady Sarah was the original Lass of Richmond Hill, and that George III wrote the ballad.

The two volumes have been lavishly adorned with photogravures, most of them from familiar pictures, but of the company of Sir Joshua's ladies, with their old-world air of breeding and grace, we never tire.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE CORONATION¹

[1902: AET. 39]



O-DAY Westminster Abbey is in a deeper sense than ever the omphalos or navel of the Empire. It is the *punctum saliens* of the colossal organism, at which all hearts throb in unison. To-day witnesses the crowning of Edward VII with what is now the oldest crown in Europe since the ancient Monarchy of France went down in a storm. The fact that the King of England should still be anointed—as if the crozier were mightier than the sword—and acclaimed—as if instead of being established by Act of Parliament he were elected by the popular voice—is at once an epitome of, and a commentary on, the facts and the spirit of English history. For example, it brings into high relief the distinction between the English and the French character. The French, patient of power, even of tyranny, but ruthlessly logical when driven face to face with a clear issue. The English, impatient of control, jealous, as Disraeli long ago pointed out, of the depositary of power, when any real power exists; but pleased to cherish the symbol if and on condition that it contains no substance.

So imposing and unparalleled a masque of the Middle Ages demands an unique theatre; and unique it is. Just as the King of France was crowned at Rheims, not at Paris, so the King of England is not crowned in the great church of his capital. As a rule the Saxon Kings had been crowned either at Winchester or in St. Paul's; it was with the determination of Duke William of Normandy to be crowned by the grave of the Confessor, the last hereditary Saxon King, that the permanent association of the abbey with the Coronation begins. Richard I was crowned twice, once at Westminster,

¹ "Morning Post," August 9, 1902.

and again after his return from captivity, at Winchester. Henry III is the solitary instance of a king crowned apart from Westminster, and even he took the precaution of being crowned for the second time at Westminster. It was on this occasion that the King asked Hugh Grosseteste, the celebrated Bishop of Lincoln, what change was wrought in a King by the anointing. The bishop returned an evasive reply, taking care, however, to add that the effect of the rite was by no means to raise the kingly to an equality with the priestly state. Almost every Coronation ceremony has been marked by some incident, giving it a unique character. The white robes of Charles I, the crown tottering on the head of James II and steadied by Henry Sidney, the falling of the emerald from the crown of George III, all these circumstances took on an ominous character in the reflected light of subsequent events.

Turning to the fabric itself it must be confessed that architecturally the abbey is inferior both inside and out to several of the great French churches. Its overwhelming impression is the outcome less of its form than of the spirit which pervades it. It is no exception to the rule that a Gothic building seems rather to grow than to be made. It occupies the site of a chapel dedicated by Siebert to St. Peter. On this site a church was afterwards erected by King Edward about 980; but, the Danes having demolished the church, Edward the Confessor founded the original of our present abbey in 1065. The building was, of course, in the Norman style, and a quaint representation of it can still be seen on the Bayeux Tapestry. Of the Confessor's building only a few relics survive, such as the Pyx house and the south side of the cloisters. The Norman church was demolished in its turn by Henry III to make room for the splendid building which he began in 1220. It was in his reign that the abbey first assumed the form with which we are familiar, and the reign of Edward I saw it practically complete. Henry VII removed the Lady Chapel of Henry III to make way for his own magnificent chapel, while, lastly, the two western towers, the most conspicuous external feature, were added in the style of a very different period by Sir Christopher Wren. More striking even than the stately lines of the fabric itself are the monuments, which, of all periods and in all styles, crowd the church, and give it its familiar unique appearance. Many wish them away, even of those whose archaism is only relative, who, while blaming one period

because it lacked the qualities, real or imaginary, of another, forget that the purest taste of all is that for the prehistoric, and that the Twentieth Century has no more right to sit in judgment on the abbey which inspired the meditations of Addison and Johnson than had Johnson and Addison to criticise the Church of the Confessor and Henry III as an outcome of the Dark Ages.

In point of fact, the monuments, taken together in all their multifarious incongruity, are the most English thing in the abbey. They express and explain that stubborn continuity which has managed better here than anywhere else to hold out under the strain of a thousand years of vicissitude. As a temple of silence the abbey stands by no means alone. It is visibly unique as a temple of reconciliation.

The use of the abbey as the burial place for meaner dust than that of Kings only gradually grew. Hugolin, the Confessor's Chamberlain, had been buried in the cloisters, but it is in the reign of Richard II that such interments in the church itself first begin to be frequent. The tombs of Courtney (Bishop of Norwich) and Lewis Robsart (the King's standard-bearer) recall the heroic memories of Henry V and Agincourt. In the reign of Elizabeth the abbey begins to assume the character that it has borne ever since of a temple of fame, summed up in Nelson's historical exclamation, "A Peerage or Westminster Abbey."

The great Lord Burleigh lies at Stamford, but he appears at Westminster on the monument to his wife and daughter in the kneeling posture which duly edified Sir Roger.

Of all the earlier monuments none is probably better known than the tomb of Sir Francis Vere, of the "fighting" family of that name. Four kneeling knights support the arms of the dead man, and it is of one of these that Roubiliac is said to have exclaimed: "Hush! he will speak directly!" Blake the admiral, who may be said to have founded the naval supremacy of England, was buried by command of the Protector in Henry VII's chapel, and it is interesting to find the Royalist Clarendon anticipating the sentiment of Nelson: "To encourage his officers to venture their lives, that they might be pompously buried, he was, with all solemnity possible, interred in Harry the Seventh's Chapel, among the monuments of the Kings." The pompous monument of the Cavendish Duke of Newcastle and his high-flying spouse is the climax rather

of a great pose than of a great career; Marlborough lies at Blenheim, and Howe was the first of a long line of warriors to be buried in St. Paul's. Wolfe was buried at Greenwich; but his sumptuous monument in the abbey recalls to posterity the fame of his achievements and his untimely death.

Chatham was buried in the north transept, where ever since the statesmen have found a resting-place over against the poets in the opposite "corner." "High over these venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes." The younger Pitt was buried in his father's vault, and Fox lies close by.

Still it is in Poet's Corner that the visitor to the abbey loves most to linger. Washington Irving says: "A kinder and fonder feeling takes the place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions." It seems to have been the magnetic dust of Chaucer, the first warbler, that gathered the poets together in this corner, and yet, in characteristically English fashion, he owed the honour of burial in the abbey less to his genius than to the fact that for some twenty months he held the office of the Clerk of the Works in the Palace of Westminster. The present tomb, however, is not contemporary. It was erected in 1551 by a certain Nicholas Brigham, himself a poet. Spenser was the first to join him, and then Beaumont, and when Shakespeare died in the following year it was expected that he would be gathered to his brethren:

Rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakespeare in your threefold fourfold tomb.

However, he lies at Stratford undisturbed. Ben Jonson was buried in the nave, and, according to the tradition, in an upright posture. Dryden, in spite of his Catholicism, was buried close to Chaucer; in fact, according to Pepys, in his very grave, and Matthew Prior lies, by his own request, at the feet of Spenser.

Milton's name was naturally under a cloud during the merry time of the Royalist reaction, when, as Johnson put it, "regicides

could no longer boast their wickedness." Dean Sprat refused to sanction even so much as an incidental mention of him in the epitaph of Phillips, but under Atterbury's *régime* the void was filled. Posterity will perhaps demand that Byron should be commemorated in the church which has already admitted the bust of Burns in irrelevant proximity to Shakespeare.

It was in Westminster Abbey, then, some weeks ago, that the King was to have been the centre of an Imperial pageant, without its like in history—a true *roi soleil*. "Remember, Caesar, that thou art mortal" was whispered to the great Roman on the occasion of his supreme triumph. Thoughts like this might possibly have occurred to some, but no one was prepared for the appalling intelligence that the King was nigh unto death, that the summons which must come to every man was audible and imminent. The character of our celebration has changed, and the note is one of thanksgiving rather than of triumph. In the curtailed ceremony there will be less of pomp, but perhaps more of prayer. For the second time in his career the King has been *felix opportunitate morbi*. To-day will see him "anointed with the oil of gladness—above his fellows."

LETTERS AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS IN THE LIBRARY AT WELBECK¹

[1903: AET. 39]



HE letters and other documents here catalogued are a selection from the different strata of the Portland archives arranged and exhibited in the great library at Welbeck.

If the calendars prepared by the Historical Manuscript Commission may be said to show what Welbeck has contributed to English history, our object has been rather to trace the course of English history as it has passed over Welbeck.

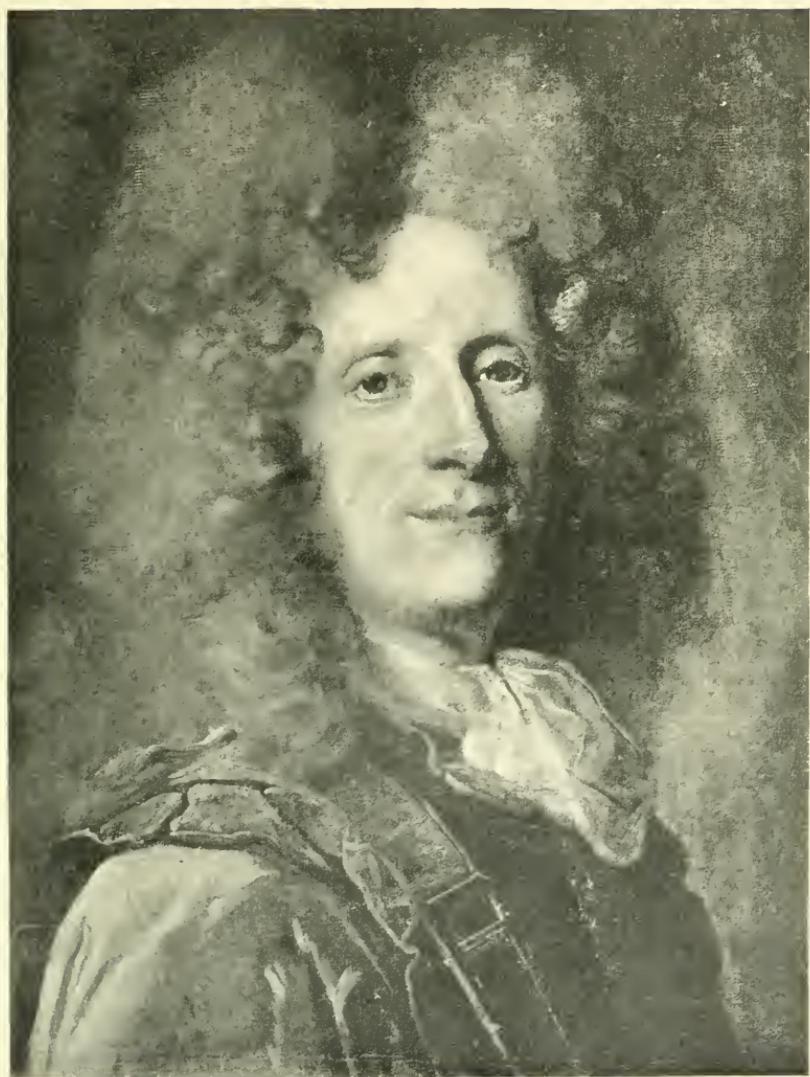
The papers of the first Earl and third Duke of Portland have not yet been dealt with by the Commission, so in these cases the choice of the compiler was limited by nothing but considerations of space. On the other hand, the Cavendish and Harley collections have already yielded up the most and the best of their treasures, so that this part of the series, though still vivid and suggestive, represents but very imperfectly the wealth and interest of the collection as a whole.

The interesting "Catalogue of the Library of Titchfield Abbey,"² and kindred documents, carry us back to those monastic beginnings out of which, *per tot discrimina rerum*, so many titles of nobility have flowered. The manuscript "Lives of the Saints," chiefly English, in French verse, several of which are unpublished and presumably unique, was probably acquired by the second Earl of Oxford, who, as it appears, carried the zeal of an amateur to the length of bargaining for rare books and manuscripts out of college libraries.

¹ "A Catalogue of Letters and other Historical Documents exhibited in the Library at Welbeck," compiled by S. Arthur Strong, M.A. London, 1903.

² "Calendar of Portland MSS." (Historical MSS. Commission), pp. 1-4.

PLATE XXII.



WILLIAM, FIRST EARL OF PORTLAND. SKETCH BY RIGAUD

IN THE LOUVRE.

Case II is entirely devoted to the first Earl and his period, from his arrival in England to negotiate the fateful marriage to his retirement in dudgeon from the service of his master. He is the bearer of the Prince's hypocritical offer of assistance in the suppression of Monmouth's rising, which William had secretly favoured and promoted until the issue had declared itself in the sense contrary to his hopes.

Following Portland to Paris on his splendid embassy in 1698, we are introduced into the very midst of the courtly throng that still lives and moves in the pages of St. Simon: in fact we are privileged to hear what are in all probability the very words of Portland's address to the great king. The ambassador imposed himself with the happiest results on high and low; for whereas in England society was apt to be critical, if not scornful, of his Batavian graces, in France he passed for a perfect cavalier. The Marshals of France write in terms of friendship and confidence, though Villars, perhaps the ablest of all, is conspicuous by his absence. The Duc de Boufflers, whose epigrams were as keen as his sword, acknowledges the present of a horse; and the incompetent Duc de Villeroi returns thanks for Portland's kind condolences on his misfortune at Cremona, which was more like what might have happened to Don Quixote than an incident of *la grande guerre*. The mad Prince de Condé, like Anacreon, tries no martial themes, but confines himself in his long friendly letter to the cares of his house and garden.

Meanwhile at St. Germain there was another Court which derived a pale lustre from the countenance of *le roi soleil*. We have the last letter despatched by James II to the Prince of Orange before the break up and flight in 1688; the futile proclamation of "this poor prince," as Prior called him, in 1693, and the authorized French translation of his memoirs, signed and sealed by the Queen.

Even if the fact were not well known, the remarkable letter from Godolphin would show that the King had promoted and rewarded Portland in the face of law and custom, and consequently at the risk of his own popularity; but the time came when the favourite saw or fancied himself superseded. From the letters that passed between them it is clear that the rupture was inevitable; but the style is vague and allusive, and we learn nothing for

certain except that the feelings of the writers were highly excited. The retirement of Portland after so long a spell of the sunshine of royal favour seems to have created hardly less of a sensation at home and abroad than the dismissal of Marlborough some years later. The Duc de Villeroi speaks of Portland's glorious separation from affairs; the Duke of Shrewsbury, William's "King of Hearts," assures him that no change of wind in high quarters will affect his personal regard; and the Princess Palatine writes a long letter full of her accustomed good humour and good sense. After the death of William, Portland, though retired, was not neglected. He is kept informed from the inner circle of the state of public affairs, and Marlborough announces to him the victories of Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet.

In Case III we have the relics of the great Duke of Newcastle, of whom Welbeck is still redolent, though it has changed hands since his day, and lost the character that he knew.

He appears as poet, statesman, and cavalier. The treatise on government, which was discovered in London,¹ should be welcome to students of the period. It does not seem to have had any effect upon the policy of Charles II, with whom, by the way, the influence of Hyde had supplanted that of his old tutor. Moreover, the problem was perhaps too complicated for such a rough-and-ready application of common sense. But the conclusions are worthy noting as those of a shrewd observer, with a truly English contempt for theory and acquainted with affairs in all their vicissitudes.

Hobbes, in his well-meant treatise on the motions of a horse, hardly appears to advantage. It is difficult to imagine what can have been the effect of such an irrelevant superfluity of reasoning upon the great horseman, who had convinced himself that "practice does everything in this world"; in fact, the sage on the high horse resembles the tailor in "Gulliver's Travels," who measured his man with the help of a sextant and other mathematical instruments.

The letters in Case IV have been chosen to illustrate Harley's activity during the period of his greatest power. He shows real capacity in his exposition to Zinzendorff of the reasons which

¹ [Discovered by Mr. Strong in the muniment room of the Duke of Portland's solicitors. It is the rough corrected draft in Newcastle's own hand for the fair copy by a clerk, which is preserved at the Bodleian.—ED.]

compelled the withdrawal of England from a war of which the burden had become ruinous, and which had reached a phase in which it only served Continental interests. Albion is always *perfidie* when she is not a simpleton, and this naturally vexed the Imperial Chancellor and Prince Eugène, who would doubtless have been better content with a statesman of our modern breed. The recently discovered letters of Prior have a high value,¹ not historical only, but as a pleasant sign of the footing of intimacy and cordiality on which Matt stood with his patron. They show, moreover, that he was a diplomatist in fact as well as in name, and that in momentous discussion his was a real and independent influence. The letters as a whole should be read side by side with those addressed to Harley on the same subject by John Drummond, published in the fifth volume of the Commissioners' Report.

The long letter from Swift in Case V was published in Scott's "Life"; but as there are few specimens more characteristic of the writer's sinister genius, it seemed worth while to print an amended text with the answer of the second Earl of Oxford. Prior's Diary is a new discovery. It is unfortunately very incomplete; but even so it sheds not a few sidelights upon history, while the episode of his quarrel with the Duchess of Marlborough is a lively and finished picture.

It was a disappointment to the compiler to find that the correspondence of Mrs. Delany's Duchess had almost entirely disappeared. None of the immense mass of letters that must have been addressed to her seem to have survived, while of her own composition there are only a few of no great general interest addressed to her son, afterwards the third Duke, when a boy at Westminster School.

On the other hand, one of the most important of the discoveries that have recently been made at Welbeck, is that of the political correspondence of the third Duke,² which until quite recently was supposed and asserted to have been destroyed. The remaining Cases are devoted to a selection from this correspondence. The papers are exclusively political. There is nothing, for example, from Dr. Burney, who was often at Bulstrode, where he could freely

¹ [These were discovered by Mr. Strong, along with the "Diary," in the muniment room of the Duke of Portland's solicitors in London.—ED.]

² [Re-discovered by Mr. Strong.—ED.]

discuss his favourite topic, not excepting the most recent developments of Haydn, with the Duke who was an accomplished amateur.

The Duke took his first steps in public life as a Rockingham Whig, under the fussy but benevolent supervision of the old Duke of Newcastle, out of the abundance of whose almost daily effusions it was embarrassing to choose, and with the gigantic figure of the elder Pitt in full view on the opposite side.

The grant of the Forest of Inglewood is illustrated in detail. Its consequence seriously affected the Duke's financial situation; it concentrated the opposition of the Rockingham group to the otherwise and essentially objectionable Lord Bute; and it furnished some of his most resounding thunderbolts to Junius. In fact, so markedly did Junius make the Duke's cause his own, that the Duke himself, "one of the best letter-writers in England," was at one time suspected of being the substantial figure behind the *nominis umbra*.

The American war runs its inglorious course down to the death and funeral of Chatham, and the Rockingham Whigs, as becomes true friends to the enemy, mourn in concert over the ruins of their country.

Case VIII contains a few letters of naval heroes that are shown as autographs and what may seem to be a needlessly copious selection from the correspondence of George III. It seemed, however, worth while to show the extent and variety of the business which passed through the Duke's hands, and the cordiality and confidence with which he was regarded by the King. It will be noticed that it was the King's habit to date his letters to the minute; but readers of Wraxall will remember a psychological moment when this punctilio was omitted.

In Case IX there are some autographs of the ladies—with the beautiful Duchess and another at the two extremes—who lend so much of its uniquely picturesque character to the stage of eighteenth-century politics. Mrs. Crewe's letter shows that no strength of attachment to the person of Fox prevented her from freely criticising his public conduct. Of the letters of Burke, the longest and weightiest has long since found its own place in the orator's published works; still as an autograph relic it seemed too important to omit. The long letter of condolence is conspicuous for the defects of Burke's qualities. He said, and said truly, of Reynolds, that he

seemed to have descended upon portraiture from a higher plane. He himself might be said to have descended upon his topics from the empyrean, but with results that as literature and logic are not always so happy as the splendid conventions of the painter. In the present case it is set forth with all the abundance of that "perpetual stream" that Providence, determined to chastise a backsliding and perverse generation, began by removing Lord Richard Cavendish!

The letters of William Pitt touch the main points of policy, but in the common style of business, and with no personal quality of thought or phrase.

In 1808 we take leave of the Duke of Portland, for the second time Prime Minister, but nominally rather than effectually at the head of affairs. The old Whig, who with Rockingham and Burke had lamented the eclipse of England's glory through the independence of America, is now the colleague of the man who was to call the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.

The portrait of the first Earl of Portland, given as frontispiece to this Catalogue, was identified by the compiler in the Louvre, where it is called simply "portrait of a man." It is the sketch, probably all that the artist did from life, for the imposing full-dress portrait of the Earl at Welbeck, in which the peace envoy is represented in full armour, holding the bâton of command, with scarf blown out by fame, and invincible wig.

WARREN HASTINGS'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS IMPEACHMENT¹

[1903: AET. 40]

URKE and Warren Hastings stand out in English history as the two most complete and imposing embodiments of opposite principles of politics—the principle of morality, with or without a basis in some sort of resounding philosophy of history and man, the principle, in short, that the State has a conscience like any Nonconformist; and the opposite persuasion that statecraft is the application and balance of forces that are more akin to natural causes than to the specifically human impulses and emotions—forces which it is possible to adjust within limits, but impossible to initiate or to destroy.

Recent events have disclosed once more and excited the old antagonism of ideal and outlook which is summed up and symbolized in Hastings and Burke. Are we to think first of humanity or of ourselves? Are we to gather up our resources ubiquitous and heterogeneous into a unity and a system; or are men reserved to proclaim from a new text the old lesson of Greek history that Democracy is incompatible with Empire?

But as usual no problem, not even that of an expansion or subsidence, is acute enough or urgent enough to combine all sides in one view. The very word Empire, so inspiring to one sort, in others provokes the opposite feelings of disgust and dismay. It must be admitted, however, that the results of the second—the positive as distinct from the ideal—type of policy, have hitherto been the more solid and enduring. Politicians eddying or floundering in the sphere of dogmatic morality are often valued either for what they meant well or for what they might have accomplished if only facts had not been so stiff and stubborn the other way. And when they do achieve

¹ "Harper's Monthly Magazine," December, 1904. This article, written by Strong in October, 1903, was his last.

anything, recognition and gratitude are apt to come, if they come at all, from any other country than their own. Napoleon III, for example, with his amiable belief in large agglomerations and the curative virtue of congresses did more for Italy and Prussia than for France.

In the same way Burke as a practical influence is remembered for what he might have prevented in America, for what he fruitlessly endeavoured to fortify and restore in France, and lastly in the present case for the attempt to discredit and destroy one of the greatest constructive powers in English history. And if politicians of this stamp loom large in English history, that is mainly due to the accidental fact that the custom of government by debate tends to exalt the talker, and the historians naturally follow suit. Now and then a discordant note makes itself heard; but the exceptions are not more than suffice to prove the rule. To employ Mr. Gladstone's contrast, the voice of Metternich has certainly been less audible than the bark without bite, the *très bien* of Lord John Russell. If only for its rarity the following utterance of D'Israeli is worth preserving; but it is in the strange tongue of the alien who from without saw most of the game: "I have had some experience of public life, and during that time I have seen a great deal done and more pretended by what are called 'moral' means; and, being naturally of a thoughtful temperament, I have been induced to analyze what moral means are. I will tell you what I have found them to consist of. I have found them to consist of three qualities—enormous lying, inexhaustible boasting, intense selfishness." Applying this formula: Burke's charges against Warren Hastings were certainly *enormous*, and in the end the accused man was acquitted. As for boasting, the managers one and all placed themselves upon a pedestal such as in the case of most men is left to be built up by the action of time. Where human nature enters, and that is everywhere, selfishness is difficult to exclude; and it is in point to remember that the attempt of Burke and his friends to capture the whole patronage of India for their party was frustrated largely by the influence of Warren Hastings.

The impeachment of Warren Hastings has been illuminated by genius, and it has not suffered either in tone or in bulk for the absence of competing partialities. There is no occasion to re-enter the ground of details well known through the gossip of Miss Burney

and the grandiose picture of Macaulay. But the letter published here for the first time introduces a note that it is not so easy to catch for the echoes of the orators and the disputations of their backers. We have the celebrated performances of Burke and Sheridan judged at the time by Hastings himself. What he says of Sheridan is instructive over against the view of Pitt, who, it is needless to say, dragged the ancients into comparison, and of Burke, who pronounced Sheridan's to be "the true style, something between poetry and prose, but better than either"; though, with due deference to those who in the eighteenth century talked about Greek more fluently than they read it, nothing can be conceived less like, for example, Demosthenes than the true style as here guaranteed.

The letter is addressed to Thompson, who had been secretary to Hastings in India, where he remained during the seven years of the trial for the purpose of collecting petitions in favour of Hastings from the natives. It is preserved at Nostell Priory among the papers of Lord St. Oswald, by whose permission it is printed here:

Beaumont Lodge, 17th July, 1788.

MY DEAR THOMPSON

Your letters of the 18th of Decr. & 12th February have freed me from a great deal of painful anxiety on your account, & afforded me much satisfaction, though not unmixed, on my own. I am not oversanguine; and if the Rodney, wch I understand is to be the last Dispatch from Bengal of the Season, should disappoint me of the expected Testimonials, I am prepared for the Disappointment. I shall less feel its effect on my present Interests than the Baseness or Indifference of those to whom I shall impute it; as the greatest Benefits which I can derive from the successful termination of this Commission will affect me less (I think so, and am almost sure that it will) than that I shall owe it to the extended & uninfluenced attachment of a generous People, and primarily to the enthusiastic activity of genuine Friendship. To you, my dear Thompson, I acknowledge this obligation, whatever may have been the concluding events of your Exertions. I approve the caution of Lord Cornwallis. I try to suspend my Judgment on the conduct of Mr. Shore: but I cannot think with temper of the meanness of Jonathan Duncan, or the unmerited discountenance of the Zemidarry Collectors. I suspect the cause of Pranniston's Coldness, but no cause can acquit him. I almost suspect that the govt will not have chosen to be the channel of conveying ye Deeds, when they were presented. Bâyed Deed.¹

¹ This is a Persian phrase. It may be translated "one must be on the look-out."

After all what have I to do with these external memorials? I am what I am, whether the whole Universe combine to applaud or to condemn me. And though the most complete acquittal should close ye present Trial, my Reputation will still be blasted by Writers yet unborn, and will continue to be so as long as the Events which are connected with it are deemed to deserve their place in the History of this Country.

Take the following Epitome of the trial to its latest Period. It commenced on the 13th of February. On the 29th it was adjourned to the 10th of April. This is (I am told) the first Instance in the history of English Jurisprudence of an Adjournment of a Criminal Trial; and I am also told that the three last Days of this Adjournment were given as an Accommodation to such of the Lords and managers as indispensably required them for their attendance at Newmarket.

On the 10th of April the Court met, and on the 13th of last month adjourned a second Time for an indefinite period, which cannot be well shorter than six months. Thirty-five are the number of sittings. The Prosecution alone has gone no further than to the close of two articles of the charge, which consists altogether of twenty. They talk of going through one more, that entitled Presents: but I do not believe it; for it is not the Interest of the managers to let the Trial come to an End, nor perhaps does the ministry wish it. I know not why. Of the 35 days thus employed 13 were wholly consumed in long speeches, 4 by Mr. Burke in the genl. opening, 2 by Messrs. Fox and Gray in the opening of the Benares charge, 1 by Mr. Anstruther in the close of it, 2 by Adam & Pelham in ye opening of the Begum charge and four by Mr. Sheridan in closing it:—besides occasional Harangues of considerable length in the intermediate Process. Of these I will send you copies; though I think you will never bear to read them. I cannot yet send them. I have not yet seen the last myself. People admire this as a perfect model of Eloquence. Many think it turgid nonsense, and much of it if fairly reduced to writing certainly is so. If my Judgment of it may be trusted, it consisted of impudent assertions of facts which were not in proof; dull, dry & fallacious applications of the Evidence, which he magnified, and suppressed, as either served his purpose; of some Wit, but much more buffoonery; of gross Invective, & foul Language throughout; many flights of fine Imagination; much Bombast, & even unintelligible Declamation; and Patches of highly wrought Oratory, evidently got by heart, & of perfect Composition had it borne any just Relation to the subject. I can truly assure you that a few pages of the Spectator, a few Extracts from Sterne's Sentl Journey, or scraps from Bouffon, inserted at proper Intervals between the application of the Evidence to ye charge, wd compound just such a Speech as the best part of Sheridan's. Would you know the general character of all the oratory that has been exhibited on this occasion, take it in the following lines, of

wch I take it for granted you will have the Context: and they are the finest that mortal Bard has ever sung, in this species of Poetry, since Poetry was invented.

In vain have I studied the Art
With abuse to bespatter the foe,
And shoot it like mud from a cart,
With the true Ciceronian flow.

It was strange to hear a man after declaiming against me as a monster much worse than Nero or Caligula (with he not only affirmed but attempted to prove) & roaring with assumed fury at the enormities which I had committed, pass in the transition of a minute to sallies of pleasantry, put on the most comic arrangement of features, and convulse the assembly (I am sorry to say it) with laughter, his associates and their partizans who sat behind him always (as if by a signal given) first striking up the chorus. Speaking of Sir E. Impey's visit to Lucnow, notwithstanding the danger which he ran from the *pretended* rebellion in Gorookpoor, he called him, *this giddy Chief Justice*, a conceit which excited abundant mirth; and compared him in his various excursions as they were marked by the dates of the affidavits to Hamlet's Ghost running round the stage, and crying out *Swear, Swear*: closing the allusion with a grave declaration that, "he protested he was almost tempted to exclaim with the young prince in the play: *Ha! art thou there, old Truepenny?*" Do not think that I exaggerate. What I have recited is, as far as I can trust to my memory, literally true: and true it is also that this Buffoonery met with its portion, and a large one, of applause.

In one of his *purpurei panni* inserted after a declaration on the plea of State Necessity he had got by heart a few compliments to Ld. Heathfield, but his memory deserting him, he concluded it with a Bull. He admitted the plea in a case where the Hero, like an eagle seated on the summit of his rock crushed the shrubs which grew on its sides, with his Wings in the defence of her nest, *being herself unassailable*. And to ridicule the idea of the Begum's disaffection, and the rebellion excited by her influence, he called it a rebellion planned by two old women, headed by two eunuchs, & quelled by an *affidavit*. Such is modern eloquence, and there are thousands in this blessed country who prefer Sheridan's speech to the best orations of Tully or Demosthenes. In length and multitude of words it certainly went beyond all the orators of ancient or modern times; for it took up altogether fourteen hours and twelve minutes of time: and when it was finished (which was elegantly and emphatically announced by these words: "My Lords, I have done") some of his zealous Friends clapped their hands to complete the travesty of the Court into a theatre. The Lords (except Lord Loughborough & Ld. Derby) behaved with great dignity, decorum and attention. The assembly to which I have alluded consisted

of the ladies who in virtue of their rank as peeresses, & others of both sexes, who as the occasional possessors of tickets (many of which were purchased at a dear rate) in number more than a thousand on a medium of each day, eagerly crowded for admittance, & sat with patient expectation and attention, many from 7 in the morning till 5 & 6 in the evening.

Of the impression which the past process has made on the minds of the public you will be better informed by others. I am assured that it is completely for me. I know not. I have a most rooted contempt for my own countrymen, who not only bear to see the fundamental principles of the Law & Constitution openly violated to gratify the vengeance or policy of two factions in the government with the prosecution of an unprotected individual, but make his sufferings the subject of their entertainment, and the argument of convivial discourse. Had I committed murder, or excited a rebellion in the kingdom, the court must have sat from day to day till it had pronounced my Verdict, and my life would have been the forfeit of my guilt. Yet on a charge, to which the court have not the power to affix the sentence of death, I have already undergone a trial of one year, and by the rule of three, with an allowance of the same time for my defence as is taken up in the prosecution, nineteen years more remain for the close of it. The law of England presumes every man, however arraigned, to be innocent, until he is proved to be guilty, and places under the protection of its courts even the most atrocious criminals that are brought before them. Yet the Court before which I have stood has permitted such foul invectives as would be worse than death to many minds to be uttered in its presence unreproved against me, even before a single witness was called, or the charge opened to show what I had done to deserve it. Every witness, but two gentlemen who were thought too irritable for that species of provocation, was abused if he gave testimony in my favour, & blazoned with panegyric if his evidence tended to criminate me. My counsel had their share of invective, and if they were provoked to repel it were called to order, & intimations were privately given me that the Lords were much displeased at their intemperance. I am assured that if an advocate at the Old Bailey was to keep back any evidence which he knew would prove favourable to the prisoner, he would be deemed infamous by others of his profession. But the Managers of this prosecution have sent for every man that they thought capable of giving information upon the various matters of the charge, examined them in secret, treated such as would bear it with menaces, & almost with outrage, set down in the minutes only what could be used against me, suppressing whatever was deposed in my favour; and such of these only were called for examination before the court, as they knew would give testimony against me, or whose testimony they could pervert to that construction, or whom they could intimidate, as in the case of Middleton, and make his embarrassment an argument of my guilt.

Others either were not summoned at all, or summoned to attend, but never called.

But I have imperceptibly got into a boundless field of observation, & shall quit it with one conclusion, which, if I am ever put upon my defence, I think to give to my judges: that if any friend of mine shall be hereafter brought to a similar trial, I shall advise him to plead guilty to the charge, to avoid the torture of the process; since the worse punishment that the Court can inflict upon him will fall short of that which he must suffer to obtain his acquittal; and to assign that reason for his motive. The world, frivolous as the English world is, will know it to be true, & the infamy which should attend the sentence will recoil on the accusers, not with much credit reflected on the judges.

What would poor Coote have suffered, had he lived to have been placed where I have been? The three first days would have killed him. I have sustained the trial, as I hope I possess that within me which would support me with equal fortitude under any bodily torture, if the managers should require, and the Lords permit it. But I owe no acknowledgment for this to those who have put my patience to such a proof, nor are my wrongs the less for my having shown myself superior to them. I told you, Thompson, before my trial commenced that my accusers should not triumph over me. They have yet no cause, nor shall they. There is one only way in which they can make me suffer, and that is by the effects of this persecution on Mrs. H.'s health, which has been for some time very languid, and her spirits less firm than they were.

I am satisfied, my dear friend, with all that you have done, nor can I suggest a single point which remains to be done.

I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Anstey in town about two months ago. He was then well.

Mrs. Hastings desires to be kindly remembered to you. I hope you continue in peace. Happily for you the French with a despised monarch, a feeble administration, and intestine troubles, are unable to take any active measures immediately, either to embarrass our affairs, or retrieve their own. But their pompous reception of Tippoo's Embassadors, his precipitancy (if what we hear of his irruption into the Mar. frontier is true) the loss of their influence in Holland, which is not yet quite irrecoverable, all together indicate and require that they should begin speedily to exert themselves. If they do, will your governour have the virtue to despise the narrow policy of this country, and act from his own judgment of what will be necessary to its interests in India. I hope he will. If he does not, woe to him, and to you all!

Adieu, my dear friend. I have written you nothing; for I have nothing to write. As to what relates to myself, the little epitome of it which I have given you will receive in full detail from a thousand printed documents.

By the blessing of God I have one quality of a public character, that my history may be read in a Nation's eyes, and almost in the eyes of all Europe; for people write abusive pamphlets against me in France, as virulently as in England; and many that justify me in both countries do it upon the assumption of unreal facts, or of principles which I do not avow.

I am ever, my dear Thompson,

Your most affectionate friend

WARREN HASTINGS.¹

¹ The letter was discovered by Mr. Strong among Lord St. Oswald's papers at Nostell Priory.

“PATRON *VERSUS* PUBLISHER”¹


HE author has not only achieved independence—he has done more than this, he has become self-conscious and self-confident, and the hard things that in his haste he used formerly to say of patrons he is now apt to say of publishers. If Johnson, who has been quoted both in season and out of season, coupled the patron and the jail, it was Byron who wrote—on purpose to meet the eye of John Murray²—“now Barrabas was a publisher.”

I have dwelt upon this point, not with the object of bringing together both patron and publisher under one sentence of condemnation, but rather with the idea of reminding us that our sense of exaggeration in one case might warn us against possible exaggeration in the other. In spite of Byron, we none of us believe that publishers belong by nature or by profession to the tribe of Barabbas. On the contrary, more often than not, they are the surest friends and counsellors of authors. Why, then, should we continue to give currency almost as if it were a self-evident truth to Johnson’s expressions of irritation and indignation? For himself, of course, his experience being unique, was also only too real and final; but that it was not universal we can easily convince ourselves, if we reflect that Hobbes, Locke, Priestley, and Burke, would not have been what they were if they had not found patrons.

¹ *Unpublished fragment—undated.*

² [“Barrabas was a publisher” was, as a fact, not a saying of Byron, and is not to be found in any of his letters or journals. The real author was Thomas Campbell, who did not apply the expression to John Murray, but to another firm of publishers; *see* letter from John Murray in “Notes and Queries,” 7th Series, Vol. VIII, 7 September, 1889, page 193. In spite of this inaccuracy of detail, the “fragment”—itself roughly pencilled on the back of old envelopes—is printed as singularly characteristic of Strong’s turn of mind.]

One aspect of patronage has been, if not ignored, at least generally misunderstood. . . . Swift said that it was a sure sign of a genius that the dunces were down upon him. For genius in the present day this terror is much mitigated, not perhaps because dunces are less numerous, but more probably because they are less united. But formerly they were powerful enough to suppress whatever in the way of opinion or discovery they may have found unusual or inconvenient. And there is little doubt that both Locke and Hobbes might have been silenced if their work had been done in the open instead of under the shelter of patronage. Nor is it to be supposed that the advantages of this system in the cases in which it worked well, were to the credit of one side only. On the contrary, there can be little doubt that such a relation as that between Locke and Shaftesbury must have greatly contributed to the enlargement and enrichment of political thinking and to the increase of freedom and tolerance in public life.

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HISTORY OF RELIGION, PHILO-
SOPHY, AND ARCHAEOLOGY

PLATE XXIII.



ARTHUR STRONG.

CLAY MODEL FOR A BRONZE BUST BY THE COUNTESS
TEODORA GLICHEN.

HISTORY OF RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, AND ARCHAEOLOGY

MAX MÜLLER'S "SCIENCE OF THOUGHT"¹

[1888: AET. 24]

I

eaders of Professor Max Müller's works—and, in England at least, their name is legion—will perhaps open "The Science of Thought" with some feeling of curiosity. The science of language and the science of religion have been expounded by our author in lectures which, translated into many languages, have made the grand tour of the civilized world; and now, as it seems, a treatise on a third science is offered to the public. Has the professor conquered a new world late in life, and is the volume the record of his achievements? Readers whom such expectations may have induced to plunge into Professor Müller's six hundred pages are doomed to a speedy disappointment. The professor is preaching on texts which were long ago written for our learning, though they have never yet been made the basis of such continuous and copious exposition. We are familiar with the terse paradox which he sets upon his title-page, and with which, as with a magic formula, he expects to smite with sudden ruin the walls of the philosophers' stronghold. His objections to the most characteristic feature of Darwin's teaching are well known; and even Noire's theory of the origin of language has already been divulged in outline. It is, of course, impossible within the limits of a short review to give any but the most imperfect account of the Professor's wanderings through the vast fields of psychology, philo-

¹ "Athenæum," February 18th, 1888.

logy, and metaphysic; we shall confine our attention to those few points in the orbit which will enable us to determine its general form.

And first to those who are terrified by the statement in the preface—if at this time of day anybody is terrified by a threatened revolution in "philosophy"—the statement that "there is no such thing as intellect, understanding, mind and reason," we have this consolation to offer, that what the professor withholds with one hand he bestows with the other. These venerable terms are consigned by Professor Max Müller, as so much mythology, to the limbo where mythology should be. But his readers soon discover that in the stead of *ignotum*, which he has abolished, the author sets up *ignotius* in the shadowy form of a monon conscious of itself and of the impacts made upon it by other mona. As Lagrange said on a certain famous occasion, "C'est une belle hypothèse; ça explique beaucoup de choses!"

We cordially agree with Professor Müller that the Sanskrit term *antah karana* would be the most appropriate expression for the other or inner side of experience, call it mental or what you will. What goes on within commits us to no mythological assumption as to how it goes on within, or who sets it going within. But—seeing that all we know of the mind is that it is a series of perceptions—a monon upon which its fellows impinge, which vibrates, which rejoices in the godlike knowledge not only of itself, but what is other than itself, is no more likely to withstand the application of positive criticism than the time-honoured fictions which Professor Müller discredits. In fact, thinkers of a certain school would be inclined to recognize in it only the latest immigrant from the metaphysical Nephelokokkugia.

With respect to the cardinal idea of "The Science of Thought," it is difficult to represent fairly what the professor's teaching actually is. On p. 56 thought is declared to be impossible without words, while as early as p. 51 the important admission is made that thoughts may exist without words, because other signs may take the place of words. The professor can hardly suppose that a deaf mute, for instance, is endowed with thought by the gestures which he learns to imitate. What the deaf mute learns is not to think, but to express his thoughts. If his mind were not already stored with concepts—rudimentary, no doubt, or, as we ought to say, perhaps, if

the monon within were not already in a state of vibration set up by the impacts of other mona conveyed through the senses—the deaf mute would never learn anything; the initial irritation of thought by thought would be impossible. Professor Huxley says true enough that "a race of dumb men, deprived of all communication with those who could speak, would be little indeed removed from the brutes"; but his words will not bear the meaning which Professor Müller would impose upon them; they will not help us to prove more than the tautological truism "no communication is possible without some system of communication."

One of the most curious of the obvious deductions from Professor Müller's premises is that the lower animals can be said to possess no such thing as intellect, understanding, mind, and reason. This may surprise readers of Mr. Romanes's "Mental Evolution in Animals," but in days of philosophical revolution we must be prepared for surprises. An experiment described by Professor Möbius, and performed not upon the conventional animal of the philosophers, but upon an actual pike in an ordinary aquarium, may enable the reader to test the value of this deduction and of what follows from it, namely, that the possession of language constitutes a difference in kind between man and the other animals. The pike was gradually taught, by means of the simple device of the insertion of a pane of glass, not to swallow the smaller fishes put into his aquarium; and it is to the terms in which his behaviour is described and accounted for that we specially invite attention (the *italics* are ours):

The training of this pike was not, therefore, based on judgment; it consisted only in the establishment of a certain direction of *will*, in consequence of uniformly recurring sensuous impressions. The merciful treatment of the fishes which were familiar to him, or, as some would say, which he knew, shows only that the pike acted without reflection. Their view provoked in him, no doubt, the natural desire to swallow them, but it evoked at the same time the *recollection* of the pain he had suffered on their account, and the sad impression that it was impossible to reach the prey which he so much desired. These impressions acquired a greater power than his voracious instinct, and repressed it, at least for a time. The same sensuous impression, proceeding from the same fishes, was always in his *soul* the beginning of the same series of *psychic acts*. He could not help repeating this series, like a machine, but like a *machine with a soul*, which has this advantage over mechanical machines, that it can adapt its work to unforeseen circum-

stances, while a mechanical machine cannot. The pane of glass was to the organism of the pike one of these unforeseen circumstances.

A machine with a soul? A machine that can adapt its work to unforeseen circumstances? What is man but a machine with a soul, with this power of adaptation? A machine, doubtless, of incomparably greater complexity and capacity, and with the faculty of speech as the necessary result of an evolved peculiarity of organization, but, after all, only "the last term of a long series of forms, which lead, by slow gradations, from the highest mammal to the almost formless speck of living protoplasm which lies on the shadowy boundary between animal and vegetable life."

The conventional animal of the philosophers may be objectionable, but another of their offspring, the conventional man, is even more objectionable. Persons who talk with authority about man, and of the inseparableness in man, say, of language and thought, forget that they have direct experience of one man only, and that the application of their conclusions to the case of all other men rests upon an unproved assumption. The fallacy of the conventional man was detected, with his usual acuteness, by De Morgan, to whom, by the way, it is surprising to find no allusion in Professor Müller's pages. In a note to p. 27 of the "Formal Logic" De Morgan writes:

All systems make an assumption of the uniformity of process in all minds, carried to an extent the propriety of which ought to be a matter of special discussion. There are no writers who give us so much *must* with so little *why* as the metaphysicians. If persons who had only seen the outside of the timepiece, were to invent machines to answer its purpose, they might arrive at their object in very different ways. One might use the pendulum and weight, another the springs and the balance; one might discover the combination of toothed wheels, another a more complicated action of lever upon lever. Are we *sure* that there are not differences in our minds, such as the preceding instance may suggest by analogy; if so, *how* are we *sure*? Again, if our minds be as tables with many legs, do we know that a weight put upon different tables will be supported in the same manner in all. May not the same leg support much or all of a certain weight in one mind, and little or nothing in another? I have seen striking instances of something like this among those who have examined for themselves the grounds of the mathematical sciences.

For instance, to a rhetorician, through long practice, thinking in

words may have become habitual; but those who have not cultivated the art of speaking, or whose thought is of an unscientific or informal character, may perform a great part of their mental operations by combining not words, but images or pictures: at least, a rhetorician, approaching the subject—as he only can approach it—from the standpoint of his own experience, would have no right to say that they do not. But if it be urged that all men are similarly organized, and that structure known to perform certain functions in one case may surely be inferred to perform the same functions in all others, the reply is that this is just the argument which can best be turned against Prof. Max Müller's position that there is a difference in kind between man and the other animals.

Probably no part of these volumes will be read with greater interest at the present time, when the life and letters of Darwin have recently been given to the world, than the pages in which Prof. Müller—while proclaiming not only that, as it is, he goes far beyond Darwin, but also that in the beginning he was Darwinian before Darwin—contends, with his usual persuasive eloquence, that “Darwinians, if true to the principles enunciated by Darwin himself, ought to accept the conclusion that man cannot be descended from any other animal.” Which means, of course, that Darwinians, if they can bring themselves to accept Prof. Max Müller's interpretation of Darwin's principles, will stop short of precisely that conclusion with which the name of the philosopher will be associated for ever. Kant, it was discovered long ago, was never quite at home in his own philosophy, and now, if we will be reasonable, we shall learn from Darwin's principles to beware of Darwin's results.

At the outset, in his definition of evolution, Prof. Müller introduces an element of which the worker in the light of Darwin's principle has no need—the “inner or occult quality,” seated or enthroned in that which is not yet something else—in the irrational, which is not yet rational, but which, in virtue of its occult quality, will one day become so. This leads at once to the distinction between what is possible and what is not—a distinction upon which, according to Prof. Max Müller, “the whole theory of development or evolution rests, or ought to rest.” Now what is this but a revival of the principle laid down by Faraday in his lecture on Mental Training, that “before we proceed to consider any questions in-

volving physical principles we should set out with clear ideas of the naturally possible and impossible"?—an amazing doctrine, the fallacy of which was exposed with great force and clearness in the "Athenaeum" for March, 1855.

However, we can best illustrate the use which Prof. Max Müller makes of his occult quality in relation to the descent of man by responding to his own beckoning, and following the line of human development backward for a stage or so. Prof. Max Müller admits that language must have had a historical beginning, from which it immediately follows that "there was a time when the first stone of the great temple of language was laid, and that before that time man was without language, and therefore without reason." We are further reminded of the discovery in 1866, in the cave of La Naulette in Belgium, of a human skull in which the so-called mental tubercle is absent, that is, in which the mechanism necessary to the production of articulate speech is as yet undeveloped. At this point the evolutionist would ask, Why, if in the case of the lower animals structural modifications may be ascribed to the agency of natural selection, in the case of man should this same agency be judged insufficient to account for the development of the mental tubercle? "But man is the seat of an occult quality!" So be it. But then why not the special object of a divine predestination? It would be idle to try to determine which of these shadows is the more substantial; but the latter has certainly this in its favour, that it has haunted the dark places of the mind of man for a period almost long enough to constitute the right of permanent possession.

Professor Max Müller, in defending the use of the term "occult quality" seeks to place it on the same scientific level as the terms "evolution" and "potential energy." Now it is clear that these latter, whether appropriate or inappropriate, stand, as mere labels, for realities of which science is forced to take cognizance. Evolution can be watched and registered; potential energy can be measured; but the occult quality—of a truth this apparition will neither frighten nor console the evolutionist who minds his own business! Again (on p. 94) we read:

From this admission of different beginnings it follows that each living cell can only become what, according to different philosophical points of view, it was fit or meant or willing to become, and that, after it has fulfilled this purpose, it remains fixed and does not go beyond. . . . It also follows

from this that no living being and no class of living beings should be derived from any other, if they possess a single property which their supposed ancestor does not possess, either actually or potentially.

It can never be too often insisted upon that what the evolutionist is concerned with is not what a cell can only become, but the way, so far as it can be traced, in which it has actually developed or become. If a line of development can be traced between two forms, then the task of the evolutionist is complete. The assurance of the theologian or the "philosopher" that one was meant to become the other, or that the resultant form is incapable of further development, must rest, if it mean anything at all, upon some peculiar knowledge of the substance of things to which the humble examiner of nature can lay no claim. As to the second quotation, Professor Müller's esoteric knowledge of properties possessed potentially—in the case, let us suppose, of the plumage of a bird, which being of one colour is at the same time, but potentially, of another—is above and beyond the sphere of the evolutionist, and rests upon no basis of proof.

Chapter III., on Kant's philosophy, will be found pleasant and suggestive reading by those who are approaching the subject for the first time, or who are specially interested in Kant. But the attempt made by Professor Max Müller to plead the results of philosophical speculation against those of scientific investigation is scarcely admissible. He comments with just severity upon philosophical chauvinism and the morbid effects which it is producing in the thought and judgment of certain of his own countrymen; but we believe that he suffers from a mild form of the same disorder himself, and that a symptom of it is his attempt to prove that, notwithstanding the revolutions brought about by Newton and Darwin, it is Immanuel Kant, formerly professor in the University of Königsberg, who really turned the stream of thought, and still governs, or ought to govern, the ages. Indeed, in a letter to a newspaper, Professor Max Müller went so far as to style the "Critique of Pure Reason" "the last word of the Aryan man." His conclusions in the treatise before us wear naturally a more sober colouring; but nevertheless, as regards Darwin, we read that "such is my belief in Darwin's intellectual honesty that I should not have been surprised at his giving up his theory of the descent of man from an ape or some kind of animal, if he had been acquainted with Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason.'" It is obvious that the

argument from what might have been, though it may have a personal interest, has no logical force.

II¹

The sixth chapter of "The Science of Thought" leads the reader rapidly across the ground covered by Professor Noiré's system to that point which it is of vital importance to Professor Max Müller to defend, namely, the explanation of the origin of roots and concepts. It may be doubted whether any theory of the origin of language is a profitable object of study. The guesses which are offered may be free from palpable absurdity, they may even be ingenious, but they have about the same value in relation to the positive science of language as a chart of a region which can never be explored would have in relation to geography. The facts upon which Professor Noiré bases his argument are thus described:

Whenever our senses are excited and our muscles hard at work, we feel a kind of relief in uttering sounds. Particularly when people work together, when peasants dig or thresh, when sailors row, when women spin, when soldiers march, they are inclined to accompany their occupations with certain more or less rhythmical utterances. These utterances, noises, shouts, hummings, or songs are a kind of natural reaction against the inward disturbance caused by muscular effort. They are almost involuntary vibrations of the voice, corresponding to the more or less regular movements of our whole bodily frame. They are a relief rather than an effort, a moderation or modulation of the quickened breath in its escape through the mouth. They may end in dance, song, and poetry.

In the theory of these sounds we are to find a solution of the old problem of the origin of language. Now Professor Max Müller, in calling attention to one of the advantages of his friend's assumption, makes a point which can be urged against himself. "These sounds," he says, "being uttered from the beginning not by one solitary individual only, but by men associated in a common work and united by a common purpose, possess the great advantage of being understood by all."

Apart from the difficulty of understanding how a common purpose could in the beginning have united men without speech, and therefore, by the professor's definition, without reason, are we to suppose

¹ "Atheneum," February 25th, 1888.

that primitive men only worked in groups, or only named just that work which they did in groups? Professor Noiré's sounds are involuntary—they are a form of relief from a particular state of muscular tension, and are necessarily uttered whether a man exerts himself alone or in a group or association of twenty. The solitary reaper or the solitary digger of the far-away period, which Professor Noiré thinks he can discern from the summit of his "spirit-tower" (page 276), would equally have produced language or the beginnings of it; but he would not have been understood by another man, also working alone, and possibly with a different voice-accompaniment.

Again, granting that men learned to name their acts—or such of them as they performed in common—on Professor Noiré's method, would that have helped them to name their states, which are personal and continuous? The answer is that certain names of states, or roots expressing states, reveal, when dissected by the philologist, the fact of their descent from primitive names of acts. To which it may be rejoined that such etymologies as are given by Professor Max Müller (pages 322-323), being devised *à posteriori* in support of a theory, will not seem more than plausible to those who, on the ground of its inherent improbability, reject that theory, or who, in fact, as to the origin of language, suspend their judgment altogether. When the reader is asked to believe that primitive men had no names for *seeing* and *hearing* until they had named *shaking*, presumably in common, he feels that he is again brought face to face not with probable creatures of flesh and blood, but with the conventional men of the philosophers.

And now for the conclusion of the whole matter. Has Darwin been weighed in balances more sensitive than any employed before and found wanting? Will some future historian of science have to record that "The Descent of Man" deceived the people until Professor Max Müller arose, a critic in Israel, and with "The Science of Thought" confounded the false prophet? We believe not.

Those who concern themselves with the history of science may remember the quaint attempt made by Vince to discredit the hypothesis as to the cause of gravitation thrown out, or rather hinted at, by Newton. Vince strove, in the interest of revealed religion, not only to discredit the mechanical hypothesis, but to substitute what he conceived to be the only alternative—namely, the assumption of a divine interference in every part of space and

at every point in time. But Newton has waxed between this and then, and the honest strivings of his orthodox critic only exist for the curious. Perhaps our future historian of science, while he will lay due stress upon the splendid achievements of Professor Max Müller, which establish his title to a place among the heroes of scholarship, will find himself bound by the logic of fact to class the present attempt at a refutation of Darwin among the protests of a more enlightened criticism, which beset, without arresting, the march of a great idea.

Not thirty years have passed since "The Origin of Species" was given to the world, but yet even now, in the morning of the times, no one can mistake the direction in which the tide of competent opinion is setting. Theology, after vainly opposing, has consented to make terms and to live in at least outward harmony with its former foe; and if philosophy, as interpreted in "The Science of Thought," has done its worst, there need be no fear for the future of the work of Darwin.

III

Professor Max Müller's latest publication, "Biographies of Words, and the Home of the Aryas," may fitly be noticed in connection with the more ambitious volume which we have just laid down. It contains a reprint, with slight modifications, of a series of essays contributed to "Good Words," and some appendices bearing upon a recent controversy stirred up by the professor's illustrious deputy, and carried on in the columns of the "Times." It would be idle to pretend formally to introduce to our readers views with which they probably made acquaintance years ago in the pages of Professor Max Müller's previous works. In one respect, indeed, the Professor reminds us of Descartes, who defended his well-known practice of self-repetition on the ground that a thought or doctrine and its fittest expression once joined together should never be put asunder. A lesson, if it be true and wholesome, is none the worse for reiteration; but it is difficult to avoid regretting that Professor Max Müller should still be revolving in the orbit traced by the science of Pott and Curtius—that he should seem more anxious to reinforce and retain the old than to point out and introduce the new. The essays will be found to be uniformly marked by all the Professor's

well-known characteristics of thought and method. From small beginnings, or what seem to be such, the reader is led by very easy stages to momentous conclusions. His passage through the centuries of phonetic growth and decay is smoothed by the ripe experience, and enlivened, though only occasionally, by the restrained and academical humour, of his guide. Throughout the Professor supposes himself to be addressing the younger generation of students, whose enthusiasm, if kindled, needs directing, and who are urged to lay to heart lessons which were long since impressed upon their fathers by the same teacher in much the same way.

In the two concluding essays of the series Professor Max Müller sums up, as it were, his case in the matter of the original home and earliest civilization of the Aryas. He reverts to the position which he took up and defended forty years ago. His formula, he declares, is as valid as ever, for the Aryas came not from somewhere in Europe—as Schrader and Penka have said in their heart—but from “somewhere in Asia.” Now to us it seems that the whole body of evidence which has been accumulated up to the present time is not sufficient to establish either one proposition or the other; but one thing is certain, that in England at least the theory of the Asiatic origin of the Aryas owes its popularity far more to its picturesqueness than to the solidity of its scientific foundation.

Ex Oriente lux; and to some minds there is a peculiar fascination in the thought of our ancestors and their primitive paradise in the gorgeous East. Theological tradition, moreover, finds herein its obvious opportunity. If the formula “somewhere in Asia” is vague and scanty as a substitute for the detailed account of the location and dispersion of the races of men given in the book of Genesis, what shall we say to that other formula, with which as it advertises the wrong continent, nothing can be done at all by way of conciliation? And so it comes to pass that a conclusion which, even by those who defend it, can only be regarded as provisional—which properly belongs not to the region of fact, but to the neighbouring region of guess, to which the overworked inquirer may occasionally betake himself for relaxation—has been elevated almost to the rank of a dogma by a kind of irregular or popular consecration.

It is for this reason that Professor Max Müller's present attempt must be regarded as essentially a failure. Those whom it will convince are already convinced; while upon those who either suspend

their judgment, or are supported in a different conclusion by reasons as cogent as any of Professor Max Müller's, it will have no effect whatever. But there is one observation against which we feel bound to protest on its own merits. The fact that it is of vital importance to the Professor's argument does not specially concern us, for we have said enough to show that that argument as a whole does not concern us, being as we are firmly persuaded that the only conclusion to which, in the present state of our knowledge, it can possibly lead us, is the conclusion where nothing is concluded.

On page 99, then, Professor Max Müller writes :

I repeat, therefore, without fear of contradiction, that although no historical conclusions may be drawn from the primitiveness of Sanskrit, that primitiveness itself remains the same as ever, whether we follow Bopp's, Schleicher's, or Brugmann's "Comparative Grammar."

To this the reply is obviously that although it may be granted that recent researches have failed to shake the confidence of scholars in the primitiveness of the Sanskrit consonantism, their confidence in the primitiveness of its vocalism, which seemed equally well placed and was equally implicit, has sustained a shock from which it will, in all probability, never recover. For at this point we will recall to our readers' attention that most ponderous piece of pleasantry perpetrated by Schleicher under the influence of a misconception allied to that from the burden of which the labours of "the new school" have not yet delivered Professor Max Müller. Once upon a time Schleicher composed a fable in "Indo-European"; that is, from the combined evidence, as he understood it, of the whole group of sister-languages he restored a sufficiency of noun- and verb-forms, which, arranged with nice art, tells a simple story to all those who know Sanskrit. Upon this restoration Delbrück comments as follows:

According to the newer theories the title *Avis akvāsas ka* ("the sheep and the horses") would run: *Ovis ck₁vōs k₂e* (the *k₂* in this case designating the palatal *k* of the parent speech). "He saw" would be represented no longer by *dadarka*, but by *dedork₁e*; the accusative of a participle "riding" not by *vaghantam*, but by *vegh₁ontm* (where the *m* is syllabic), etc.

From this it is clear that where Schleicher gives what looks like a caricature of Sanskrit, Delbrück would substitute what looks like

a caricature in some respects of Latin, in other respects of Greek. In another place also Delbriick remarks:

It seems as if we must rather assert that the primitive language resembled the Greek most closely in the diversity of its vocalism, and the Sanskrit in the manifoldness of its consonantism.

We are all familiar with the spirit which denounces and rejects new views for the sufficient reason that they are new; we read of it in history; but we scarcely like to mention the fact that in certain places and under certain forms it lives and works as vigorously as ever, for in the clearer light of "an understanding age," as we see more truly, so we can behave more delicately. New theories and opinions we now welcome with open arms, but we manage to break their force of subversion by contending that to the historic sense there is nothing so very novel in them: Newton we can find in Plato, and Darwin in St. Paul.

A GERMAN TRANSLATION OF THE VEDĀNTA¹

[1888: AET. 25]



F the six orthodox systems of Hindu philosophy, the Vedānta seems to be the most popular in the West. Its reputation is not confined to the narrow circle of specialists, but has reached the ears of the general reader, whose attention may have been aroused by the supposed affinity of its doctrine with that of certain European thinkers of repute, or who perhaps feels in the very name itself a kind of subtle fascination, as of something peculiarly Eastern and esoteric. Translations of the Vedāntasāra and the Vedāntaparibhāshā—concise manuals in which the cream or essence of the system may be conveniently tasted—already exist in English; and through Ballantyne's tract, "The Aphorisms of the Vedānta," a glimpse might have been caught of the Sūtras themselves. But, in spite of the existence of such aids and stimulants to serious and special study, Indian philosophy in general and the system before us in particular still remain "more talked about and criticised than known, more overrated and underrated than understood." For while, on one hand, the majority, here as elsewhere, are content with general statements and loose impressions, the select minority, on the other hand, professionally interested in philosophy, are prevented by the prejudices of an exclusive education from admitting a mere Indian curiosity to share, as it were, the same circle with the finished and reasonable products of sober speculation, in much the same way as a god from Greece and a god from Japan would be assigned to very different departments in the same inuseum.

¹ "Die Sūtra's des Vedānta," oder die Cārīraka-Mīmānsā des Bādarāyana nebst dem vollständigen Commentare des Çāṅkara. Aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt von Dr. Paul Deussen. (Leipzig.) "Academy," September 8th, 1888.

Professor Deussen is to be congratulated upon having accomplished a laborious and difficult task with distinguished success. The Vedânta Sûtras—the complete and formal expression of the whole system—are now, for the first time, brought within the reach of the philosophical student, while the closely woven commentary of Çankara is appended as a guide for the perplexed. The channel is now open through which the thoughts of the Indians may find their way to a place within the scope even of lecture and handbook. The new region has been surveyed and mapped; it only remains for the trained bands of academical truthseekers to go in and possess it.

The translator is already known to us through his former work as having taken deep soundings in the ocean of Hindu thought. His contention that herein we have to deal with the product of an isolated activity, no less important for the new light it throws upon our own efforts in the same direction than the thinking of some imaginary Jovian or Saturnian philosopher, were it suddenly to be revealed to us, is opposed to the conclusions of, among others, Weber and Lorinser. The time, however, is not yet come when a satisfactory answer can be given to this or to the larger question whether a progressive activity in the line of art or science is anywhere possible without some kind of "cross-fertilization." But whether, as some suspect, a genuine channel of communication between East and West has yet to be discovered, choked, as it were, and obliterated by the sands of time, is nothing to our present purpose; the fact remains that the Indian attempt at the presentation and solution of the world-old problems of philosophy still awaits formal recognition and reception at the hands of European experts. And to these, as being careful of what may be termed the unwritten law of philosophical society—that a new comer cannot be received entirely on his own merits, but must present himself in one of the regulation uniforms—we beg to commend the statement in the preface (p. viii) to the effect that "the consequences of the fundamental doctrine of Kant lead straight to the cardinal positions of Çankara's philosophy." But it were to take a narrow and unworthy view of the resources and capacity of the system to suppose that Kant's thoughts only can be drawn out of it or poured into it; for a very short sojourn with us in his German dress will be sufficient to put even Çankara in danger of that *reductio ad*

Hegel, which is now such a popular process in certain quarters, while those who explore his system on the look-out for anticipations of Darwin will doubtless also find much to content them.

Thinkers, in short, of every order may be urged to take advantage of the new facilities for an Indian excursion. They will return to their several stations refreshed and strengthened, as having "breathed another air, another sky beheld." While even those whose palates are somewhat jaded by the intemperate use of philosophical stimulants may be tempted, if only by the novelty of the thing, to make one last effort to strengthen or to sweeten the cup of life with "the drowsy syrups of the East."

THE HIBBERT LECTURES AND THE GAULISH PANTHEON¹

[1888: AET. 25]



HE institution of the Hibbert lectures may be regarded as supplying a want which would otherwise be keenly felt in England as compared with France, Holland, and Germany—the want, namely, of some organized and permanent encouragement for the study of religion from the comparative and scientific as opposed to the sectarian or missionary standpoint.

The foundation of the rational criticism of the Bible—the throwing open, that is, to the free application of methods tested and found fruitful in secular inquiries of a field long marked out by a thick wall of traditional prejudice as holy ground—will always rank among the most precious of the many contributions made by Germany to that common fund of deeper culture, maintained, as it were, by international effort, and upon which the liberal education of our own country is becoming more and more dependent, as the insufficiency of our academical machinery to provide for its growing needs is becoming more and more apparent. France and Holland have not been slow to tread the path traced and to a large extent cleared by Germany. Though the glory of the Tübingen school—once so notorious in England—may have departed, its traditions of labour and freedom have found worthy representatives in Leiden: the Collège de France, whose very foundation was at once a promise and a protest, includes in the number of its endowed professors one whose duty it is by widening our knowledge of religions to purify and deepen our conception of religion; but in England—in spite of endowments the magnificence of which the foreigner envies—in spite of the fact that our older academies, unlike their continental

¹ “Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by Celtic Heathendom” (Hibbert Lecture), by John Rhys, 1888. “Open Court,” November 8, 1888.

sisters, are still mainly true to the religious character impressed upon them at their foundation—it has been left to the generous enterprise of a single person to supply the only permanent means whereby the educated classes of this country can make acquaintance with the results of historical criticism, as applied without prejudice to that subject which to the mass of thinking men is still the most absorbing and important. We are far from defending or even excusing the attitude of the English universities. They have held aloof from a movement which they should have inaugurated: instead of welcoming and supporting a new science, they have regarded its introduction from abroad and rapid growth in a freer air than their own with at best a sulky acquiescence; but on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the *libertas philosophandi*, without which in its most absolute form our study is but a mockery and a sham, can hardly be secured and enjoyed by those who through membership of a corporation centuries old are confronted at every turn by prejudices and beliefs which are never slow to assert themselves, but which in the interest of social harmony must be recognized and, if possible, conciliated. From this it would seem to follow that what the young foundation loses in artificial prestige, it may gain in scope and variety. The occupants of the Hibbert chair enjoy absolute freedom of choice in the matter both of subject and of method. The tone which they adopt is not necessarily one of apology, but, as in the case of the exponents of all other branches of science, is determined by conviction and predilection. They are free from the obligation of serving a particular class-interest by exalting one department of their subject at the expense of all the rest; and the lectures being delivered by a series of scholars, of whom each speaks of that which he has specially studied, represent, as it were in outline, the whole area covered by the science in question.

The volume before us differs in one important respect from all its predecessors—not only in bulk, though it is the largest yet published by the Hibbert trustees—but in its relation to its author. It is the outcome of a labour of love devoted to a task, for which the author's qualifications are superior in kind to those possessed by any former occupant of the same chair. We have watched great scholars as they tried so to piece together the scanty remaining fragments of shattered mosaics as to restore, if nothing else, the outline of the

principal forms. In such cases the antiquary has only a partial survival to deal with; and the tradition of the extent and significance of the whole may have been interrupted centuries ago. Habits of thought alien from those of his own land and time, he must present and expound as best he may; putting his ear to the ground, as it were, he has to catch the faint echoes of a buried life.

In the case of Professor Rhys, however, there is one feature which distinguishes him at the outset from scholars confined in their observations to the remote standpoint of an alien. He is bound by the strong tie of blood to the race whose early religious monuments he restores and interprets. Of the languages with which he has to deal, several are still spoken; and though the mythology of the early Celts has been largely obliterated by a Christian overgrowth of almost equal extent and complexity, it has nevertheless left traces in abundance, which are still easily recognizable, in the thought and customs of the Celts of the present day. Hence it follows that, though the worker in the field of Celtic literature who is himself a Celt is not exempt from the difficulties and uncertainties which flow from the very nature of his subject, he can yet claim the balancing advantage that he has access to and can employ a continuous tradition. The bridge spanning the gulf between the present and the past may be narrow; it may not be equally strong at all points; but with care and caution it can be safely crossed.

When it is remembered that the present volume of seven hundred pages is but a tithe of what the author might have given us, had he been free to follow his own plan as to amount and arrangement, the statement made in the preface that certain of his English friends wondered where he could possibly find material enough to fill six lectures will be fully appreciated. It would in fact be almost impossible to confine within the limits of a precise statement the loosely floating, vaguely held ideas of the ancient Celts and their literature which, in default of exact information, are still current in the minds of educated Englishmen. Some fail to distinguish between Celtic and Norse: others—and these are of the subtler kind—have their suspicions of the political tendency of the study of Irish origins, in much the same way as many “serious churchmen” are alarmed at the intrusion of unsanctified criticism into regions long comfortably wrapped in the mists of tradition. But even those, *qui severiores Musas colunt*, whose wanderings in search—it may be—

of the picturesque have led them to the essays of Ernest Renan and Matthew Arnold, will find an abundance of what is indeed rich and strange in the monumental work of Professor Rhys. Briton for the Britons: and, if the attention of the younger generation of students be only aroused in time, we may yet succeed in keeping the first place in the band of schools who are exploring the antiquities of our own islands. For there seems to be no clear reason either of patriotism or of sentiment why we should continue to allow the negligence with which we are too often reproached, to feed, as it were, the already swollen stream of German chauvinism.

The earliest form of Celtic belief, of which any account has reached us, is the religion of the inhabitants of ancient Gaul. In our survey of this region we have two kinds of information to guide us—the statements of ancient authors, and the testimony, in many cases still obscure and partial, of inscriptions. In the former class the account left us by Julius Caesar of the Gaulish pantheon is the most important piece of evidence which we possess. The situation of the observer was uniquely favourable. With the practised eye of a supreme pontiff he surveyed the forms of the Gaulish religion under the direction of one of its own ministers, at a time when, the adoption of the Roman fashion having scarcely begun, it could still be studied in its native dress.

Mercury figures in Caesar's account as the great god of the Gauls. After him come Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva; and the only difference between the Gaulish conception of these divinities and that with which we are familiar in Roman mythology seems to lie in the central and commanding position assigned to Mercury; for, as described by Caesar, the Gaulish gods possess the same attributes and discharge the same functions as their namesakes of the Roman pantheon. But at this point the question arises to what extent does the evidence of existing inscriptions confirm or correct the account of Caesar. Upon this question Professor Rhys has brought to bear inexhaustible ingenuity and comprehensive learning, and the result of his investigation forms the subject of the first lecture.

In estimating the value of the monuments, two circumstances must not be overlooked. Of those which remain few are in the native language; while all belong to the period of the Roman

supremacy in Gaul, when the Celtic deities, if they retained the national style in the matter of outward appearance, had in all cases assumed Roman names, as a sign of their adoption into the central pantheon.

In the case of Mercury the evidence furnished us by inscriptions, scanty though it be, is yet such as to confirm in its main features the account of Caesar. The epithet *Artaios*, which is read on a stone found near Beaucroissant in the department of the Isère, is connected by Professor Rhys with such words as the Welsh *âr*, "plough-land," and interpreted in the sense of the latin *cultor*. *Mercurius Artaios* would thus be the same as the *Mercurius Cultor* of an extant inscription from Würtemberg, from which identity we can gather that the ancient Celts regarded Mercury as the patron of agriculture. In another inscription he appears without a name simply as the inventor of roads and paths; but by far the fullest and most picturesque account of the Gaulish Mercury which has come down to us is from the pen of Lucian, who identifies a god called by the Celts *Ogmios* with Heracles. Now it is plain from his description of a picture of this *Ogmios* that no Heracles in the Greek sense was intended; for, though equipped like Heracles with bow and club, the Gaulish god was in other respects so strangely represented as to suggest the idea that the artist had intended by this means to insult the gods of the Greeks and Heracles in particular. A very old man, bald and with the brown, weather-beaten complexion of an ancient mariner,—such was the form given to Heracles by the irreverence and audacity of the Celts. But even this was not the strangest part of the picture; for there was drawn a crowd of men bound by their ears with slender cords, of which the other ends were attached to the tongue of Heracles. In this way he was drawing the crowd after him, which followed eagerly like men unwilling to be set free. Such a picture as this would naturally shock Lucian with his Greek notions of propriety in the matter of artistic presentation; but a knowing Gaul who stood by, observing his astonishment and disgust, volunteered an explanation:

"We Celts," he said, "do not consider the power of speech to be Hermes, as you Greeks do, but we represent it by means of Heracles, because he is much stronger than Hermes. Nor should you wonder at his being represented as an old man, for the power of words is wont to show its perfection in the aged. So if this old man Heracles, the power of speech, draws men

after him, tied to his tongue by their ears, you have no reason to wonder, as you must be aware of the close connection between the ears and the tongue. In a word, we Celts are of opinion that Heracles himself performed everything by the power of words, as he was a wise fellow, and that most of his compulsion was effected by persuasion."

The value for our present purpose of this lively anecdote lies in the word Ogmios, and the association of the god thus named with speech and the power of it. For if we seek the equivalents of Ogmio in the language of the Celts of the British Islands, we are led along the lines of phonetic corruption and decay to the Irish *Ogma* and the modern Welsh *ovyd*. The meaning of the latter "in the earliest passages where it occurs, is not easy to fix; but that of 'one skilled or versed in anything, a teacher or leader,' would suit them all. Later, the duties of an 'ovyd' were said to be 'to improve and multiply knowledge'; and it is now the name of one of the three kinds of graduates or professors recognized by the Eistedvod, the other two being bards and druids." In Irish, however, Ogma is the name of an important personage, champion of the Tuatha Dé Danann, and the legendary inventor of the Ogam alphabet. Popular etymology derives Ogam from Ogma, which is impossible; so we must conclude that the contrary relation connects the two forms, and the Ogma took his name from an important attribute of function expressed by the word *Ogam*. Now, as it is improbable that the Celts were acquainted with writing at the time when Ogmios was first so called, it follows that spoken rather than written words will yield the clue to the original meaning of the connection. And, if we assume that *Ogam* denoted fluent speech, a stream of words, we have an explanation of the character and title of the god in complete harmony with the picture described by Lucian as that of an old man eloquent.

Apollo figures in Caesar's list not as the sun-god, but simply as the healer,—a description which is too narrow, as it excludes several divinities who may justly be regarded as sun-gods, and who appear in the monuments in the likeness of Apollo. Of the native names or epithets borne by this divinity the most important were Maponos, Grannos, and Toutiorix. The explanation of Maponos can easily be found. "It is the same word as the old Welsh *mapon*, now *mabon*, 'boy or male child,' which occurs, for example, in a Welsh poem in the book of Taliessin, a manuscript of the thirteenth century."

Hence it seems to follow that the deity worshipped by the Celts under this title was regarded as a child—a conclusion which is curiously confirmed by the evidence of inscriptions from the remote province of Dacia. For instance, in *Deus Bonus Puer Posphorus Apollo Pythius*, the epithet *bonus puer* is regarded by Professor Rhys as standing for the Maponos in question. On the meaning of the second epithet, Grannos, we can throw some light by comparing it with the cognate forms, in Sanskrit *ghrna* and *ghrni*, in English, *gleam*. As applied to the Gaulish Apollo, it must have had the force of an adjective conveying much the same meaning as the *posphorus* of the Dacian inscription, between the terms of which and the native names of the god another point of contact is exhibited in Mogounus, a title found ascribed to Apollo Grannus in an inscription from the neighbourhood of Horburg in the Haut-Rhin. Professor Rhys's philological examination of the word Mogounus is too long to be reproduced here. The conclusion, however, to which we are led through a long series of comparisons is, that underlying Mogounus we have the same idea as that which was established for Maponos, namely boy or youth; so that *Apollo Grannus Magounus* would be exactly equivalent to *Puer Posphorus Apollo*.

The third epithet, Toutiorix, is found—in the dative case—in a single inscription, *Apollini Toutiorigi*, at Wiesbaden. But the interest attaching to the word is largely due to the fact, that, in its Latinized German form Theodoricus, we are familiar with it as the name of the great king of the Ostrogoths, who in the fifth century, A.D., conquered Italy, and established the Gothic Kingdom of Ravenna. Now, the High German form corresponding to Toutiorix is Dietrich; and Dietrich von Bern is no other than Toutiorix or Theodoricus of Verona, a point where, as we shall see, the streams of mythology and history meet and blend. For with regard to the conqueror himself :

It is found that with his history so much unhistorical matter has been incorporated, that modern authors usually distinguish between the historical man as Theodoric the Great, and a mythical personage to whom the name Dietrich von Bern is left. Many attempts have been made to disentangle the legends from the historical portions of the story of the Teutonic conqueror; but it has never been satisfactorily shown why such and such mythic stories should have attached themselves to this particular man. The inscription alluded to yields the key: the historical Teuton bore one

of the names of the Gaulish Apollo, and the eventual confusion of myth and history was thereby made easy. This is borne out by the general similarity between the mythic statements made about Dietrich and what is known in Celtic literature about Celtic sun-gods. Among other things may be mentioned his riding into the sea after an enemy, who was only enabled to escape by the intervention of a mermaid, who was his ancestress. As one of Dietrich's solar peculiarities may probably be mentioned his breathing fire whenever he was made angry; and like more than one of the Celtic sun-heroes, he is made to fight with giants and all manner of wild beasts. It has puzzled historians that Theodoric, the grandest figure in the history of the migration of the Teutonic peoples, should appear in the " *Nibelungen Lied*," not as a great king and conqueror on his own account, but merely as a faithful squire of the terrible Attila, whose empire had in fact crumbled into dust before the birth of Theodoric. But from the mythological point of view, the subordinate position ascribed to Theodoric is quite correct, and it serves to show how profoundly the man's history has been influenced by the legend of the Celtic god.

The Celtic Mars is presented to us by inscriptions under many names, of which, perhaps, the most important in its bearing upon Comparative Mythology is Camulos. It occurs in the name Camulodunon (stronghold of Camulos), and is doubtless to be referred to the same root as the Old Saxon *hīmil*, German *himmel*. This association with, or derivation from, the sky reminds us at once not only of the Indian Varuna, but of the Greek Zeus and the Italian Jove; though the fact that the Romans recognized in Camulos not their own sky-god, but their god of war, reveals what at first sight seems to be a marked difference, whether original or developed, between the two pantheons; while the Teutonic Tiu—the same etymologically as Zeus and Jove, and like Camulos, god of war—marks, as it were, a point in which the Gaulish and the Roman conceptions meet. In Camulos, therefore, "we have discovered the Jupiter of the Celts, and found that Gaulish theology ascribed to him the discharge of functions which the Romans would have regarded as more properly belonging to Mars."

With regard to the god, whom Caesar, on the strength of resemblances which it is now difficult to trace or to restore, identified with Jupiter, Professor Rhys remarks: "I cannot help regarding the Gaulish god whom he equated with Jupiter as far from possessing the importance or rank which that equation would suggest; nor is it improbable that the phenomenon of thunder was treated

as one of the forms of his activity." This suggestion in the hands of Professor Rhys forms the starting-point of an investigation which we have not space to follow in detail: we can only call attention to its most important result, the discovery of a Gaulish thunderer, whose name—if the reading *Tanaro* of the Ashmolean inscription can be trusted—shows the same root, and bears the same meaning as the English word *thunder*, German *donner*, Norse *þórr*. No less important and instructive are the steps by which our author—whose mastery is nowhere more conspicuous than in the handling of phonological details—gradually ascends to the form *Esus* (Lucan's *Hesus*) as the name or title of this divinity, Thor's counterpart among the Gaulish thunderers; but, before leaving the Gaulish pantheon, we must pass on to consider briefly the gods of that other or under-world, with which the ancient Celts seemed to their neighbours to be strangely familiar.

Though we find no mention of *Dis* in Caesar's list, yet we learn from the same authority in another place that the Gauls claimed to be descended from *Dis Pater*, and that to this fact of relationship was due their strange custom of measuring time by nights rather than by days, and, in other respects, of giving darkness the precedence over light. Ancient testimony being thus vague and incomplete, it is to the labours of modern—chiefly French—archaeologists that we owe the discovery not only of the name of this dark divinity, but also of the outward form under which his votaries conceived him. On a Gallo-Roman altar dug up at Paris, and explained, as to the device and inscription it bears, by M. Mowat, we read the name *Cernunnos*, under which "is to be seen, bearded and clothed, a central figure whose forehead is adorned with the two horns of a stag, from each of which hangs a torque. The monument is unfortunately in a bad state of preservation; but the head and shoulders are on such a large scale as compared with the other figures on the same block, that the god cannot have been represented as standing or even as sitting on a raised seat: in fact there is no alternative but to suppose, with M. Mowat, that the god was seated cross-legged on the ground, like Buddha."

Two features of this quaint description stand out as being probably of mythological significance, the horns of the god and his sitting, or rather squatting, posture. To the horns we can at once detect an allusion in the etymology of his name; for, in the words of Pro-

fessor Rhys, "the form *Cernunnos* and the Latinized one *Cernenus* contains the common stem, *cern-*, which may be assumed to be of the same origin as the native words for the Gaulish horn or trumpet, variously given by Greek writers as *κάρνον* and *κάρνυξ*: the Welsh and Irish form is *corn*, of the same etymology and meaning as the Latin *cornu*, English *horn*." In the second place, if we admit, with M. Mowat, the squatting posture, we can connect the figure on the Paris altar with certain well-known representations of a horned squatting divinity such as those found at Rheims, Saintes, and Vendœuvres-en-Brenne. Applying the data furnished by these monuments to the question of Cernunnos, Professor Rhys concludes that the latter was god of the dead or of the under-world, and that he was also held to be lord of riches, especially the metallic wealth hidden in the bowels of the earth. At this point the etymology of the words Pluto and Dis is not without significance, the former being derived from *πλοῦτος*, "wealth," the latter being, as it is supposed, a contraction of *dives*, "wealthy." The question, however, what was the exact mythological significance of the undignified attitude and grotesque appendage of Cernunnos still presses for an answer.

M. Mowat, relying on the testimony of ancient authors, would explain the attitude as one characteristic of the Gauls themselves, and assigned to Cernunnos as the god from whom they claimed descent, the Gaulish deity *par excellence*; while the horns appear to the same authority to be simply a form of the cornucopia or emblem of plenty. M. Mowat seems therefore to assign the figure in question to the period when Roman forms and symbols had been almost universally adopted by Gaulish artists; while, on the other hand, Professor Rhys in his search for a solution transports us backward through the neighbouring region of Teutonic mythology to the far-away time before the "Aryan separation."

At the very threshold, then, of the Teutonic pantheon, we come upon an ancient god, whom we find in a subordinate, not to say menial, position, but who before the rise of new divinities had probably seen better days. He was called Heimdal, and out of the scattered and fragmentary allusions to him in Norse literature it is difficult to restore a complete and intelligible picture. Two of his attributes, however, are of importance in our present investigation. He is described as having golden teeth, and as the porter or watch-

man of the gods. Besides, it is not irrelevant to note that all men, without distinction of rank—kings, earls, and thralls—are descended from him.

Now, as the notion of the gods dwelling together in one house with a porter at the gate is a comparatively recent one, we may assume that Heimdal's original occupation was to sit at the entrance of the nether world—a theory with which his golden teeth symbolizing the lordship of wealth or riches would be in perfect harmony. We have, therefore, over against Cernunnos a squatting divinity, lord of wealth, father of all men, and god of the dead; so, if we can trace an allusion to horns in the accounts which survive of him, we shall complete the parallel.

Now it is a curious fact that the two other names borne by Heimdal—Hallinskiði and Heimdali—are both said to mean a ram, from which we may perhaps infer that the god was originally represented under the form of a ram; but the fact that a man's head in Norse poetry is occasionally styled “Heimdal's sword,” is more curious still, for it clearly points to some famous occasions on which Heimdal fought with a head, either his own or another; “but as it is not called a club or hammer, but *hjörr*, which meant a sword, also a missile weapon, and even a shield, it is highly probable that the original myth represented him as fighting with no head but his own, the horns on which served him for sword, spear, and shield all at once.”

If, therefore, our comparisons be valid, we have established the important conclusion that Gauls and Teutons recognized the god of the dead under the same peculiar form; but the further question—out of what did this conception itself arise—it is impossible to answer in the present state of our knowledge. Professor Rhys's suggestion, that in the horned divinity of the dead we may perhaps see a relic or descendant of a primeval elk, supporting the base and underlying the substance of the world, is ingenious, and may in course of time prove fruitful; but the most that can now be said of it is that it is not impossible.

Nothing is more curious and remarkable in the strange jumble of reason and prejudice, fashion and sentiment, called modern thought, than the large and increasing proportion which the religious ingredients bear to the other elements of the mixture. There are persons, who, not content with conjuring from their graves in creed

and system the ghosts of the past, must construct by anticipation the religion of the future. In fact, so absorbed are many of us in the contemplation either of what has not yet come, or of what will never come again, that the right of what is actually with us—whatever it may be—to analysis and explanation is too readily forgotten. But in this sphere, too, we must protest against invidious distinctions. Of Buddhism, of late years, we have had abundance in all its varieties and from all quarters—so much so that the tide of fashion, turned by the force of an inevitable reaction, has begun to ebb away. With the Norse gods, moreover, we are tolerably familiar, for, in spite of their rough exterior and their savage ways, they have invaded the polite regions of contemporary verse; while their close relations and near neighbours the gods of the Celts, have hitherto suffered from a dishonouring neglect. It is therefore with all the more gratitude that we welcome the learned attempts of Professor Rhys to divest, as it were, of their “purple shrouds” these gods so long buried and forgotten.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF RENAN'S "HISTOIRE DU PEUPLE D'ISRAËL."¹

[1889: AET. 25]



N this his second volume M. Renan traverses the period between the definite establishment and consolidation of the kingdom of David and the commencement of the activity of Isaiah. Before calling attention to particular passages, such as may serve to exhibit what is peculiar in M. Renan's general treatment, we may reproduce in barest outline the political events of the period as they are depicted by M. Renan.

The closing years of the reign of David were troubled by the question of the succession to the throne—a question which to Eastern potentates, with whom polygamy is the rule, has seldom failed to present itself in a specially acute and complicated form. The king looked upon Solomon as his successor; but in the hearts of the people Adonijah, the eldest now that Absalom was dead, was a powerful rival. The latter had actually contrived a sort of informal proclamation of himself, when Bathsheba, whose influence preponderated in the harem, joining at this critical moment her solicitations to those of Nathan the prophet, roused the failing David to proclaim Solomon his successor in orthodox form. Immediately upon his assumption of supreme power Solomon took the necessary precaution of ridding himself of rivals possible as well as actual. The last dying instructions of his father were of great service to him as a guide in the selection of his victims, though he displayed on his own account a quite peculiar combination of political sagacity and sacred sophistry, which well deserves to have become proverbially associated with his name as "wisdom." Having thus strengthened the basis of his authority, Solomon devoted himself to the task of organizing his kingdom. His taste for pomp and

¹ "Athenæum," February 2nd, 1889.

luxury was gratified without stint; and under his influence Israel commenced that movement in the path of secular progress which the conservatism of the puritan party soon succeeded in arresting. For the peculiar historical significance of the reign of Solomon lies in the fact that Israel was then, for the first and last time, drawn by deliberate policy into the wider and deeper current of national life around her. Solomon was the friendly ally of the King of Tanis, whose daughter held a place of special privilege in his crowded harem. With Tyre his relations were close and constant; the Temple itself was a monument of Tyrian art in its most sumptuous form; while from the same intercourse came the impulse to equip the famous fleet, the memory of whose distant voyages and costly cargoes lived long in popular tradition. But the reverse of this royal medallion bears a far less imposing and symmetrical device, and the surface is already marred, as it were, by lines of future cleavage. The men of God, who still cherished fond memories of a golden age of pastoral life, looked askance at the pomp and circumstance of profane civilization. Neither did the Temple please them better, strange as it may appear to many of us, who are accustomed to look back upon it only through the orthodox medium of the later ecclesiastical writings. The pietist of the age of Solomon preferred to worship on the high places, in the open air, as the patriarchs had done before him. Moreover, the burdens and exactions necessarily involved in the maintenance of government and the support of public works were deeply resented by a proud people, who were, on the one hand, firmly persuaded of the dignity of idleness, and, on the other, saw in such an obvious institution as taxes nothing but the king's irresponsible method of gratifying his tastes and paying for his caprices. Accordingly, upon the death of Solomon the discontent which had long been smouldering burst out fiercely into open revolt. The conduct and bearing of the legitimate successor only served to fan the flame. Of the twelve tribes Judah and Benjamin alone remained faithful to the house of David, while the rest proclaimed Jeroboam king, and the ancient line of division between Israel and Judah broadened and deepened into an impassable gulf. The political decadence of the two divisions, separated by mutual jealousy and antipathy, was henceforth swift and sure. Five years after the death of Solomon, Sheshonq, founder of the twenty-second dynasty, passed through Palestine on

a marauding expedition, taking Jerusalem on his way; and neither of the little kingdoms could make the least show of resistance. In the north, Samaria, under the house of Omri, reflected for a brief period the splendour of the Solomonic epoch at Jerusalem; but, as usual, the first signs of progress in the direction of profane civilization provoked indignant protest on the part of the prophets, whose influence is still visible in the sombre and lurid colouring of the story of Ahab. The danger which constantly threatened from the side of Damascus brought Ahab into temporary alliance with Jehosaphat, King of Judah. Though the issue of their joint enterprise was disastrous, Jehu and his successors were able to defend themselves against the same enemy, until, on the apparition of Assyria, local strife becomes merged in the common struggle for national existence. The curtain falls upon a tragic scene—upon the northern kingdom ravaged and ruined, and the flower of her people carried away into slavery, while Judah, not more than half animated, half consoled by the voice of Isaiah, trembles before the threatening of a similar fate.

Of the religious activity which fills this whole period of apparent decay and disaster, of the composition of that literature which has dominated for centuries the thoughts of men, we must allow M. Renan himself to speak in his own brilliant, if occasionally flippant way.

Of the reign of David the religious significance was, according to M. Renan, immense, though the current idea of the tribal god was still in a large measure crude and material:

La profession de foi de David se résume en ce mot: “Iahv qui a sauvé ma vie de tout danger . . .” Iahv est une forteresse sûre, un rocher, d’où l’on peut défier ses ennemis, un bouclier, un sauveur. Le serviteur de Iahv est en toute chose un être privilégié. Oh! combien il est sage d’être un serviteur exact de Iahv. C’est surtout en ce sens que le règne de David eut une extrme importance religieuse.

The story of Solomon, in the familiar form in which it has reached us, is, M. Renan thinks, the outcome of an attempt to combine and exhibit in one picture two discordant impressions of the same scene. Much has been done in the way of toning and blending ill-matched tints; but the general effect, though undeniably gorgeous and varied, is a proof that the difficulty was not overcome:

Le charmant épisode—probablement légendaire—de la reine de Saba servit de cadre à cette première édition des “Mille et une Nuits.” L’homme, devenu vieux, aime à se reporter vers un état d’imagination où nulle philosophie n’est encore venue troubler ses goûts d’adolescent. Un roi, en même temps sage et voluptueux, un mondain favorisé des révélations célestes, une reine qui vient des extrémités du monde pour voir sa sagesse et lui dire tout ce qu’elle a sur le cœur, un sérail hyperbolique à côté du premier temple élevé à l’Eternel, tel a été, avec le Cantique des cantiques, le divertissement et la part du sourire, dans ce grande opéra sombre qu’a créé le génie hébreu. Il y a des heures, dans la vie la plus religieuse, où l’on fait une halte au bord de la route, et où l’on oublie les devoirs austères, pour s’amuser un moment, comme les femmes du sérail de Salomon, avec les perles et les perroquets d’Ophir.

On the other hand:

La réalité historique qui se cache derrière ces récits merveilleux fut à peu près ceci: Un millier d’années avant Jésus-Christ, régna, dans une petite acropole de Syrie, un petit souverain, intelligent, dégage de préjugés nationaux, n’entendant rien à la vraie vocation de sa race, sage selon l’opinion du temps, sans qu’on puisse dire qu’il fût supérieur en moralité à la moyenne des monarques orientaux de tous les temps. L’intelligence, qui évidemment le caractérisa, lui valut de bonne heure un renom de science et de philosophie. Chaque âge comprit cette science et cette philosophie selon la mode qui dominait. Salomon fut ainsi tour à tour paraboliste, naturaliste, sceptique, magicien, astrologue, alchimiste, cabbaliste.

With regard to the place filled by the Temple in the religious history of Israel, M. Renan remarks:

Le temple fut une idée personnelle de Salomon, une idée toute politique, dont la conséquence devait être de mettre l’arche et son oracle dans la dépendance du palais royal. Au point de vue israélite pur, le temple devait sembler une déchéance. Cette localisation de la gloire de Iahvé était si peu dans le vrai développement d’Israël, que, le temple à peine achevé, nous verrons les parties les plus vivantes de la nation s’en séparer, et attester par leur schisme que cet édifice n’appartenait en rien à l’essence du iahvéisme . . . Tous les abus du judaïsme viendront du temple et de son personnel. Pas un prophète, pas un grand homme ne sortira de la caste lévitique. Le dernier mot d’Israel sera une religion sans temple.

After the division into two kingdoms, the spirit of the Northern Tribes, vexed and confined under Solomon, found room to expand and develop in a freer air. It is to this activity that we must assign the reduction to literary form of the patriarchal and heroic legends,

of which fragments—in some cases, probably, retouched—are still preserved in the composite body of the present Hexateuch:

Une race vit éternellement de ses souvenirs d'enfance, ou de ceux qu'une adoption séculaire lui a en quelque sorte inoculés. Le livre des patriarches eut sur l'imagination d'Israël une influence incalculable. Cet écrit primitif donna le ton à ceux qui suivirent, un ton qui n'est ni celui de l'histoire, ni celui du roman, ni celui du mythe, ni celui de l'anecdote, et auquel on ne peut trouver d'analogie que dans certains récits arabes anté-islamiques. Le tour de la narration hébraïque, juste, fin, piquant, naïf, rappelant l'improvisation haletante d'un enfant qui veut dire à la fois tout ce qu'il a vu, était fixé pour toujours. On en retrouvera la magie jusque dans les agadas de décadence. Les Évangiles rendront à ce genre le charme conquérant qu'il a toujours eu sur la bonhomie aryenne, peu habituée à tant d'audace dans l'affirmation de fables. On croira la Bible, on croira l'Évangile, à cause d'une apparence de candeur enfantine, et d'après cette fausse idée que la vérité sort de la bouche des enfants: ce qui sort, en réalité, de la bouche de l'enfant, c'est le mensonge. La plus grande erreur de la justice est de croire au témoignage des enfants. Il en est de même des témoins qui se font égorger. Ces témoins, si fort prisés par Pascal, sont justement ceux dont il faut se défier.

Upon the way in which the heroic legends have permeated the more recent strata of the literature, M. Renan makes the following remarks:

C'est pour ne s'être pas bien rendu compte de l'importance de cette première étape littéraire d'Israël, que des critiques, plus habiles aux découvertes du microscope qu'aux larges vues d'horizon, n'ont pas eu d'yeux pour voir, en sa grosseur capitale, ce fait: que les plus anciens rédacteurs de l'Hexateuque citent un écrit antérieur, savoir le livre du *Iasur* ou des Guerres de Iahvé, composé d'après d'anciens cantiques. Nous trouvons les membres épars de ce livre dans les parties dites jéhovistes du livre des *Nombres*; nous le retrouvons dans *Josué*; selon nous, il fait le fond du livre des *Juges*, et il a fourni les plus beaux éléments des livres dits de *Samuël*. Le livre des *Juges*, en effet, et les livres dits de *Samuël* nous offrent à la surface la couche de terrain que, dans les plus anciennes parties de l'Hexateuque, nous ne recontrons qu'en filon et en sous-sol.

Passing to the beginnings of a sacred history, properly so called, M. Renan finds that the earlier and more original redaction was the work of the North:

La rédaction du Nord fut sûrement la première en date et la plus originale. . . . Ce que le rédacteur jéhoviste eut surtout de personnel, ce

qui le distingua essentiellement de ses devanciers, . . . ce fut une profonde philosophie, recouverte du voile mythique, une conception triste et sombre de la nature, une sorte de haine pessimiste de l'humanité. . . . Ce qu'on appelle le fatalisme musulman n'est, en réalité, que le fatalisme iahvéiste. Jaloux de sa gloire, susceptible sur le point d'honneur, Iahvé a en haine les efforts humains. On lui fait injure en cherchant à connaître le monde et à l'améliorer. . . . Le jéhoviste, comme on l'appelle, est sûrement un des écrivains les plus extraordinaires qui aient existé. . . . Il égale presque Hegel par l'usage et l'abus des formules générales. . . . Une pensée profonde, bien que selon nous erronée, remplit ses pages en apparence les plus enfantines. . . . On peut dire, en effet, que le péché originel a été une invention du jéhoviste. Le mal pour lui est "la voie de toute chair." . . . L'explication de toute l'histoire humaine par la tendance au mal, par la corruption intime de la nature, est bien du jéhoviste, et elle a été la base du christianisme de saint Paul. La tradition juive garda ces pages mystérieuses, sans beaucoup y faire attention. Saint Paul en tira une religion, qui a été celle de saint Augustin, de Calvin, en général du protestantisme, et qui certes a sa profondeur, puisque des esprits très éminents de notre siècle en sont encore pénétrés.

On the other hand:

L'ouvrage qui résulta du travail hiérosolymite était plus court que celui du Nord. Le caractère en était plus simple, moins mythologique, moins bizarre. . . . C'est par sa première page que cet écrivain a marqué sa place en lettres d'or dans l'histoire de la religion, et en lettres beaucoup moins lumineuses dans l'histoire de la science et de l'esprit humain. . . . On peut dire que le narrateur hiérosolymite, par son début, a créé la physique sacrée qu'il faut à certain état d'esprit où l'on tient à n'être qu'à moitié absurde. Cette page . . . a répondu à ce rationalisme médiocre, qui se croit en droit de rire des faibles parce qu'il admet une dose aussi réduite que possible de surnaturel; puis elle a sensiblement nui au progrès de la vraie raison, qui est la science. . . . Les cosmogonies hésiodiques sont plus loin de la vérité que la première page de l'élohistre; mais, certes, elles ont fait moins déraisonner. On n'a pas persécuté au nom d'Hésiode, on n'a pas accumulé les contresens pour trouver dans Hésiode le dernier mot de la géologie.

Of the prophets whose labours extend over the latter part of the period before us, we have space to refer only to Isaiah:

Quoique Isaïe n'ait pas inventé les belles formules religieuses qui remplissent ses écrits, sa place dans l'histoire du monde n'est nullement usurpée. Il fut le plus grand d'une série de géants. . . . Il n'est pas le fondateur du judaïsme; il en est le génie classique. . . . Il est le vrai fon-

dateur (je ne dis pas l'inventeur) de la doctrine messianique et apocalyptique. Jésus et les apôtres n'ont fait que répéter Isaïe. Une histoire des origines du christianisme qui voudrait remonter aux premiers germes devrait commencer à Isaïe.

In many respects the present volume will be found to be more satisfactory than its predecessor. M. Renan stands on firmer ground. His task has been to deal not with the mists of conjecture hovering upon the margin of history, but with the solid and assured conclusions of critical science. Of the qualities of the book as a specimen of French prose it would be superfluous to speak in detail. We need only say that it is replete with signs that M. Renan is still in full possession of his unrivalled powers. We note the same delicacy of insight, the same breadth of sympathy, the same mastery of the varied resources of reflection and illustration.

THE FABLES OF AESOP¹

[1890: AET. 26]



NEW edition or a re-issue of Aesop's fables may truly be said to concern all sorts and conditions of men; for of all books—the Bible itself not excepted—it is probably that with which the great majority of readers have from childhood been most familiar. And the edition before us will suit many tastes.

The curious, who love to track and to explore the by-paths of literary history, will find much that is novel and suggestive—if not altogether convincing—in the elaborate preface of Mr. Jacobs, while its light and fluent style will attract the general reader: and indeed to the select of this class the book as a whole is recommended by the inevitable copy of verses from the industrious pen-of-all-work of Mr. Andrew Lang.

In the first place, then, we have a reprint of the fables of Aesop with those of Avian, Alfonso and Poggio as first printed by Caxton in 1484. Though the original Gothic type, which indeed would have been unreadable, has not been imitated, yet to such an extent have the scruples of amateurs in these matters been respected, that the very misprints of Caxton have been religiously preserved. But it is with the prefatory sketch of the history of the Aesopic fable that scholars, and in particular the readers of this review, will chiefly concern themselves; and to this we now turn.

"Our Aesop is Phaedrus with trimmings." This abrupt announcement, with which the preface opens, leads us at once to an important point from which to survey the wide and complicated question before us. For if our Aesop is really Phaedrus, whence came Phaedrus? And moreover whence came Avian, whose fables in the middle ages rivalled in popularity those of Phaedrus? That Latin

¹ "The Fables of Aesop, as first printed by Caxton in 1484." By Joseph Jacobs. (1889.) "Jewish Quarterly," January, 1890.

writers had Greek models of some sort in view it is only natural to assume, though, in passing, and in consideration of the original genius of "the last great writer of heathen Rome," we must protest against Mr. Jacobs' sweeping assertion that "Latin literature is but one vast plagiarism from the Greek." However, at this point in our search for Aesop we enter Greek territory, only to discover that the spuriousness of the various collections of Greek fables published under Aesop's name has been evident since Bentley's day, and to find ourselves compelled to wander further afield in search of one Babrius. This Babrius, however, though he composed in Greek, turns out to have been—in the judgment of the most recent Germans—a Roman, and probably the same as the Babrius whom in the year 235 A.D., we find acting as tutor to the son of Alexander Severus. But leaving Babrius on one side, and turning to Greek literature for such evidence as it may have to offer concerning Aesop himself, we find two references and two only. On one hand there is the story of Herodotus about Aesop the slave at Samos and the compensation claimed for his murder, while, on the other hand, Aesop is shown to us by Aristotle pleading as an advocate before the men of Samos on behalf of a demagogue—rather an unusual thing for a slave to do under the circumstances of ancient society. Assuming Aesop to have been Greek, the asserted fact of his being a slave in a Greek community of itself presents a difficulty, though Mr. Rutherford finds a way out of it. Assuming him to have been a barbarian in the interest of our belief that he was a slave—and the veracity of Herodotus is as we know as unimpeachable as that of the Bible, and can be vindicated in much the same way—we are confronted by the equally obvious difficulty of his appearance as an advocate at Samos. In short, the accounts as they stand are inconsistent and incredible; and in answer to the question Who was Aesop? the utmost that can be said is summed up in Mr. Jacobs' words: "to the later Greeks Aesop was a kind of Joe Miller." To the further question—How came Aesop of all men to deserve and to attain this distinction?—Mr. Jacobs' hypothesis, that he was the first to make political use of the fable, is no answer, if it appears, as we think it does, that the only recorded case of such political interference is antecedently incredible. With regard, therefore, to the fabulist himself—*stat nominis umbra*; but before passing from the Greek to the Oriental side of the question we are

led to the important conclusion that "the Fables of Aesop as literary products are the fables of Demetrius Phalereus." For it is to "The Assemblies of Aesopian Fables" compiled by the latter about the year 300 B.C. that both Phaedrus and Babrius can be traced.

After reviewing the various theories put forward by Max Müller, Taylor and Benfey, to account for the appearance of the same or similar fables among peoples widely separate in space and time, Mr. Jacobs decides for the borrowing theory which Benfey favoured. He then presents and analyzes the few Jātaka tales to which parallels are to be found either in our Aesop or in Bidpai—a process which naturally leads up to the question "whether the Greeks derived their fables all or some from India." And at this point we are glad to see Mr. Jacobs vigorously combating the views of those scholars, who, under some sudden aesthetic impulse, desert the methods of science, and confound a question of evidence with a question of "taste." Professor Weber discovers something so clear-cut, something so artistic about the Greek fables, as to exclude the very possibility of their being derived from a people who have presumably produced nothing but what is coarsely cut and inartistic. But this at least may be said for Professor Weber that he does not estimate the difference between two things without knowing both of them. Such an Indianist may be allowed to dogmatize about India. But Mr. Rutherford—as becomes a person who knows only one side of the question—is even louder in the same elevated strain. Holding himself severely free from any such prejudices as might flow from acquaintance with India and its literary products, is it possible, he asks, that a nation so original as the Greeks should be indebted for their fables to the childish Orientals? And so a possibility which was seriously entertained by a Benfey is banished from the face of the earth with the magnificent decision of a Podsnap. Mr. Jacobs maintains that where close parallels exist between our Aesopic collections and the Jātakas, the latter are prior and original—a conclusion which in his judgment would probably have been that of Benfey, had the latter been in possession of the fuller evidence which now establishes an earlier date than he suspected for the Jātakas.

But we must now proceed to consider the Talmudic fables, as to which we learn that "the industry of Jewish scholars has only been able to unearth about thirty fables from the vast expanse of Tal-

mudic and Midrashic literature. Yet, few in number as they are, they are of crucial importance critically." Of these thirty "all but six, or perhaps only four, can be traced either to India or Greece, or both. It is the obvious inference that the Beast-fable in Judaea is a borrowed product, and the only question is from which of the two sources it has been derived. All our evidence turns in favour of India. For where the Greek and Indian forms of the fables common to the three differ, the Jewish form agrees with the Indian, not the Grecian." In the course of his endeavour to ascertain through what channel the beast-fable passed from India to Judaea, Mr. Jacobs has been able for the first time, as it appears, to throw light upon a difficult passage in the Talmud which has long tried the ingenuity of the commentators. We are told of R. Jochanan ben Zaccai that "he did not leave out of the circle of his studies even the *Mishle Shu'alim* (*Fox-fables*) and the *Mishle Kobsim*." The puzzle lies in the last two words, for which the commentators offer the remarkable rendering, "Fables of the Washermen."

"Now there is an uniform Greek tradition that a special class of fables called the Libyan were collected by a Libyan named Kybisas, Kybisios, or Kibysses. Babrius himself in his second prologue couples him with Aesop:

πρῶτος δὲ, φασίν, εἴπε παισὶν Ἑλλήνων
Αἰσωπὸς ὁ σοφός, εἴπε καὶ Λιβυστίνοις
λόγους Κιβύσσοντος.

"Now the slightest rounding of a corner of a letter, transforming *mem* מ into *samech* ס would change the inexplicable *Mishle Kobsim*, "fables of washermen," into *Mishle Kubsis* "fables of Kybises," and with the Greek tradition before us there can be little doubt that the change is justified."

Mr. Jacobs further concludes that the word Libyan, which appears to have been indiscriminately applied to all dark-skinned races, implies nothing more than the consciousness that the fables so styled were a foreign importation; and he goes so far as to identify them—if not wholly at least—mainly with the Jātakas (p. 130). Be this as it may, we think that few will be disposed to challenge the restoration of Kybises to the Talmud, and if Mr. Jacobs' preface contained nought else that was novel, it would on that ground alone be a noteworthy contribution to the history of the fable.

But as to the suggestion that Proverbs xxx. 4 and 15-23 are also derived from India, we can see nothing in the first of the parallels adduced but what might easily have occurred independently to two thinkers in face of the question which has been stated in a thousand forms, but has never yet been answered. And in the last two cases the identity, being only partial, is in our judgment insufficient to support a definite conclusion. But with regard to the four things never sated the closeness of the agreement is such that there seems to be no escape from the conclusion that there has been borrowing on one side or the other; and we hold that on the strength of his parallel from the "Mahâbhârata" (iv. 2227), Mr. Jacobs is entitled to reverse the judgment of Professor Graetz, who, with the Hito-padésa alone in view, had decided for Jewish priority.

We have left no space to deal with Mr. Jacobs' presentation of the mediaeval history of the fable, particularly in England; but we would specially refer our readers to what is said about the Jewish fabulist Berachyah Nakdan, who seems now at last to have been rescued from the semi-obscurity which has so long hung over his name and fame.

In the course of his extended and minute investigation Mr. Jacobs has been led to traverse fields wider than can fall within the ken of any single scholar; but with the help of a never-failing tact he manages to walk circumspectly even when most remote from the limits of his special studies. The errors we have noticed—sins whether of omission or of commission—are few and unimportant. The strange form *itiahâsa*, which confronts us at the top of the genealogical tree, we should have taken for a misprint, had it not been repeated (p. 147), and coupled with an interpretation which will come as a surprise to students of Sanskrit or Pali. On p. 130 one of the claimants for the child in the supposed Buddhist original of "the judgment of Solomon" appears as a *Yakshinî* or female demon, and so far so good; but on p. 136 the same personage is alluded to as a *rishi*, whereas *rishis* were ascetics of distinguished piety, and, so far as our information goes, of the male sex exclusively. We think, moreover, that in appealing to Buddhism for wherewithal to account for the undoubted "degradation in the status of women due to early Christianity," Mr. Jacobs goes out of his way to obtain what lay in abundance ready to his hand nearer home. We believe that the fact in question was the natural and

necessary result in practice of such ascetic teaching as that of Paul—not to speak of the concurrent influence of the legend—taken over by the Christians as part of their general inheritance from Judaism—in which woman appears as the channel through which sin entered the world, unless we are to suppose that this *πρῶτον Φεῦδος*, with its long train of consequences in the shape of cruelty and vice, was also derived from the Jātakas. Among the imitators of Aesop we think that mention might have been made of Leonardo da Vinci and Northcote. The former consummate and immortal—*quem honoris causa nominatum volo*; the latter a curious spectacle in this century as with the help of Hazlitt he toils at the composition of fables dull and heavy as his own pictures, and that with the serious aim—not of amusing children, but of instructing men.

But enough has been said to show the value and interest of the work before us. To the specialist it will need no recommendation; while the general reader—decoyed it may be to its perusal by the falsetto of Mr. Lang—will be surprised to find how varied and copious are the treasures of ancient wit and wisdom which lie hidden beneath the trite surface of “Aesop’s Fables.”

“THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION”¹

[1890: AET. 27]

HE present volume, though it forms a natural completion to the series of the author's works, appeals rather to that class of readers to whom his previous and more technical discussions would be unintelligible or distasteful, but who, nevertheless, through the mere fact of breathing the atmosphere of the present day, are vaguely conscious that a transformation is being wrought in the sphere of religion, and would gladly avail themselves of any sure means, if such can be found, of estimating its extent and direction. We say sure, for it by no means follows that learning and ability on the part of an author dealing with the history or the philosophy of religion will of themselves secure him a fair hearing in many quarters, unless he display the badge of the apologist as a sign that particular conclusions may be taken throughout as prejudged in a particular sense. The kind of reception accorded in certain circles to the book called “Supernatural Religion” is evidence of this. But in dealing with Dr. Martineau the task of the critic is at the outset lightened by the fact that, competence apart, his character needs no vindication. For in him the professor of philosophy may almost be said to have been subordinate to the minister of religion. And though many people may reasonably be startled at first by the coolness with which documents are dissected and the assurance with which conclusions are dismissed, which, as dogmas or the ground of dogmas, should still be entitled to respectful vindication, we venture to think that they will yet find much to console them in these eloquent pages. Granted that the main tendencies of those who in England are still quaintly called “the Tübingen critics,” are

¹ “The Seat of Authority in Religion,” by James Martineau. “Athenæum,” May 17th, 1890.

blessed rather than cursed in the volume before us, we can yet point to the exposition and defence of theism in its loftiest sense as to a mine of material out of which the hard-pressed apologist may forge new and powerful weapons for the war against materialism and agnosticism.

Dr. Martineau's own solution of the problem to determine the seat of authority in religion forms the substance of his first book, which is divided into four chapters, entitled respectively, "God in Nature," "God in Humanity," "Utilitarian Substitute for Authority," and "God in History." They will not detain us long, seeing that not only are they in the main a reproduction of a series of papers contributed by the author to an American journal, but the ethical doctrine they contain is merely a summary of that more fully set forth and defended in "Types of Ethical Theory." The author's task in the first chapter—to show that the great discovery of modern science, that of the infinite extent and duration of the universe, has not shaken the ground of theistic faith—is an easy one. "No one," he well remarks, "could ever have supposed that religion was hurt by these discoveries, had not Christendom unhappily bound up its religion with the physics of Moses and of Paul." But we think that Dr. Martineau is a little unjust when he takes the popular expounders of the doctrine of development to task for calling attention rather to the supposed origin of man at a point low down in the scale of being than to the dignified position he has managed to climb to as "the child of God." For the man of science moves in a sphere of facts of which to him no one is more common or unclean than another, and in estimating their relative importance he can hardly be expected to confuse the character of his work by borrowing the language or the standards of the divine and the man of taste.

In dealing with "God in History" Dr. Martineau is confronted by the problem how to distinguish what is of God from what is of men. And the principle of division which he proposes as a solution appears to be somewhat arbitrary and unreal. It is, of course, important that a Unitarian, determined to avoid the very semblance of pantheism, should be able to charge upon the human element what may be called the crimes and the failures of history. But, on the other hand, he is bound to leave due scope for the activity of the moral and personal governor. So "it is God," we are told,

who *inspires* for man to *realize*. The ideals are his: the actuals that come out of them, or that fail to come out of them, are ours. Where there is nothing to be seen but bare conservation of what good there is, or, at best, only a local extension of it to classes or regions not brought up to its level, the human will is the chief agent, working on its own prosaic and unaspiring flat, and content to stand alone. Where there is continuous growth, and advance to loftier stages of life and character, and the men of each generation leave the world better than they found it, there we are on the vestiges of the divine Agent, and trace his moral government in history.

And it is in the former class that Dr. Martineau places what he calls "the great stationary civilizations of Egypt or Eastern Asia." In the first place, it is difficult to see how the original inspiration can be altogether acquitted of what seems to be defective or perverse in its realization. If what came out of it was a failure, then the seeds of failure must have been latent in it from the first. And in the second place, this theory seems to take no account of the diversity of national type as a cause of the diversity of national performance. Because the Egyptian civilization, which through centuries was very far from being stationary, has left a record less fruitful from our present point of view than that of the Greek, we have no right whatever to import a moral tone into our judgment of the difference between them, as if nations, forsooth, started fair in a race for the same ideals. It may well be that a stationary civilization—assuming that such a thing exists or ever existed—performs some necessary function in the general economy. But as we are unfortunately in complete ignorance of the ultimate end towards which human effort is being guided or is drifting, any attempt to arrange the phenomena of civilization in order of merit on a moral scale must be futile and presumptuous. "Dans le jeu de tir à la cible auquel s'amuse l'humanité, le point atteint paraît le point visé."

Having found, therefore, for authority in religion its seat in an intuitive assurance, the author passes on in the second book to examine the pretensions of those who, while recognizing authority, place it, either in an infallible Church as the Catholics, or in an infallible book as the Protestants. Dr. Martineau has little to say directly about the Anglican Church; but seeing that it presents the remarkable spectacle of being divided into two great parties (not to speak of minor subdivisions), one of which loves to conjure

with precisely those words and phrases which are most abhorred by the other, members of both schools will be sure to find what is for them wholesome and relevant in one section or the other.

Dr. Newman long ago discovered that to be deep in history is to cease to be Protestant; but Dr. Martineau, who sets out from the Catholic position, holds most decidedly that to be deeper in history is to cease to be Catholic. And his reasons for addressing himself to this part of the inquiry first are, in these times, well worthy of attention:

To this Catholic theory let us first turn; the more so, because to punish our imperfect exorcism of evil spirits at the Reformation, it is fast returning from the dry places of controversy in which it could never rest, and, finding in many minds the mediaeval chamber swept and garnished, enters in to resume possession.

Dr. Martineau then examines in order the four divine marks or “notes”—of Unity, Sanctity, Universality, and Apostolicity—“which make any mistake of the true Church of God impossible.” It will probably be urged that the facts and arguments are not new which our author brings forward to demolish the groundwork of these theories; but it is easy to reply that, trite though they be, they can never be insisted upon too often.

That so stupendous a claim should appeal to tests so inadequate would be impossible, were it not that it has had to confront nothing but pretension weaker than itself, and already pledged to its most vulnerable premisses. If we take for granted, that, somewhere upon earth, there must be a divine institute, and only one, for the distribution of grace and the organization of true dogma; and if the only question be, whether what we find at Lambeth, at Geneva, or at Rome, looks most like this long-lived and world-wide establishment—these “notes” serve readily enough to pick out the Catholic Church; being, in fact, invented for this very purpose. As between different pretenders to the same ideal, they may be conclusive. But if we dismiss that ideal assumption, and look first at what is real; if we relieve the Church of her rivals, and ask her to begin at the beginning, and speak to us from the primitive ground of humanity alone,—then we shall need other marks than these to convince us that there is nothing diviner upon earth than a spiritual corporation which can have a *Borgia* for its head, the councils of *Ephesus* and *Constance* for boards of justice, and the *index* and *encyclicals* as its expressions of pastoral wisdom.

It is hardly necessary to follow Dr. Martineau in his rapid survey of the development of typical dogmas from fluid beginnings

into their present compact and settled form. The facts should be familiar to every one who has acquired so much as a smattering of ecclesiastical history. So undeniable are they, that a doctrine of "development" has had to be specially invented to account for them and bring their history within the system of the Church. According to this doctrine the life of a dogma is sharply divided into two periods: the former a kind of sacred *Sturm und Drang* period, in which the dogma-germ throws out luxuriant forms of life in the heated atmosphere of controversy. Then comes the infallible decree, not of natural but of divine selection, which out of the different competing forms fixes upon this or that as the fittest to survive. Thenceforth there is nothing but unity. Now, whatever may be thought of this doctrine as an attempt to exhibit any process that is real, there is a slight moral difficulty attaching to its consequences so far as the individual is concerned:

Living in the former period, you may go wrong without offence; living in the latter, your heterodoxy is perdition: under the very same conditions of thought, your relations to God are inverted. The definitions of the Church have thus the effect not of simply declaring, but of constantly altering, the terms of acceptance with God: and if, being in error, you die the day before a Vatican decree, you may pass to the seats of the blessed; if the day after, you join the Devil and his angels.

With regard to the note of Sanctity, it has sometimes been urged by ingenious apologists, in view of facts which it is hopeless to attempt to deny or explain away, such as the crimes and vices during certain centuries of the Papacy and the Inquisition—granted that these phenomena present much that is shocking to a refined sentiment of humanity or morality, the essential, implicit sanctity of the Church is not contaminated or impaired by such external defects in her organism. Nay, more, may we not devoutly believe that such motes and blemishes fulfil a providential purpose in the ecclesiastical economy as "trials of faith"? Dr. Martineau will have none of this plausible pleading:

If by sanctity be meant some occult quality which magically appeals to the favour of God, it is of no avail in evidence, being itself out of sight. A "note" that is invisible is a contradiction and a nonentity. If the word denote self-dedication to a perfect Moral Will, this interior state of mind will manifest itself in an habitual elevation of aim, purity of life, disinterestedness of work, quickness of compassion, and balanced loyalty to

truth and love, legible to every eye familiar with the language of character. When I pass through Church history in search of these, I doubtless find them, but in such sparse and partial gleams from a wilderness of passion and of wrong, that secular history itself, though less inspiring in its supreme heights, is less dreary on its ordinary levels, and less dreadful in its darker depths.

The ground rapidly surveyed by Dr. Martineau in the chapter on Protestants and the Scriptures has already been covered by the author of “Supernatural Religion,” many of whose conclusions will here be found reaffirmed; and the investigation is interesting, not for its novelty, but as showing the effect on the mind of a trained philosopher and expositor of a study of Christian evidences conducted with the aid of the newest lights upon the subject. Space, however, will not allow us to do more than indicate a few of the conclusions arrived at.

The most striking feature of our author’s treatment of the fourth Gospel is seen when he comes to deal with its relation to the Apocalypse. He accepts without hesitation the rather rash theory of the character and composition of the latter which was put forward by Vischer in 1886 under the distinguished *imprimatur* of Harnack, and which explains it as “a Jewish apocalypse, with Christian interpolations, set in a Christian frame.”

What, then, is the effect of the new discovery (if such it be) respecting the Apocalypse on the question of authorship for the fourth Gospel? Simply this: the Apocalypse is put out of court altogether as a witness in the case. Stripped of its own apostolic pretension, it has nothing to say either for or against that of the Gospel; and the old argument against either from its violent contrast with the other can no longer be pressed.

The relation of the fourth Gospel to the Paschal controversy is examined in some detail, and the conclusion of the whole matter, as it presents itself to Dr. Martineau, is summed up as follows:

From all quarters, then, does evidence flow in, that the only Gospel which is composed and not merely compiled and edited, and for which, therefore, a single writer is responsible, has its birthday in the middle of the second century, and is not the work of a witness at all.

The familiar problem raised by the conflicting testimony of the Acts of the Apostles and the Pauline letters with regard chiefly to the state of parties in the primitive Church is solved by Dr. Mar-

tineau in a manner which will appear startling to those who do not possess some acquaintance with the main results of continental investigation:

Of the apostolic age judged by its genuine memorials, the Book of Acts gives a distorted and highly ideal representation, changing the characteristics of the principal personages, suppressing its most serious dissensions, and assimilating its incompatible theologies. The author stands at a distance from its inner conflicts, and sees only the results which in their subsidence they have wrought out. He has been called a Pauline disciple; but he betrays not the slightest insight into the system of thought which distinguished the apostle of the Gentiles, or sympathy with his special genius. He has been regarded as representing the Catholic, as opposed to the Judaic version of the Gospel; but he does so only by abolishing the difference between them, attributing the broadest liberality to the apostles at Jerusalem, and treating Christian universality as Judaism rightly developed.

Dr. Martineau then examines the different theories of His person and work which have grown up around the figure of Jesus. He does so, of course, from the Unitarian point of view. He holds, in the first place, that Jesus never assumed the character or claimed the title of Messiah, that He simply took up the Baptist's message that the kingdom of God was at hand, without pointing to Himself as the destined ruler of that kingdom; and the numerous passages in the synoptic Gospels in which Jesus is made to use unequivocal Messianic language of Himself, are explained by Dr. Martineau as due to the constructive imagination of the writers, who, having framed for themselves a Messianic theory of the person of Jesus, moulded their accounts accordingly:

They were drawn to him and held fast by the power of a penetrating and subduing personality, the effect of which was a mystery to themselves, and their vain attempts to solve the mystery have left us the unfortunate legacy of a Christian mythology.

The question of the term Son of Man so often applied to Himself by Jesus is more complicated. Harnack affirms decidedly that it means "nothing else than Messiah." But Dr. Martineau, while admitting that the term came to acquire a Messianic complexion, would assign this later development to the period between the ministry of Jesus and the fall of the Jewish state, and recognizes in the supposed genuine examples of its use by Our Lord rather a survival of the characteristic thought of Ezekiel, that is to say:

an intensification, in the awful presence and communion of the Most High, of the conscious weakness, unworthiness, nothingness, of the human agent, when called to be the organ of a Divine intent. . . . This is probably the thought which commended the term “Son of Man” to the preference of Jesus; and as it thus comes from his lips it exactly expresses the trustful self-surrender, the blended fearlessness and tenderness before men, the shrinking from words of praise, “Why callest thou me good?” the pathetic calmness of the uplooking and uplifting life, which speak in all the features of his portraiture.

It has been impossible within the limits of a short review to do justice to a work like the present—to its varied learning and its high enthusiasm for the cause of spiritual religion. Its appearance is, above all, an event wholesome for these times, in which the mediaeval conception of religion, under a partly new and distinctly plausible disguise, makes a powerful appeal to all such as are sensible of the picturesque charm of what is venerable. It is from this point of view that the volume is a welcome sign, for it gives hope and confidence for the future.

ERNEST RENAN'S
"L'AVENIR DE LA SCIENCE"¹
[1890: AET. 27]

I

RENAN'S preface renders the task of the critic difficult, if not altogether superfluous. Looking back across a period of nearly fifty years at this first expression of his former self, he coolly analyzes its defects both of style and of conception, and estimates the extent to which its ardent predictions have been either contradicted or confirmed by present reality. It would seem, indeed, as if the publication of a book like the present might well have been delayed until death should have "rounded" into completeness the life's work of the author, for it is then that the traces of effort put forth tentatively in this direction or in that acquire their real value, as disclosing the process, which mature art conceals, of the conception and building up of that which we should otherwise only have known as a finished product. But M. Renan has at last determined not to leave his early essay to be made known in a posthumous edition, but to give it to the world himself:

Ma vie se prolongeant au delà de ce que j'avais toujours supposé, je me suis décidé, en ces derniers temps, à me faire moi-même mon propre éditeur. J'ai pensé que quelques personnes liraient, non sans profit, ces pages ressuscitées, et surtout que la jeunesse, un peu incertaine de sa voie, verrait avec plaisir comment un jeune homme, très franc et très sincère, pensait seul avec lui-même il y a quarante ans. Les jeunes aiment les ouvrages des jeunes. Dans mes écrits destinés aux gens du monde, j'ai dû faire beaucoup de sacrifices à ce qu'on appelle en France le goût. Ici, l'on trouvera, sans aucun dégrossissement, le petit Breton consciencieux qui, un jour, s'enfuit épouvanté de Saint-Sulpice, parce qu'il crut s'apercevoir qu'une partie de ce que ses maîtres lui avaient dit n'était peut-être pas tout à fait vrai.

¹ "Athenaeum," May 24th, 1890.

In 1848 M. Renan, as he now realizes and confesses, was a dreamer of dreams. First there was the dream that the scientific spirit, once disengaged from the fetters imposed upon it by the unholy alliance of ignorance and superstition, would move rapidly and unerringly to the final solution of the social problems which oppress and perplex humanity:

Tout en continuant de croire que la science seule peut améliorer la malheureuse situation de l'homme ici-bas, je ne crois plus la solution du problème aussi près de nous que je le croyais alors. L'inégalité est écrite dans la nature; elle est la conséquence de la liberté; or la liberté de l'individu est un postulat nécessaire du progrès humain.

In the second place M. Renan, disabused, as so many have been, by knowledge and experience, finds his youthful optimism exaggerated. Not that on that account he can only find safety in retreat to the opposite pole. There is here no hysterical recantation —no breaking in pieces, in the style of "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," of an idol discovered to be only brass after all:

L'erreur dont ces vieilles pages sont imprégnées, c'est un optimisme exagéré, qui ne sait pas voir que le mal vit encore et qu'il faut payer cher, c'est-à-dire en priviléges, le pouvoir qui nous protège contre le mal.

And he goes on to indicate another error, the seeds of which he explains as a deposit of Catholic training, though similar flowers of fancy are to be noticed in our own time and country sprouting from what are presumably quite different germs:

On y trouve également enraciné un vieux reste de catholicisme, l'idée qu'on reverra des âges de foi, où régnera une religion obligatoire et universelle, comme cela eut lieu dans la première moitié du moyen âge. Dieu nous garde d'une telle manière d'être sauvés! L'unité de croyance, c'est-à-dire le fanatisme, ne renaitrait dans le monde qu'avec l'ignorance et la crédulité des anciens jours. Mieux vaut un peuple immoral qu'un peuple fanatique; car les masses immorales ne sont pas gênantes, tandis que les masses fanatiques abêtissent le monde, et un monde condamné à la bêtise n'a plus de raison pour que je m'y intéresse; j'aime autant le voir mourir.

But on the whole, and in spite of these reservations, M. Renan feels that the light which he saw was the true light. Progress since 1848 has in the main adopted the line of advance laid down by him. With regard to the conquering idea of evolution, M. Renan confesses that he was not naturalist enough to thread the labyrinth

of nature with its aid. The true place of man in the scale of being he misconceived, while sharing Hegel's error of attributing too decidedly to humanity the central *rôle* in the universe. But in the matter of all products or functions of man, such as language, literature, society, he was a decided evolutionist. In the sphere of political and social science, however, the progress made has been slight, and the future, which seems big with the elements of disturbance, is as unreadable as ever:

Entre les deux objectifs de la politique, grandeur des nations, bien-être des individus, on choisit par intérêt ou par passion. Rien ne nous indique quelle est la volonté de la nature, ni le but de l'univers. . . . Qui aura, dans des siècles, le plus servi l'humanité, du patriote, du libéral, du réactionnaire, du socialiste, du savant? Nul ne le sait, et pourtant il serait capital de le savoir, car ce qui est bon dans une des hypothèses est mauvais dans l'autre. . . . La politique est comme un désert où l'on marche au hasard, vers le nord, vers le sud, car il faut marcher. Nul ne sait, dans l'ordre social, où est le bien. Ce qu'il y a de consolant, c'est qu'on arrive nécessairement quelque part.

The conclusion is reaffirmed distinctly after the lapse of so many years. Those who believe firmly in science, who live the life both of thought and of action in accordance with its teachings, have chosen the good part. It is true there are many who, threatened probably in their class or caste interests by the advance and spread of knowledge, cry out that the ancient beliefs are being discredited, and that in consequence worth and beauty must vanish from the world; who imagine that man will of necessity cease to behave himself as soon as ever he ceases to be duped. But in spite of these sinister predictions, *impavidi progrediamur*:

Continuons de jouir du don suprême qui nous a été départi, celui d'être et de contempler la réalité. La science restera toujours la satisfaction du plus haut désir de notre nature, la curiosité; elle fournira toujours à l'homme le seul moyen qu'il ait pour améliorer son sort. Elle préserve de l'erreur plutôt qu'elle ne donne la vérité; mais c'est déjà quelque chose d'être sûr de n'être pas dupe. L'homme formé selon ces disciplines vaut mieux en définitive que l'homme instinctif des âges de foi. Il est exempt d'erreurs où l'être inculte est fatalément entraîné. Il est plus éclairé, il commet moins de crimes, il est moins sublime et moins absurde. Cela, dira-t-on, ne vaut pas le paradis que la science nous enlève. Qui sait d'abord si elle nous l'enlève? Et puis, après tout, on n'appauvrit personne en tirant de son portefeuille les mauvaises valeurs et les faux billets. Mieux vaut un peu de

bonne science que beaucoup de mauvaise science. On se trompe moins en avouant qu'on ignore qu'en s'imaginant savoir beaucoup de choses qu'on ne sait pas.

On turning to the pages of the essay itself the reader will probably be perplexed to find and hold the main thread of argument or exposition running through such a mass of words. The illustrations drawn from history or literature, which here and there light up the path of impetuous thought, are of the highest interest, for they reveal the attitude of the youthful critic on the very borders of the rich field which he was to go in and possess. One fact stands out in high relief from these pages—the profound influence upon an ardent disciple of the master-mind of Burnouf. So much, indeed, do we hear about the Vedas, about the orthodox systems of Hindu philosophy, that we seem to be listening not to the future historian of Christianity, but to one who has deliberately and passionately chosen the career of an Indianist, while an occasional slip reveals to the curious eye the fact that in 1848 the erudition even of a Renan was in certain respects more copious than minute. Here and there may be found a passage recalling either in form or in sentiment the later craft of the master; but we must repeat that the interest of the essay is essentially biographical. It solves no problems, suggests no new thoughts; but it gives fresh fullness and precision to our idea of a great personality.

“ESSAYS OF A PLAIN MAN”¹

[1890: AET. 27]



HE “plain man” in literature occupies a position of peculiar privilege. His is not the spirit which continually denies. On the contrary, he is never tired of taking the negative people to task for their hostility or indifference to what plain men still find their consolation in believing. He gives himself all the airs of a daring sceptic; in fact, only a sceptic so thoroughgoing as he can unmask scepticism, and convict it of the secret vice of dogmatism. He is untroubled by the modesty which caused George Eliot’s celebrated inquirer to stop short at hinting that on the question of the tides he held views widely different from the accepted scientific conclusions: “Well, sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinion, but if I was to give mine, it ‘ud be different.” The plain man begins by admitting that he knows no science; but that by no means prevents him from solemnly adducing a whole string of considerations which should tell with fatal effect against the doctrine of evolution. On the other hand, he is no critic; he is even half inclined to believe that the present plague of critics may have visited the groaning earth in fulfilment of New Testament prophecy, and that in this sign should all plain men read a warning that the end of all things is at hand. And yet that does not prevent him from confounding like a new Elijah the elaborately trained prophets of criticism. On all these and more subjects, in fact, the plain man *does* give his opinion, and it *is* different. “Newton and others think that in a revolving sphere the loose surface matter will tend to the equator; Mr. Bakewell thinks it will tend to the poles.” And as for those who lay claim to special competence in their several departments, let them rave. They may change everything else with their destructive theories, but the convictions of the plain man never.

¹ “Opposites: a Series of Essays on the Unpopular Sides of Popular Questions,” By Lewis Thornton. “Athenaeum,” July 10th, 1890.

Impavidum ferient ruinae, and in the fierce competition of rival systems he backs plain duncery after all.

In the preface to the volume before us the author describes, or rather indicates, his attitude with regard to questions and conclusions as to which he is understood to differ from the main body of professional opinion:

Specialism is too apt to think that there is no truth worth mentioning outside of its own speciality; and again, as soon as it grows learned, it begins to build hypotheses, which is the tendency of great erudition. For the learned mind, delighted with its own performances, soon soars beyond its facts and employs itself in theory making; while the plain and unlearned mind, less powerful to speculate, is shut up more to the facts. Thus able thinkers, from their very capacity for thought, are apt to leave their facts and think out schemes of what might be, if existing conditions were altered; whereas the plain and ordinary thinker desires to find a scheme which will suit the facts of life as they now stand. The plain, vagabond, perverse mind, in a word, takes in a quantity of facts from a number of creeds and a number of departments, and has not much ability to make hypotheses on them; the learned, specialistic mind takes in the facts of one or two creeds or departments, and weaves them into quite a number of hypotheses.

And further, “the vagabond intellect may avoid some errors which specialism is almost bound to fall into.”

Accordingly it is in this plain, vagabond, perverse spirit that he proceeds to deal, briefly, but directly, with a variety of topics, most of which are of absorbing interest at the present day.

In the essay entitled “Forwards or Backwards” he puts the case for pessimism as against those who talk of the beneficence of nature and the progress of man. But the beneficence, he tells us, is as imaginary as the progress, and the best of it is that the Bible said so all along. With this conclusion we have no desire whatever to quarrel; but when we are further informed that the ultimate annihilation of humanity, to which “the scientific creed” points, “implies an incredible inutility, or the expenditure of a vast amount of trouble for nothing,” the reply is obvious that it does so only on the assumption that humanity as a whole plays, if not the principal, at least an important part in the universal drama. But “il se peut que tout le développement humain n’ait pas plus de conséquence que la mousse ou le lichen dont s’entoure toute surface humectée,” and if so its ultimate annihilation need be an event no more vast or in-

credible than the ultimate annihilation of a moth in the flame of a candle.

Our author next deals with the assertion (attributed to "rationalists") that "now that religious beliefs seem to be going, the poet must be looked to as the chief moral teacher of an enlightened and evolving humanity." These rationalists may be plausible persons, but they have only to be exposed to the dry light of a plain man's wit to betray their deep-seated defects, of partiality and incompetence. For "great poets," says Lewis Thornton, "become scarce exactly at those periods when they are most wanted," and, worse than that, they actually "die out before a materialistic civilization." And he borrows—and supplements in the same elegant and correct vein—the observation in "The New Republic" to the effect that the present age "would sooner look at a foetus in a bottle, than at a statue of the god Apollo, from the hand of Phidias, and in the air of Athens." Now it is quite useless to deny that in the present age a numerous class of persons habitually contemplate foetuses in bottles with undisguised interest and even enthusiasm; and it may be urged in extenuation that their business, to which there is an important practical side, should not go on without it. But their business is not everybody's business, nor have they as yet shown the slightest tendency to interfere with the freedom of, say, Mr. Mallock to contemplate the grown children of his own superstition, while, on the other hand, and side by side with such coarse inquirers, there are those to whom the artistic remains of Phidias are the object of a passionate devotion and a minute curiosity unknown before the advent of our materialistic civilization. Some ringing lines of protest and denunciation are next quoted from "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." On their author's account, if on no other, they deserve to be pondered with respect, though it must be borne in mind that since Origen's day it has been a habit with veterans to cry out that the universe is disordered, when it is simply the microcosm of their own system that is beginning to break up.

The fourth essay, dealing with the wide subject of evolution, will probably be read with the greatest interest. The author sets out from the admission that Darwin's hypotheses, "modified in the direction of confirmation, are now almost generally held by those whose scientific training renders them best able to judge." But nothing daunted by the weight of this concurrent testimony, the

plain man rushes to the attack—his strength is as the strength of ten, just because the weapons of his warfare are *not* scientific:

If the plain but sceptical man is going to combat the evolution hypotheses, he must attack them before they enter the realms of science at all. They rest, at their beginning, on a plain outside assumption; and that foundation-assumption is the point which the outside sceptic must attack, for he may claim to be quite as well qualified to decide about its truth or falsity as the best trained scientist in existence. It is not a scientific question at all, and it is simply this: these evolution hypotheses base their existence on the prior assumption that there is no evidence of the interference of the Deity, either in any process of Nature or any department of human life.”

Now in the first place it has to be urged once more that the hypothesis of evolution deals only with the mode of succession and variation of living forms. It is perfectly open to any plain man—or for the matter of that to any evolutionist—to contend that the process is an expression of will, that the will is the will of a Person—nay, further, he is welcome to believe that he may know much of the character and intentions of the Person in question. The sphere of unproved assumptions is wide enough to afford space for unlimited castle-building on the part of all such as may feel themselves cramped or stifled in the comparatively modest structures which science rears upon the basis of fact. But the plain man is too jealous, too exacting. He notices with indignation that certain men of science are not nearly so polite or attentive as they ought to be when he goes among them surrounded by his hopeful brood of private judgments and peculiar imaginations. Whence this ill-natured refusal to take cognizance of what he feels, what he knows to be real? The facts upon which the evolutionist relies are “scattered,” whereas the facts from which plain men gather the certainty of Divine intervention are “not nearly so scattered, but often following very close after each other in time and place.” And as a specimen of such facts the author refers us to the wonderful events recounted in “A Narrative of the Lord’s dealings with George Müller.” But he immediately spoils his own case by admitting not only that Mr. Wallace is aware of the facts in question, but also that he is bold enough to interpret them in a way different from that of George Müller, and all this without prejudice to his belief in the doctrine of evolution!

Our author incidentally professes a high admiration for the character and ability of the late Mr. Darwin; in fact he delights to

honour him with the complimentary titles of "great soul" and "prophet"; but he appears strangely to have ignored the remarkable passage at the end of "The Origin of Species," where Darwin writes:

There is a grandeur in this view of life with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved.

What becomes then of the asserted essential contradiction between the hypothesis of evolution and that of a Divine interference, or even of "the descent of all from one primordial form," which, as Lewis Thornton has said in his heart, is another of the assumptions of the doctrine of evolution? From all this it appears that the plain man has been at his old trick of first adulterating the leavings of the man of science, and then solemnly refusing to swallow them.

The high *a priori* road is naturally that on which the plain man's progress is most rapid and most easy; but towards the close of his essay Lewis Thornton deviates from it for a while, and has recourse to what he is pleased to term "good scientific *dicta* against Darwinianism." Now the *argumentum ab hominibus*, which the plain man is fond of flourishing, as if it were the most trenchant of weapons, proves nothing, simply because it can prove anything. The history of science is full of examples of good or bad scientific *dicta* put forward by great men in opposition to theories which have, nevertheless, conquered in the struggle for life. Newton, Leibniz, Cassini, and Liebig have, in different departments, all appeared as champions of what is now supposed to be the cause of error; and it may be that the scientific *dicta* which Lewis Thornton calls good will diminish rather than augment the future fame of Agassiz, Murchison, and Dawson. "But why enumerate names?" cries our author. Why, indeed! seeing that no paradox is so forlorn as to be without its serious and cultivated champions.

The essay entitled "Gods and Women" contains a brief historical retrospect, and a solemn augury of the evil likely to result in practice from the modern ideas of the position and the rights of women. In the first place, female deities, as is well known, were far from exhibiting in themselves or inspiring in their worshippers such virtues and graces as are usually called feminine. They were both

cruel and impure. So much he who runs may read. But “the world is now looking” not, of course, to goddesses, but “to ordinary women for its renovation,” so it becomes important to examine the evidence of history as to the character and behaviour of ordinary women.

If woman is to renovate humanity, she must be expected to do so mainly by her moral intuitions and her sympathy. But this expectation has very unfortunate historical facts to contend with before one can hope to establish it as a probability. Cleopatra was a woman, and so was Catherine de Medici, and they were both devils; and “the most relentless persecutor who ever sat on the throne of England was a woman.” . . . The Roman women, gentle and simple, gazed with equal indifference, not to say pleasure, on the sufferings of men and children and beasts in the arena. Now it would be unfair to charge them with especial callousness for so doing, for they were only acting in the spirit of their age, and were probably no more really cruel than the ladies of modern society are who call each other “dear,” and who know with such exquisite intuition just where to put the knife in—just how to torture each other by a look or a word, in a way which clumsy man can never hope to equal. No, they were not unusually callous; but the point to be noticed is, that they were no more sensible than the men; their unerring intuition did not show them that the fights of gladiators and burnings of heretics were prejudicial to society and logically indefensible; it was male intellect that found that out, many centuries after.

Moved, then, by the contemplation of these lurid pictures, and with the solemn tones of *Ecclesiasticus* ringing in his ears, Lewis Thornton exclaims:

Does one wish to be either governed politically, or guided morally, by one’s own washerwoman? For there are more washerwomen, it must be remembered, than ladies in the world; and if everybody gets a vote, as everybody probably will in time, the washerwomen will outvote the ladies, just as surely as the chimney-sweeps now outvote the gentlemen.

But the cry of indignant protest is uttered too late. The die is cast. Whether the chimney-sweep in the unbiassed opinion of “the gentleman” is worthy of the privilege which he shares with the latter is not now the question. The fact remains that he has got it, and those who advocate “women’s rights” take their stand upon what actually exists, and, if the worst comes to the worst, will see no reason for withholding even from the washerwoman what has already, for good or for evil, been conferred upon the chimney-sweep, however much they may dislike, on sentimental grounds, to wound the genteel feelings of superior persons.

Towards the close of the same essay our author refers to the well-known fact that the idea of equality, political and social, between men and women is no new thing. " 'Women's rights,' " he tells us, " were tried long ago, and found wanting," and he adduces in particular the case of Egypt, where the woman appears to have stood upon the same level as the man, adding the profound observation that " these early civilizations did not end successfully; and there is no saying how much of the vice which led to their downfall may not have been attributable to the forwardness of their women."

Now, it is undoubtedly true that these early civilizations came to an end, as all things do that have a beginning. But what does Lewis Thornton mean by saying that their end was not successful? How does a civilization end successfully? or which of the civilizations known to ancient history may be said to have so ended? The answers to these questions set forth clearly and in detail would form an important contribution to the philosophy of history. But the choice of Egypt as an example is singularly unfortunate for our author's immediate purpose, seeing that it has been plausibly maintained that the extraordinary duration of the "peculiar and noble" Egyptian civilization was in great part due to its freedom from the social evils which flow from the subjection of women.

We have been compelled to leave several interesting points untouched, such as the author's attitude towards theology and politics; but the examples already given are sufficient to illustrate his manner and the general character of his opinions. If we have called Lewis Thornton a plain man more than once, it is only because he himself seems proud of the title, boasting it, as he does, repeatedly from page to page of his book; but we are far from wishing to imply that there is not "a hierarchy of ranks" even among plain people. Lewis Thornton is far above the level of the plain man who has his doubts about official science in high places, and publishes a common-sense quadrature of the circle. On the contrary, he has been a hard and discursive reader, and he is undoubtedly a smart writer. And after all, it is possible that the exertions of the plain man prevent the growth of a kind of official dogmatism of specialists, which would be as injurious to the interests of true science as the most orthodox ecclesiastical tyranny. In England at any rate, where the glorious privilege of private judgment is every man's birthright, it will be long before he will find his occupation gone.

JAMES DARMESTETER'S
"CHANTS POPULAIRES DES AFGHANS"¹
[1890: AET. 27]



N his "Letters on India" Professor Darmesteter has already recorded in a popular form the main impressions and conclusions gathered during a residence of some months on the Afghan frontier; and the texts now published for the first time may be regarded in part—so the author tells us—as furnishing *pièces justificatives* to his earlier essays. But the present volume is far from having only the relative significance of a commentary or a supplement, for in dealing exhaustively and minutely with the complicated problem of the Afghan language the author has raised a striking monument of genius and sagacity; and his solution, though it reverses the judgment of his chief predecessors in the same field, will probably rank among the settled acquisitions of science—*nisi machinis ualidioribus propulsa in aeternum persistet inconcussa*.

The author's first task is to determine and disengage the phonetic elements which have passed into the language from Persia on the one hand and India on the other. From both sources Afghan has naturally received a considerable Arabic admixture, so that on the whole the borrowed element is threefold—Persian, Hindustani, and Arabic. As a general rule the sounds common to Persian and Arabic are retained, while those peculiar to the latter either disappear or undergo modification; but the most important fact which results from this preliminary inquiry is that the so-called cerebrals are no genuine feature of the Afghan system:

* * * * *

In the second chapter the author sketches the history of the Afghans, that is to say, so far as it can be pieced together from the fragmentary notices which have passed here and there into the

¹ "Academy," September 6th, 1890.

main currents of tradition, for, as a whole, the Afghans have no history:

Les Afghans n'ont pas d'histoire, parce que l'anarchie n'en a pas. Pour qu'il y ait histoire, il faut un centre national, et les Afghans n'en ont jamais eu: à présent même, après la fondation de deux empires afghans, celui des Ghâjais et celui des Durrânis, il n'en ont pas encore. Les Afghans de l'Inde et ceux du Yâghistân n'ont pas les yeux fixés vers Kâbul et l'Emir comme vers leur centre national. Au milieu du XV^e siècle, quand une famille afghane, celle des Lodis, donna une dynastie à l'Inde, la masse des tribus continua à végéter dans ses montagnes . . . L'histoire nous donne bien de temps en temps des données sur l'histoire de telle tribu ou de tel aventurier: elle ne donne qu'un mot en passant sur le gros des tribus.

The historical traces left by the Afghans in one respect all lead to the same conclusion, namely, that as they now are so they have ever been—"des mercenaires, des pillards, des capitaines d'aventures et au besoin même des gendarmes." For the evidence brought together from varied sources the reader must be referred to the book itself. We would only, in passing, call special attention—as to a happy hunting-ground for the Biblical paradoxer—to the legendary accounts of the descent of the Afghans, on the one hand from certain nobles of Pharaoh, who, after escaping the overthrow at the Red Sea, migrated to India, and established themselves in the mountains of Sulaimân, or, on the other, from a grandson of Saul, King of Israel. According to the latter legend, which will be seen to bring Afghan history into still closer connection with "revelation," Solomon's self would once have occupied the rocky brow of the Afghan Olympus.

It is at the outset unlikely that the references, if any, to the Afghans on the part of the classical writers would be either clear or copious. "Ils avaient trop peu d'importance politique: la grande histoire se passait dans la plaine et dans les villes, dans la basse vallée de l'Etymandros." M. Darmesteter admits the possibility that the so-called highland Indians (*τοὺς ὄρείους Ἰνδὸνς καλουμένους*), whom Arrian connects with the Arachosians as forming part of the host of Darius at the battle of Arbela, were Afghans; or rather the possibility that they came from the quarter now occupied by the Afghans:

Mais si même les montagnards indiens du satrape d'Arachosie sont les montagnards d'Arachosie, c'est à dire du pays habité aujourd'hui par les

Afghans, cette identification purement locale reste assez sterile et ne nous apprend rien sur la continuité d'un élément Afghan, d'Alexandre à nos jours. Il est assez naturel que les montagnes afghanes fussent habitées par des montagnards dès le temps d'Alexandre: cela ne prouve pas que les Afghans purs soient les descendants de ces montagnards. Il nous faudrait au moins une continuité dans les noms ethniques.

Now it is precisely such a bond of continuity that appears to be furnished, as Lassen long ago suspected, by the Πάκτυες of Herodotus, who would accordingly represent the modern Pakhtūn. Their geographical position, as it may be inferred from the passage of Herodotus (iv. 44), is all in favour of the hypothesis; the difficulty lies in the etymological equation, for we have seen that the form *Pakhtūn*, *Pukhtūn*, is not primitive, but a modification of the earlier and still surviving *Pashtūn*, *Pushtūn*. Professor Darmesteter solves the equation by substituting for the root of *Pashtūn* itself the form *parshti* or **parshtu*, to which it must be referred in the earlier language, if the popular explanation of the name as meaning "highlanders" be accepted as the true one:

Dans cette explication, *Pashtūn* serait dérivé de *pusht*—par suffixe *ūn* (anciennement *ána*), et signifierait "montagnard, Highlander," par opposition aux gens de la plaine, aux *Tijik* du temps. Mais le mot devenu *pusht* en persan et en afghan est dans la vieille langue *parshti* ou **parshtu*. Si donc les Pactyes sont nos Afghans, il faut admettre, ce qui n'est pas inadmissible, que Πάκτυες est une transcription imparfaite pour Παρστυες ou plutôt Παρστρυες et que le *kt* des Grecs représente le son exotique *rsht*.

And in this way we are prepared to recognize with little difficulty the reappearance of the Afghans in the Παρσηται (? for Παρστυ-ηται), described by Ptolemy as the most northern of the four tribes inhabiting Arachosia.

With regard to the literature, a broad distinction in point of character must be drawn between what is written and what is preserved orally. The former kind, which, beginning with the heretic communist Bâyazîd Ançârî in the sixteenth century, may be said to have its roots in the rich soil of theological controversy, is eminently learned and artificial; but, moulded and penetrated by Persian influence, its value as an expression of the manners and genius of the Afghans is comparatively slight. On the other hand:

La littérature véritable des Afghans, la seule que le peuple comprenne et apprécie et qui, à son tour, donne de lui une peintre réelle, c'est la littéra-

ture orale, et pour en prendre la forme la plus saisissable, parce qu'elle est fixée par le rythme, ce sont ses chansons.

It is at the outset remarkable that the bard or *dum*, in spite of his influence and sympathy with the people, is not Afghan by blood. This follows from the fact that the pure-bred Afghan condescends to two forms of employment and two only—war and agriculture. All other trades and professions are left to the inferior castes, and from these the bards are recruited. It is needless to add that the literary poet, who has received a higher education, and is immersed in prettiness "from the Persian," looks with a becoming contempt upon the low-caste effusions of the *dum*.

Of the songs collected and edited by M. Darmesteter, the most important and interesting are naturally the historical, which extend over a period of nearly fifty years, from 1828 to 1881. In fact, the whole history of modern Afghanistan might be rewritten from the popular poetry. According to the chronicler, *Hayât Muhammad*, the rising of 1839 against the English was to a great extent due to the excitement produced by the bards—a circumstance which appears to have escaped the notice of Kaye, the English historian of the event, *à propos* of whom M. Darmesteter remarks:

L'historien anglais de cette guerre n'a pas un mot pour ces chansons dont probablement il ignora l'existence. Imaginez un historien racontant les guerres de la Révolution sans connaître la *Marseillaise*.

With regard to the love-songs, the general reader will probably be concerned to hear that their poetical value is slight, with the single exception of the ballad of the mad poet of Abbottabad (No. 77)—"une chose unique, 'moitié Baudelaire, moitié cantique des can-tiques.'"

It has been impossible within narrow limits to give any but a faint idea of the character of this masterpiece or of the qualities displayed in its execution. Suffice it to say that a task of three-fold difficulty and complexity has been worthily accomplished by one who combines in a conspicuous degree the endowments of the philologist, the historian, and the poet.

“ENCYCLOPAEDIA AMERICANA”¹

[1890: AET. 27]



HE present work is designed to be at once a companion and a supplement to the “Encyclopaedia Britannica,” which, compiled mainly with a view to European readers, would naturally in many respects be found wanting, or at least inadequate, in America. The chief place, therefore, is here assigned to the history, resources, industries, and institutions of the United States. The biographical part not only includes notices of eminent persons who have died too recently to find a place within the range of the “Britannica,” but is further enriched with accounts of living celebrities, European as well as American. But in one respect it would, perhaps, be more correct to describe the work as an antidote rather than as a supplement to the “Britannica”:

The important subjects relating to the Bible, which have been treated in the “Britannica” in an extremely rationalistic spirit (the later volumes in this regard exceeding the earlier), have been discussed in this Supplement in a reverent manner by American scholars of acknowledged ability. The views here presented, so far as they controvert the assertions of the English and German writers in the “Britannica,” will be found to be based on an equally thorough knowledge of the original languages and to show a more thorough sifting of evidence.

Now the truth is that such words and phrases as “evidence,” “demonstration,” “triumphant vindication,” and “irrefragable conclusion” have one set of meanings with English and American apologists, and quite another among the scientifically trained inquirers of France, Holland, and Germany. And one of the great merits of the “Britannica”—acquired largely through the co-operation of continental scholars—is its conspicuous freedom from the limitations imposed by the apologetic temper. But in the supple-

¹ “Athenæum,” September 20th, 1890.

ment before us all this is changed. Writers of undoubted industry and ability track the erring footsteps of Professor Robertson Smith and his associates (including Wellhausen, Harnack, and Hatch), eradicating the tares, and sowing orthodox wheat in their stead. We are far from wishing to underrate the merit of their performances considered as contributions to the apology for tradition. The articles show evidence of careful study, and are written in an incisive style, and with a gravity worthy of the important questions at issue. Above all they have the merit of consistency. The American writers are far too clear-headed to seek salvation in half-reasonableness, or to suppose for one moment that anything lasting or "luminous" is to be gained by first advertising a tardy acceptance of one or two elementary principles of Old Testament criticism, and then retreating to traditional ground as soon as ever the results of the same criticism applied to the New Testament begin to be obnoxious to ecclesiastical pretensions. Though the cause they champion is in our judgment a lost cause, their honesty is above suspicion.

A notable feature of the biographical part of the supplement is the just importance assigned to Scandinavian worthies:

Scandinavian biography, generally neglected, has had the oversight of one of the most eminent authorities in the literature of that region. In America, especially, the interest in this department is advancing rapidly, not only through the circulation of the works of writers such as Björnson, Ibsen, and Jonas Lie in translations, but through the great immigration from Scandinavia having brought us some excellent scholars and authors who are not content to have their native country and its notable men and books remain unknown to the country of their adoption.

In some cases it is difficult to understand by what principle of rejection and inclusion the compilers have been guided. For instance, while Sylvester's labours as a mathematician are chronicled and appreciated, not one word is said of Cayley, with whose name that of the former is invariably associated; and among the astronomers Adams is conspicuous by his absence. But on the whole our countrymen have been well treated. Facts are presented accurately, judgment is given with sobriety, and there is a complete absence of "gush." In the articles on Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, and, above all, Newman, this last quality is as welcome as it was unexpected.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF RENAN'S "HISTOIRE DU PEUPLE D'ISRAËL"¹

[1890: AET. 27]



N this the third volume of his history of the Jews M. Renan embraces the critical period between the downfall of the northern kingdom and the return of the exiles—or rather the choice part of them—from captivity. The familiar historical outline can be retraced in a few words. In M. Renan's view the destruction of Samaria was an unexpected piece of good fortune for the prophets of the southern kingdom. Nothing could have more strikingly confirmed their theological interpretation of politics. The downfall of Israel was the clear consequence of her infidelity, while Judah had been spared because of her attachment to Jahveh. In this state of things the religious party found their opportunity, and Hezekiah, king of Judah, was disposed in their favour both by nature and by conviction. The illusion which flattered the hopes of the national party after the death of Shalmanezer was an alliance with Egypt against Assyria; but Isaiah and the prophets, having come to recognize in Assyria an instrument in the hand of Jahveh, and guided probably at the same time by a shrewd estimate of the situation, opposed themselves to this policy with all their might. Prominent in the ranks of the national party was a certain Shebna, who—though, as it seems, of humble origin—had raised himself to the position of confidential adviser to the king. Shebna became the object of vehement attacks on the part of Isaiah, and the influence of the prophetic group is strikingly shown by the fact that their agitation resulted in the removal from office of Shebna, who was replaced by Eliakim, a *persona grata* to the prophets. But

¹ "Athenæum," December 13th, 1890.

towards the close of the troubled reign of Sargon patriotic counsels again prevailed. Hezekiah ceased to pay tribute to Assyria, and, deaf for the moment to the perfervid rhetoric of Isaiah, opened negotiations with Egypt and Ethiopia. Then came the invasion of Judaea by Sennacherib, and the hasty retreat of the latter when Jerusalem seemed at his mercy: "Quel triomphe pour Iahvé! Les prophéties d'Isaïe s'étaient accomplies de point en point." No wonder that in this field the pious fancy of the chronicler delights to stray. During the remaining years of the reign of Hezekiah the puritans were all-powerful, and exalted by the divine approval of their policy, of which there could no longer be any doubt, they used their power in such a way as to provoke the violent reaction of the following reign, that of Manasseh. But the eclipse of puritanism was only temporary. In Jeremiah a champion of colossal mould came to the front to carry on the struggle until, with the destruction of Jerusalem and the transportation of its inhabitants, the hopes and ideals of the national party vanished for ever. During the captivity it was a religious rather than a political enthusiasm that was kept alive by the efforts of Ezekiel and the great anonymous prophet whose fame has been absorbed into that of Isaiah; and the final scene shows us the return of the small band of enthusiasts—a sect rather than a nation—carrying with them the religion of humanity.

It is in the reign of Hezekiah that M. Renan places by conjecture a literary undertaking of the first importance, namely, the fusion into one whole of the northern (Jehovistic) and southern (Elohistic) traditions of sacred history. But it would be an error to suppose that there existed at that time any idea of a "sacred text" or "inspired book" in the modern sense:

L'erreur critique la plus grave serait de supposer qu'on eût alors quelque idée d'un texte sacré. On croyait qu'il y avait eu des révélations de Jahvé; les principales étaient censées avoir été faites à Moïse au Sinaï; mais aucun livre n'avait la prétention de représenter exclusivement ces révélations. Il n'y avait pas un volume qui fût la *Thorat Jahvé* uniquement et par excellence. On prenait la parole divine de toutes mains, et il est probable que la tradition orale était considérée comme une source bien préférable aux textes écrits.

Moreover, it occasionally happens that apologists are reduced to great straits by starting from the too facile assumption that the

legal provisions must have been carried into practical effect as soon as the documents containing them had begun to be circulated:

On s’imaginerait volontiers, par exemple, qu’Ezéchias, adoptant pleinement le iahvéisme, a du mettre en vigueur les articles contenus dans le petit code qui en est le résumé. Il n’en fut rien sans doute. Plusieurs de ces articles étaient probablement de droit contumier et mis en pratique comme tels; mais, jamais avant Josias, ni même avant la captivité, l’Etat juif ne fut gouverné par une loi absolument théocratique et révélée. Ces codes constituaient des modèles de perfection, dont on espérait que l’Etat se rapprocherait un jour; mais les ardents utopistes qui les écrivaient savaient bien que leur œuvre n’allait pas le lendemain s’imposer aux juges, ni créer des arrêts.

It must not be supposed, however, that the task of the redactor consisted simply in fusing together two isolated and—in themselves—homogeneous records. On the contrary, it seems clear that in the case, for example, of the northern tradition, he must have had access to certain of the sources from which the Jehovist compiled his account. And M. Renan gives an instance where, in his judgment, the original patriarchal legend has been worked up into the narrative side by side with the two versions already spun out of it by the Jehovist:

Les légendes du Nord, par exemple, présentaient un récit cher aux conteurs d’histoires patriarcales. Abraham, chez Abimélek, roi de Gérare, était amené à faire passer sa femme pour sa sœur. Ce sujet avait fourni au jéhoviste deux récits distincts, l’un mis sur le compte d’Abraham en Egypte, l’autre mis sur le compte d’Isaac à Gérare. L’unificateur a emprunté au jéhoviste ces deux récits; mais cela ne lui a point suffi. Au chapitre XX de la Genèse, il nous a conservé le texte primitif des Légendes du Nord.

Finally, with regard to the belief, which still exists in some quarters, that the minuteness of the modern division and subdivision of the documents argues the unsoundness of the critical principles involved, M. Renan remarks:

On reproche quelquefois aux hypothèses modernes sur la composition de l’Hexateuque d’être trop compliquées. Ce qui est bien probable, c’est qu’elles ne le sont pas assez, et qu’il y eut dans la réalité une foule de circonstances particulières qui nous échappent. Les hypothèses simple sont presque toujours les hypothèses fausses, et, si nous voyions les faits tels

qu'ils se sont passés, nous reconnaîtrions que, sur une foule de points, nous avions conçu les choses comme plus régulières qu'elles ne le furent en réalité.

But the reign of Hezekiah was a period of literary activity in other forms than that of compilation. The psalm, properly so called, now first began, by its contemplative cast and its accent of inward piety, to distinguish itself from the primitive *sir*—the objective expression of a cruder religious emotion; while the proverbs collected by "the men of Hezekiah" betray a secular—almost a rationalistic—tendency. Lastly, if, with M. Renan, we assign the book of Job to this epoch, we shall feel that we have reached "ce moment unique où, malgré le fardeau de sa vocation religieuse, Israel leva vers ciel un regard hardi."

The Jew starting with a passionate belief in a moral government of the world, which of necessity includes an equitable distribution of rewards and punishments, could not fail to be troubled by the appalling discrepancy between his theory on the one hand and the facts of his daily observation on the other. The ungodly was too often seen to prosper, and the righteous, if not exactly forsaken, was still not always adequately rewarded. And what made the case of the Jewish thinker more pathetic was that he had no such way of escape from the logic of fact as lay open to the Ayrian races through the conception of a future life, in which, somehow, wrong things would be set right. The book of Job is an attempt on a grand scale to solve the problem thus presented, and, if the author has failed, it might be difficult to say who, of all those who since his day have agitated the same question, has succeeded.

One of the most remarkable features of the present volume is the character of Jeremiah, sketched in colossal outline by M. Renan with all his old vigour and realism, but we have not space to give more than a few extracts:

Jérémie peut compter entre les hommes qui ont eu le plus d'importance dans l'histoire. S'il n'est pas le fondateur du judaïsme, il en est le grand martyr. Sans cet homme extraordinaire, l'histoire religieuse de l'humanité eût suivi un autre tour: il n'y eût pas en de Christianisme. . . . C'est avant tout un homme pieux et d'une moralité sévère. C'est un fanatique, il faut le dire, haineux contre ses adversaires, mettant tous ceux qui n'admettent pas d'embrée sa mission prophétique au nombre des scélérats, leur souhaitant la mort et la leur annonçant. Voilà qui est loin de notre suprême vertu, la

politesse. Mais le vue siècle avant Jésus-Christ était aussi très loin du nôtre. La morale alors avait besoin d'être affirmée et fondée; or, le juif n'avait pas à son service les terreurs d'un enfer chimérique.

The age of Josiah was, like that of Hezekiah, an age of reform, and in the direction of the movement the prophetic group reasserts itself with more than its old vigour and influence. But the measures of Josiah were much more thorough and far-reaching than the attempts made under similar influence by Hezekiah, so the need was felt of a new, or rather an extended, code, which, by appearing to enjoin the accomplished fact, should in reality sanction and establish it. The demands of the situation were met by a pious fraud, of which Jeremiah was, M. Renan thinks, not improbably the leading spirit. A document of the required character was prepared or compiled, and then suddenly discovered in the Temple as “the book of the Law” by the high priest Hilkiah. In the opinion of the majority of critics this book has been preserved to us in the text which now forms the bulk of Deuteronomy. But as in the case of the older legislation, so here must it be borne in mind that many of the enactments were framed in view rather of a possible future, foreshadowed in pious dreams, than of the circumstances of a present reality:

Il faut toujours se souvenir que ces lois représentent un état de choses que l'homme de Dieu aurait désiré voir établi bien plutôt qu'un état réel ayant eu de la durée. Il faut se souvenir, d'ailleurs, que Josias mourut en 609, que sa mort fut suivie d'une réaction antipiétiste qui ne finit qu'avec le royaume de Juda, si bien que le bel idéal rêvé par l'auteur du Deutéronome n'a guère duré que treize ans; et certes plus de treize années eussent été nécessaires pour mettre en train un régime aussi extraordinaire et le faire fonctionner.

Before taking leave of the book we must cast just one glance at the momentous period of the exile and the return.

The influence of the law discloses itself in the fact that the Jerusalem exiles, unlike their brethren previously transported from the northern kingdom, opposed a successful resistance to all the forces of disintegration and absorption which they must have encountered while in captivity; and a similar reason explains why they never ceased to dwell upon the necessity of rebuilding Jerusalem. For through the centralization effected by the law Jerusalem

had become the unique seat of that worship which held them together in a bond stronger than the tie of blood. To rebuild it, therefore, was the chief necessity. With Samaria the case was different. At the time of its destruction the worship of Jahveh was still unrestricted in point of place, so that no exclusive sanctity attached to it. But just as the new Jerusalem dreamt of by prophet and patriot was to be grander and purer than the old, so the law which should form and regulate its life must complete and expand all anterior legislation. This work of compiling and elaborating an ideal code filled the years of captivity, and the creative spirit was Ezekiel.

We have now reached the last of the three stages which can be distinguished in the heterogeneous growth of "the Mosaic law." They are thus recapitulated by M. Renan:

Les trois degrés de la législation religieuse chez les Hébreux se distinguent ainsi fort nettement: un premier âge, caractérisé par un génie grandiose, s'exprimant en formules simples que le monde entier a pu adopter (c'est l'âge des prophètes anciens, du livre de l'Alliance, du Décalogue); un second âge, empreint d'une moralité sévère et touchante, gâtée par un piétisme fanatique très intense (c'est l'âge du Deutéronome et de Jérémie); un troisième âge sacerdotal, étroit, utopique plein de chimères et d'impossibilités (c'est l'âge d'Ezéchiel et du Lévitique). Comme toutes les grandes choses, la Jhova juive est anonyme; pas au point, cependant, que, derrière ce texte, devenu sacré au plus haut degré, ne se dessinent trois ou quatre grandes figures, Elie (tout légendaire), Isaïe, Jérémie, Ezéchiel.

We have purposely dwelt more upon the broad features of the period discussed than upon nice points of detail, the examination of which would have carried us beyond the narrow limits of a review. The strength of the illustrious author lies in recalling to life a history not only dead, but, for the majority of us, buried beneath traditional misinterpretation. In his pages the dry bones of the vanished actors live. They also, as the reader will discover, speak, and with a message wholesome for these times.

GLADSTONE'S "IMPREGNABLE ROCK OF HOLY SCRIPTURE"¹

[1890: AET. 27]



HIS book contains, in a revised and enlarged shape, a series of essays contributed by Mr. Gladstone to "Good Words," and as such hardly calls for detailed criticism. Mr. Gladstone's fondness for theological controversy is well known, and the influence of his great name has been sufficient to secure for his views upon the Creation the compliment of occasional refutation at the hands of a distinguished expert, whose footsteps we do not propose to follow. We may confine ourselves to a few observations upon Mr. Gladstone's arguments in defence of certain other parts of the "impregnable rock." It is a pity that he has not taken more pains to avoid an error which he imputes to Professor Huxley. For instance, he points to an essay on *Ecclesiasticus* lately published by the Laudian Professor at Oxford as a sign that the critical camp is divided against itself; but he "does not appear to have encumbered himself with the labour of inquiring what anybody else had said about it." Yet to discover this Mr. Gladstone need not have wandered very far. He might have learnt from Professor Nöldeke in the "Expositor" how little criticism has to apprehend from the parade of an instrument which "falls to pieces so soon as it is handled with any force, even before it is brought into use," while in the "Guardian" he might have read a detailed notice to the same effect by a writer whose initials are no concealment. Again, Mr. Gladstone draws a parallel between Moses and Lycurgus, which is probably true, but in a sense and degree which he is far from intending, and he observes that "no one doubts the existence of the Spartan law-giver," and further that "it would be irrational" to do so. Now Mr. Gladstone may well be excused if he shows only the partial

¹ "Athenæum," December 27th, 1890.

and superficial acquaintance of an amateur with the scientific literature dealing with the Old Testament; but his readers have surely a right to expect him to be well read at least in English works on Greek history. However, as a matter of fact, Sir G. Cox, in his "History of Greece," does in the plainest manner precisely what Mr. Gladstone says no one does, and that it would be irrational to do. "On the application," says Sir George,

of historical tests the form of Lykourgos vanishes away. . . . He is one of that band of ideal lawgivers who are common to most of the Aryan nations, and whose names denote their origin or their office. . . . Lykourgos is removed from the period of genuine history by a gulf of centuries. . . . The Spartan lawgiver must be banished to the cloudland.

Of the same character as this blindness to what lies, after all, within the range of the tyro, is Mr. Gladstone's disposition to assign more weight to Wellhausen speaking behind the mask of another than when he utters his own conclusions in his own name. In short, the book as a series of essays must be pronounced a failure; but it will be read with pleasure by such as need only to be edified. A tone of deep and genuine religious conviction pervades the volume, and the style, which is always clear and direct, has a certain largeness and loftiness which may well be the outcome of the author's long habit of contact with great affairs.

THE TELL-EL-AMARNA TABLETS¹

[1892: AET. 29]



EARLY four years have passed since the discovery of the now celebrated Tell-el-Amarna tablets and the acquisition by the British Museum of a large proportion of them, and in the interval scholars have been looking forward, not without impatience, to the official publication of the texts. The lion's share of the spoil had, on this occasion, gone to enrich the collection at Berlin, and the German officials lost no time in placing the text of the documents within reach of scholars; but while the character and contents of the English collection remained unknown—or were known only through a very brief and inaccurate description—complete knowledge and certain inferences were impossible in this new and difficult field. However, it has been said that all comes to those who wait, and here at last we have the result of the prolonged labour of several hands in the solid and sumptuous volume before us.

The chief feature of the book is, of course, the edition of the texts. These are preceded by a "summary of contents," which will be of great service to the student confronted by the numberless peculiarities, epigraphical and grammatical, with which these documents abound. At the same time, a good deal might have been omitted, both from the notes and from the introduction, without detriment to the scientific character of the book; for a profuse display of easy polyglottal information tells nothing to the learned, while the general reader can be far more directly and powerfully appealed to through other channels. For instance, Tell-el-Amarna has to be written not only in English but in Arabic characters, which is about as necessary for the reader's satisfaction as if the names of Berlin and Moscow in Roman type had to be supplemented by

¹ "The Tell el-Amarna Tablets in the British Museum." (Printed by Order of the Trustees.) "Athenæum," July 16th, 1892.

the German and Russian forms. Nor is it easy to understand why, after being told the Hebrew, Phoenician, Syriac, Arabic, and Greek names of Tyre, we should be referred not only to Herodotus, but to Arrian.

Moreover, there are one or two cases in which sounder judgment might have been shown in the choice of illustrative material. Thus Ebers, in 1873, immediately upon his discovery of the important inscription of Amen-em-heb, sent a copy of it with a hasty translation to the "Zeitschrift" of Lepsius. A certain group was there translated "double Tyre." This was a guess, and is simply untenable. Nevertheless, on p. lvii and in the index, "double Tyre" is here quoted as if it were certain, though the translations of Chabas and Birch might have warned the editors that it was not universally accepted, and in the "Zeitschrift" of 1874 they might have seen how Brugsch had pointed out an important grammatical error in the text or copy of the inscription and suggested another reading. Again, on p. lxx the reader is informed that the city of Tunip "lay to the south of Aleppo and on the borders of the land of the Cheta." The latter part of this statement is supported by a quotation from an Egyptian inscription which is thus rendered: "Cheta which is on the border of the city of Tunip in the land of Mesopotamia." At the outset we may feel satisfied that the Egyptians never spoke of a country as lying on the border of a city. What Rameses really says is that the hostile army of the Cheta was on the *uu*, the actual territory, of Tunip. He himself was not far off. When the French army was on the territory of Moscow would it have been a happy inference to have said that Moscow was on the borders of France? The editors then add that "there seems to be no proof, at present, that Tunip is identical with the city of Damascus, but there is no doubt that these places were situated near each other." Here, at least, is a revelation in geography. Tunip is in Mesopotamia, and may possibly be identical with Damascus. Then Damascus may possibly be in Mesopotamia! Or perhaps Mesopotamia may not be where it has hitherto been supposed to be, between the Tigris and the Euphrates, but between the Abana and Pharpar. What if Euphrates and Tigris should finally turn out to be Abana and Pharpar! We dare not pursue these perilous speculations.

However, the summary of the actual contents of the letters, which

includes an occasional free translation of an easy passage, has evidently been prepared with great care, and, so far as the general meaning of the texts is concerned, little has been left for future inquirers to glean. But, on the other hand, the editors are not always happy in their rendering of particular passages. For instance, in the third paragraph of Letter 5 the King of Alashiya, when sending a present of bronze to the King of Egypt, says—with the view, probably, of enhancing the value of the gift: “*If (summa) the hand of Nergal my lord were to slay all the people of my land, then would there be no maker (or making?) of bronze, and in thy midst, my brother, (it) could not be put (ina libbika lâ sakin).*” This is merely a cumbrous way of expressing the fact that Egypt depended absolutely for its supply of bronze upon Alashiya. The editors, however, neglecting the force of *summa*, make the king say that “‘the hand of Nergal’ had killed all the people of his land, and it was not possible to continue the manufacture,” while in the very next paragraph he promises to send as much bronze as the King of Egypt may ask for. In the sixth paragraph it is difficult to see how *idinanni* can mean anything but “give to me,” or *usséiranni* and *usséranni* anything but “send to me.” Nevertheless, the editors explain the paragraph as if the King of Alashiya were sending presents instead of—as is actually the case—begging for them. In the second and third paragraphs of Letter 10 nothing whatever is said about the land of Egypt being “beloved by Tushratta both during his own reign and during that of his father.” In the opening lines it is the goddess herself who is speaking, and who goes down “to the land of Egypt, in the country which I love.” Neither does Tushratta beg Amenophis to increase “the worship of Istar” ten-fold. He prays that the goddess may increase *it*, *i.e.*, the country (*ligibbissi*), and increase *him*, *i.e.*, Amenophis (*ligibbissu*). In the thirty-third line of Letter 16 the simple phrase *atur ana bîtia*, “I turned away to my house,” is translated “I feared the people of my own house.” In the tenth line of Letter 29 the phrase (*sa*) *isakhur ina sapanisu*, (lit.) “who surrounds with his covering” (from the roots **שָׁקַח** and **סָפַק**), is translated “who shineth (?) in the country of the north (?).” In the fourteenth line of the same letter there is nothing about being “consumed with terror.” The verb is obviously to be restored as *iskup*, and the meaning of the whole phrase is “who casts down all lands through his noise.” In their explanation

of the eleventh paragraph of Letter 36 the editors seem to have gone somewhat beyond the strict limits of the evidence. Akizzi himself worshipped the sun, and he says that the ancestors of the King of Egypt did so too. There is nothing in this to indicate that "Akizzi believed that the worship of the sun was introduced into Egypt from Asia." A Mexican or a Peruvian might have said the same thing, if he had had the opportunity of corresponding with the King of Egypt.

The copious bibliography is a useful feature of the book; but we are surprised to find no reference to the valuable paper of Dr. E. T. Harper (the "Academy," May 30th, 1891), containing a free translation of the mythological fragment B, 240, to which, by the way, the editors allude (p. lxxxvi) as if the subject of it were still uncertain.

The editors certainly deserve the thanks of all scholars not only for having thrown open a fruitful field, but for having already mapped it out with tolerable accuracy and completeness so as to guide the first steps of the explorer.

JAMES DARMESTETER'S "ZEND-AVESTA" ¹

[1893: AET. 30]



HIS, the third and concluding volume of M. Darmesteter's translation of the Avesta, will be welcomed not only by the small group of specialists, but by all those who, from whatever point of view, take a general interest in the religion associated with the great name of Zoroaster. For ever since Anquetil Duperron brought back with him to Europe in an English ship this mysterious literature of the Fire-worshippers, with which until then rumour had been busy in the absence of knowledge, scholars in all parts of the field have been obliged for very different reasons to confront the problem of the origin and character of the Avesta, and their solutions so far have been at least as varied and curious as the learning which supports them, and the assumptions which they support.

At the very outset of its career, the infant science was exposed to the shock—which nearly proved fatal—of the cultivated incredulity of Sir William Jones, in whom for once brilliancy appears to have overbalanced sagacity; but, this danger past, it was enabled, mainly by the support of Burnouf, to subsist in an honourable position of semi-independence, helping to explain the Veda, while being itself explained by the Veda. But its services, as might have been expected, were soon required in another direction. *Omnis eodem cogimur*: the Israelitish solution of the problem was bound to appear, and it did appear. Accordingly, Zoroastrianism was born in Media of the contact between the Magi and the Jews transported and enslaved by Shalmaneser—a view which sounds somewhat like the inversion, disguised scientifically, of a much

¹ "Annales du Musée Guimet.—Le Zend-Avesta." Traduction nouvelle, avec Commentaire Historique et Philologique. Par James Darmesteter. Vol. III. "Academy," June 17th, 1893.

older theory, of which Hyde was an illustrious exponent. Starting from the assumption, by no means unnatural in his day, that the prophetic business could only be learnt from a Jew, Hyde made Zoroaster spend most of his youth in Palestine in the service of a Hebrew prophet. The further question, which prophet had had the honour of instructing Zoroaster before he commenced on his own account, was more complicated, and, indeed, never satisfactorily answered. Hyde thought it was Esdras, Prideaux that it must have been Ezekiel.

But if these different competing theories—to wit, that the Avesta is a modern forgery; that it is the memorial of an ancient revolt against the religion of the Veda; that in its main features it was inspired by, if not borrowed from, the Judaism of the eighth century—are each and all unsatisfactory, in that, while introducing certain things that are unproved or improbable, they fail to take account of certain others that are actual, have we exhausted the possibilities of the case, or can the attributes of the Avesta, peculiar as they are, be made to flow from real causes?

There remains the *historical* solution, which it is the object of this book to exhibit and demonstrate. According to M. Darmestester, therefore, and in his own words:

The religion of the Avesta represents essentially the religion of the Achaemenid epoch, but deeply penetrated, after the conquest of Alexander, through contact with the Greeks and the Jews, by new principles and elements borrowed from Neo-Platonism and Judaism. In point of form, the whole Avesta, even in its oldest portions, bears the impress of these new principles, and has taken from them its form. It was composed in its entirety after the conquest of Alexander, between the first century before and the fourth century after our era, and the language in which it was written—Zend—was very probably a learned, a dead language.

To those accustomed to dwell in imagination at the calm altitude of say 1500 B.C., it will cause a shock of surprise to find themselves thus suddenly plunged into the midst of the crowd of competing religions and philosophies, in which the Jew of the dispersion bids against the Greek of the decadence. It behoves us, therefore, to examine the foundations of this reconstruction, at first sight so bold and startling.

In the first chapter the author expounds the relation of the Avesta, as we have it, to the Avesta, as it must have been, in the

time of the Sassanids. According to the tradition, the latter was a vast literature divided into twenty-one books or Nasks; but our knowledge of it is not confined to tradition, for in the Dinkart, a sort of *summa* of Zoroastrian theology composed in the ninth century, we have a Pahlavi analysis of these twenty-one Nasks, as they were known in the Sassanian period, and even so late as the third century after the Arabian conquest. On the other hand, M. Darmesteter has brought together and published in this volume a number of inedited Zend fragments, many of which can be identified with absolute certainty as the originals corresponding to the analysis in different places of the Dinkart. In this way not only do we ascertain the reality and authenticity of the Zend literature analyzed by the Dinkart, but we are enabled to place our actual Avesta side by side with this inferential Avesta, and thus to estimate the proportion of the part that has come down to us to the whole literature. The result of this process of comparison may be briefly indicated.

The twenty-one Nasks are divided into three groups of seven: those relating to the Gâthâs, forming the theological group; those relating to the law; and, thirdly, the *Hadhamâthra* Nasks, forming what may be called the mixed group. And it appears, when our Zend material has been sorted and classified on the plan of the Dinkart, that “we possess specimens more or less considerable of fifteen Nasks out of twenty-one, and that we possess in their integrity the two Nasks which were considered as the most important religiously”—that is to say, the Stôt Yasht, containing the Gâthâs, in the first or theological group, and the Vendidad in the legal group.

In the second chapter the author deals with the traditional account—also preserved in the Dinkart—of the origin and formation of the Avesta. The twenty-one Nasks created in the beginning by Ahura were brought by Zoroaster to the King Vishtâsp, who caused two copies of them to be made. Of these, one was burnt at the time of the invasion of Alexander; while the other was carried off by the Greeks to be translated into their own language. But at length an attempt was made to recover or to restore the vanished treasure. The Arsacid King Valkhash caused all the scattered fragments, which had been preserved either in writing or by oral tradition, to be sought out and put together. The pious

work was carried on by the founder of the Sassanian dynasty, Ardashir Bâbagân, who, with the help of the high priest Tansar, completed the collection. A further step was taken by the son of Ardashir, Sapor I, who caused the medical and other non-religious treatises dispersed among the Greeks and Indians to be brought back and added to the restored Avesta. Lastly, Sapor II, in order to put an end to the sects, held a general disputation, at which Adarbâd, the son of Mahraspand, successfully underwent the ordeal by molten metal, thus proving the truth of orthodoxy to ocular demonstration. "And now," said the king, "that we have *seen* the religion on earth, we will no longer suffer any false religion."

The name of the first of these restorers of the Avesta, Valkhash, is known to us in its Latin form as Vologeses. Five Arsacid princes bore this name, of whom the most celebrated was Vologeses I, a contemporary of Nero; and M. Darmesteter concludes from the known character of this prince for orthodoxy and piety, as well as from the religious features of the time in which he lived, that it was he who played the part assigned by the Dînkart to Valkhash. And through this identification we are enabled to place the first attempt at the restoration of the Avesta within the third quarter of the first century A.D.

The section to which we now come, treating of the reforms of Ardashir and Tansar, is one of the most important, as it is one of the most brilliant in the book.

Tansar, though he played an important part at a critical time, has been unlucky in his passage through the hands of the historians, or rather of the copyists. His name is mentioned in the Dînkart; but it was misread both by Haug and by West as *Tôsar*, while in the pages of Ma'sûdî, who alludes to him on two occasions, he is still further disguised as *Bîshar*. However, M. Darmesteter's restoration of the correct reading *Tansar* in the Pahlavi enables one to recognize *Bîshar* at a glance as simply *Tansar* wrongly vocalized; and the importance of this identification will appear immediately. Ma'sûdî informs us that Tansar was one of the provincial kings of Persia, but that having become enamoured of the doctrines of the Platonists, he abdicated in favour of his son, and embraced the religious life. He afterwards identified himself with the imperial policy of Ardashir, and composed several works dealing with administration both civil and ecclesiastical. One of

these was in the form of a letter to the King of Tabaristan. Now this very letter by a lucky chance has been preserved to us. Translated from the Pahlavi into Arabic by Ibnu l'Muqaffa', it fell into the hands of a certain Muhammadu bnu l'Hasan, who translated it into Persian, and prefixed it to a history of Tabaristan; and in this way "we obtain the most ancient monument of Persia after the Achaemenid inscriptions and the Avesta, and Tansar is of all the writers of the Sassanian period the only one who is known to us directly by his work." The letter puts us in the possession of certain details of the life of Tansar unknown to or omitted by Ma'sūdī; but it is, above all, important for the light it throws upon the policy of Ardashir. The latter "directs a double reaction: a reaction against the political anarchy which marks the Arsacid period, and a reaction against the moral and social anarchy brought about by the political anarchy."

We have no space to dwell upon the political side of the work of Ardashir. We are more immediately concerned with its moral side: that is, with the measures taken by the King of kings to restore *Paoiryō tkaēshō* or "the ancient order." And at the outset one thing is clear from the words of Tansar; and that is, that in correcting the present by the past, Ardashir must have dealt very freely with the latter. Says Tansar:

You know that Alexander had burnt our books of religious laws written upon twelve thousand skins of oxen. The mass of legends, traditions, laws, and ordinances were completely forgotten. . . . It is then peremptorily necessary that a wise and virtuous man should re-establish the religion. Now, have you ever seen or heard tell of a man more worthy than the Shāhinshāh to put himself at the head of this enterprise?

Now this, as M. Darmesteter remarks, is equivalent to the admission that the Avesta cannot pretend to be authentic. It does not, of course, follow from the fact that the documents were forgotten that they must have been destroyed; some of them, on the contrary, may have been recovered. Nevertheless, as it was part of the policy of Ardashir to reform the abuses even of the ancient law, he must, doubtless, have exercised the right of making additions as well as excisions.

Lastly, with regard to the tradition that certain scientific treatises dispersed among the Indians and Greeks were recovered and in-

corporated with the Avesta, two hypotheses seem to suggest themselves: either certain parts of the Avesta were actually borrowed from Greek sources by the Magi in the time of Sapor I; or else they took advantage of the legend about the Nasks translated into Greek to invest certain texts with an authority to which they could otherwise have had no claim. However, our imperfect knowledge of the contents of the Avesta, as a whole, renders it impossible to choose definitely between the two hypotheses.

If, then, as we have seen, the first attempt at the recovery or restoration of the Avesta was made by an Arsacid king, it is natural to inquire, in the second place, whether the religious influences which must—or, at any rate, may—have acted from without upon the Iran of the Arsacids, have left their mark in the Avesta. These influences are four in number—the Brahmanical, the Buddhist, the Greek, and the Jewish.

In the case of Brahmanism, M. Darmesteter rejects the old theory at first sight so plausible, which explained the contradiction between the Avestic *daēva* and *ahura*, on the one hand, and the Vedic *diva* and *asura*, on the other, as the result of an early religious revolution which separated the Iranian from the Indian member of the family group.

As soon as one enters into detail, one perceives that this hypothesis explains nothing, for it appears that Iran possesses the principal gods and the principal myths of the Vedas. The supreme god of the Avesta, Ahura Mazda, "the lord omniscient," the ancient sky-god, analogous to Zeus and to Jupiter, finds his parallel in the supreme god of the Vedas, Varuna, the Asura Viçvavedas, "the Asura who knows all things." Mithra, the Iranian Apollo, is identical with the Vedic Mitra, and, like him, closely associated with the sky-god. . . . Yama, son of Vivasvat, the first mortal, the first to die, the institutor of the cult, is recognized in Yima, son of Vivahañt, son of the first priest of Haoma, the creator of civilization. The centre of the cult is, in one religion as in the other, the sacrifice of Soma-Haoma, and has as its focus the sacred fire, in one case Atar, in the other Agni.

In the same way, the fact that names of Vedic gods, such as Indra and Nāsatya, are borne by demons in the Avesta, is simply "the sign of an antipathy between two neighbouring religions in an historical epoch."

Again, the traces of Buddhism, though less numerous and at first sight less obvious, are none the less real. At the birth of Zoroaster,

Ahriman despatches the demon Bûiti to assail and destroy him; and this Bûiti is identified in the Bundahish with “the demon worshipped in India under the form of idols, the one whom Bûtâsp worshipped.” Now Bûtâsp is known to Persian and Arabic legend as the founder of the Buddhist sect, and his name is nothing but a corruption of Bodhisattva. Bûiti, then, must be the object of the Buddhist cult: that is, Buddha. Lastly, it is difficult not to recognize Gotama himself in the impostor Gaoteme, whom we read of in the Yashts as having been overthrown controversially.

The Greek influence has left traces at once deeper and more subtle, for it has penetrated and coloured the very texture of thought. For instance, according to the Bundahish the world endures for twelve thousand years divided into four equal periods; but during the first of these its existence was purely spiritual, that is, “it remained without corruption, without motion, imperceptible.” It was only in the second period, and as the result of an attempt on the part of Ahriman to break into the spiritual sphere, that Auhrmazd materialized the world, and motion began. It is true that the Bundahish is a comparatively recent work in point of form; nevertheless, that this conception of an immaterial world formed part of the Avestic system is certain. For the Pahlavi Vendidad, when expounding the same doctrine of the four ages, appeals to the authority of a Zend text, as follows: “How long did the spiritual creation of the god of good endure?”

The Platonic character of these conceptions would at once declare itself even without the tradition—twice repeated by Ma’sûdi—that Tansar, the “restorer” of the Avesta, was a Platonist. But the same influence can be traced with equal clearness outside the impalpable limits of the spiritual world. Vohu Manô, the first-born of creation, through whom Ahura made the world, the religion, and everything that lives, and whom he consults before employing any activity, corresponds, not only in the main, but in detail and completely, to the *Ἄρχος θεῖος* of Philo. “First-born of God and his first instrument, ideal man, intercessor, mediator, revealer: such is the Logos of Philo, and such is Vohu Manô.” But if the composers or compilers of the Avesta borrowed the Logos, it follows that

The theory of the Amshaspands and the composition of the Gâthâs are subsequent to Alexander; the theory of the Amshaspands, because Vohu

Manô is the type of them; the composition or the Gâthâs, because the glorification of the Amshaspands, or rather of the abstractions called the Amesha Speñtas, fills them from one end to the other.

Lastly, it is in the plan and framework of the composition rather than in the colour and texture of ideas that Jewish influence reveals itself. Creation in successive stages; the descent of humanity from a single pair; its destruction provoked by sin; the division of the earth among three brothers and their descendants: all these features are common to the narratives of the Bible and the Avesta. Moreover, in both cases we are struck by a peculiar fondness for chronological detail. Under these circumstances one of the two versions must have been modelled upon the other; and M. Darmesteter concludes that the Iranian is the later. But this process of borrowing could not have taken place so early as the eighth century B.C., for at that time the Pentateuch was not yet in existence. For the suitable environment we must look later, and we shall find it in the period when,

after the decadence of Judaea and the fall of Jerusalem, the whole moral and intellectual life of the nation had taken refuge on the banks of the Euphrates; when in the Greek towns of Babylonia the doctors of Magism could come in contact at the same time with Platonism and with Judaism.

Want of space has compelled us to leave untouched several important features of this book, such as the discussion of the legend of Zoroaster, and the valuable collection of Zend fragments published and translated for the first time. But the principal thing is the solution of the problem; and of this we have endeavoured to give some idea, if only in rough and rapid outline. That it will be controverted is probable: too many theories and orthodoxies have invested a part of their support in the capacious and convenient explanations of the Avesta. But that it will remain unshaken on its base is, in our judgment, certain. In this book M. Darmesteter has not only crowned the edifice of his previous labours, he has raised a monument worthy of the illustrious traditions of French science—the science of Duperron and of Burnouf.

MASPERO'S "DAWN OF CIVILIZATION"¹

[1895: AET. 32]



T has been observed that where there is most theology there is sometimes least religion. In other words, it by no means follows that where the professionals are most active the people are most enlightened. The highest debate upon the most urgent of questions, if conducted within closed doors, has no chance of being borne—even in fragments—upon the wind for the benefit of the man in the field or in the street. Something like the converse of this was a favourite maxim with Renan. We remember an occasion on which he even went so far as to say that the curse of a subject was that the people should take an interest in it. Anyhow, it would seem that this curse, if it be a curse, works far more powerfully in England than in France, and that no area is more affected, or infected, than that of the subject before us. For the people are not content to be led passively by the facts as they are found by experts. There is no knowing in what this might issue, perhaps in the slaughter of their convictions; so, in order that their "convictions" may be soothed and strengthened, they require, like children at bedtime, to be told the same story over and over again. The result is that in England at present the teachers are far from being as strong, numerically and otherwise, as they should be in proportion to the monstrous regiment of the preachers. There is a constant demand for "fresh light"; but the groves of Academe produce little fresh fuel. All the more welcome, therefore, is the appearance in an English dress of a work like the present—popular indeed in form, but profoundly scientific in scope and substance—by one who has never come within reach of the temptation to blindfold Science, and then make her prophesy to ignorance and superstition.

¹ "Athenæum," October 19th, 1895.

Of the two parts into which the book naturally divides itself the second, on "Ancient Chaldea," is, perhaps, the most remarkable, for here Professor Maspero is no longer on his own ground. But there is all the difference in the world between the master who can employ trained faculty with almost equal ease and confidence in two neighbouring departments, and the amateur ranging over fields in which he can call nothing his own, and where he is as likely as not to mistake the advertisements of a charlatan for the achievements of a scholar. Says Professor Sayce :

Professor Maspero's learning and indefatigable industry are well known to me, but I confess I was not prepared for the exhaustive acquaintance he shows with Assyriological literature. Nothing seems to have escaped his notice. Papers and books published during the present year, and half-forgotten articles in obscure periodicals which appeared years ago, have all alike been used and quoted by him.

With Egypt there has always been associated the idea of an im-memorial antiquity; but at the furthest point to which scholars are able to retrace the development of its civilization the monuments show no traces of immaturity. They are the expression of an art that is full grown, the limit of a long course of progress. In certain respects, indeed, the old is better, and the history that is known is the history of a decline. But of first attempts and crude experiments no traces remain, and that, too, in a country where, as a rule, nothing is destroyed except by the hand of man :

The oldest monuments hitherto known scarcely transport us further than six thousand years, yet they are of an art so fine, so well determined in its main outlines, and reveal so ingeniously combined a system of administration, government, and religion, that we infer a long past of accumulated centuries behind them. It must always be difficult to estimate exactly the length of time needful for a race as gifted as were the ancient Egyptians to rise from barbarism to a high degree of culture. Nevertheless I do not think that we shall be misled in granting them forty or fifty centuries wherein to bring so complicated an achievement to a successful issue, and in placing their first appearance at eight or ten thousand years before our era.

Equally complex and obscure is the question of race, but not so much from the absence of evidence as from the difficulty of reconciling the expert witnesses. The philologists for the most part look to Asia as the original home of the Egyptians, while that which the ethnologist sees reminds him of Africa. Far in advance of either

group, Professor Hommel's brilliant suggestions have opened a door, through which, however, but few scholars so far have ventured to follow him. Professor Maspero is inclined to take part with the ethnologists:

A more minute examination compels us to recognize that the hypothesis of an Asiatic origin, however attractive it may seem, is somewhat difficult to maintain. The bulk of the Egyptian population presents the characteristics of those white races which have been found established from all antiquity on the Mediterranean slope of the Libyan continent; this population is of African origin, and came to Egypt from the West or South-West. . . . But whatever may be our theory with regard to the origin of the ancestors of the Egyptians, they were scarcely settled upon the banks of the Nile before the country conquered and assimilated them to itself, as it has never ceased to do in the case of strangers who have occupied it.

On the other hand, Professor Maspero is willing to admit that the analogies between Egyptian and the Semitic languages are real, and not merely—as Mr. Renouf ably contended—such as might easily be established between any two groups taken at random:

One would say that the language of the people of Egypt and the languages of the Semitic races, having once belonged to the same group, had separated very early, at a time when the vocabulary and the grammatical system of the group had not as yet taken definite shape. Subject to different influences, the two families would treat in diverse fashion the elements common to both. The Semitic dialects continued to develop for centuries, while the Egyptian language, although earlier cultivated, stopped short in its growth.

Scaliger declared that all errors in theology flow from errors in philology, and surely of such sort is the error of Dr. Martineau, who, in order to avoid the suspicion of pantheism, limits the divine activity in history to fluid phenomena like the civilizations of Greece and Rome. The "stationary" systems, such as he conceives the Egyptians to have been, were apparently left to maintain themselves without divine support or interference. But although Egypt may seem to the theologian to stand still, the historian better equipped reads a very different lesson:

The Egyptian, whom we are accustomed to consider as a people respecting the established order of things, and conservative of ancient tradition, showed themselves as restless, and as prone to modify or destroy the work of the past, as the most inconstant of our modern nations. The distance of

time which separates them from us, and the almost complete absence of documents, gives them an appearance of immobility, by which we are liable to be unconsciously deceived; when the monuments still existing shall have been unearthed, their history will present the same complexity of incidents, the same agitations, the same instability, which we suspect or know to have been characteristic of most other Oriental nations.

The notes to this volume may be regarded as a critical clue to the whole mass of literature bearing upon the subject. In short, the book makes a double appeal—to the learner as a storehouse of matter, and to the worker as an example of method.

PLATE XXIV.



ARTHUR STRONG.

DRAWING DONE AFTER DEATH BY SIR CHARLES HOLROYD.

PLINY'S HISTORY OF ARTISTS¹

[1897: AET. 34]



HEN the late Mr. James Boswell's narrative of a tour in Corsica appeared, Gray, writing to Walpole, said that it proved that even a fool could write a good book, if he would only put down what he saw and heard. Now the elder Pliny, though no fool, was essentially as incompetent to manage the province which he usurped—namely, all knowledge—as Boswell was to conceive or compose genuine history. He was neither a scientific observer, like Aristotle, nor a philosophical thinker, like Lucretius. But when a compiler to whom—like the man with the muck-rake—nothing comes amiss, for whom no relic is too broken and no fable too absurd, confines his curiosity and his industry only within the limits of reality, the gathered result must impose itself by its mass, if not by its majesty. And then, again, Pliny owes much to this grand prerogative of the ancients, namely, that in process of time their ignorance becomes a something as “rich and strange” as their knowledge. Everything that “the glory that was Greece” once touched, it turned to gold, as the sun gilds the barren peak and the salt sea.

And whether Pliny cuts his commentators or not in Elysium, as we are informed Homer and Aristotle do, of one thing we may be certain: they are just as numerous and obsequious a crowd. And from this point of view it will be clear why the very defects of Pliny as a writer—his looseness of thought and inaccuracy of fact—by adding to the difficulty should add also to the number and the zeal of his commentators. “They that are whole need not a physician.” The work of a thinker can be viewed comprehensively, or it can be

¹ “The Elder Pliny's Chapters on the History of Art.” Translated by K. Jex-Blake. With Commentary and Historical Introduction, by E. Sellers. The “Guardian” February 24, 1897.

tested at particular points. But in the case of a compilation such as this, a register of the infinite variety of manifestations, each item must be separately weighed and checked on its merits. And so it has come to pass that nowadays it takes a whole disciplined army to measure the man who sprawled over the universe like Gulliver in Lilliput. Each can only bring and apply the instrument used in his own particular field, for the ideal editor would have to be greater than his author knowing not only what he knew, but also what he should have known. In short, the ideal commentary may be looked for, as the Editor suggests, in Utopia; but then—

Nemo etiam celebri regnat in Utopia.

The present work is an edition, with a translation and a full commentary, of the chapters dealing with the history of art. These form a complete and peculiar episode, and it is to be noted that the artists enter the gigantic scheme not in their own right, as it were, as expressions of a high order of human genius and activity, but in absolute subordination to the material in which they worked. Aretino called Titian the god of colours, and Sansovino the breath of marbles, and in Pliny's scheme the colours and the marbles come first. It is only when the body has been described and disposed of that he comes to mention that it used once to speak and to move—that he can turn aside for an instant to gossip about Pheidias and Apelles. Nevertheless, these few chapters, quaintly conceived and loosely compacted as they are, form not by nature, but by accident, one of the most precious legacies of antiquity:

An irreparable accident—the total loss of the art-literature which preceded Pliny—has given to the books with which we are here concerned a unique value. It so happens that from his pages only can we now obtain something like a connected impression of the art-literature of the Greeks, as it lay open, if not actually to him, at any rate to some of his immediate predecessors.

This then is what the critic of Pliny has to offer, and to the student of history or of art there can be no greater boon—namely, the restoration to identity, from behind the blurred scribble of the compiler of the men who guided and expressed the thought and feeling of their contemporaries or of posterity, like Vasari and Burke; but with this great difference, that they lived “in the morn-

ing of the times," in full view of those first faultless masterpieces, of which, even after their disappearance, the world has never ceased to dream.

To show how far this analysis has been carried is one of the main objects of Miss Sellers in the introduction, where she displays the resources of comprehensive knowledge and accurate scholarship in a degree which only those who have themselves attempted such a task of minute inquiry will be able fully to appreciate.

It may be worth while just to dwell upon one or two of these Greek art critics, for some of them were the happy originators of anecdotes and fables which have gone on echoing from mouth to mouth ever since, and some already expressed tendencies and employed methods which are once more beginning to proclaim themselves freshly modern at the present day.

We can see Xenocrates, for instance, almost as closely and clearly as we see Vasari. A Sicyonian, or at least bred in that school, he allows the influence of local patriotism not only to colour his estimate of artists, but even to determine their places in his peculiar scheme. A firm believer in what would now be called "evolution," he arranges them in a descending line which also traces the path of a logical development. Each artist attacks and masters some one problem, leaving the next stage to be surmounted by his successor, and the possibilities of art are thus progressively revealed and exhausted, until "the diapason closes full"—in the Sicyonian sculptor Lysippus, and the Sicyonian painter Apelles.

It is often said that truth is eternal, and so probably it is; but only in the sense in which the soul is immortal. For just as we can never realize the immortal in its naked separateness, but only assume or suspect it behind the never-ceasing flow of the visible and material, so truth seems to depend for its maintenance upon a constant supply of fable. The incidents that are always fresh are those that never happened, and they draw their vitality from no root in the world of external fact, but from the deep hidden springs of emotion and aspiration. The colour-grinders probably never laughed at Alexander; but we hear the laugh still, when every word of what was once actually imparted by the father of the wise to the conqueror of the world has been forgotten. Now among the early founders and benefactors who by the invention or circulation of fable have insured truth against the risk of time, Duris of Samos

must henceforth hold an honoured place, for it is to him that, directly or indirectly, Pliny owes the story of Apelles and Protogenes and the split line, of Apelles and the cobbler, and many another delightful tale besides. The pages which Miss Sellers has devoted to tracing and collecting the Duridian elements, as they sparkle here and there in the complex mass, are a very brilliant piece of work, and we cannot do better than quote the conclusion:

We may feel impelled from the side of historical verity to echo the complaint of Plutarch that Duris shows, even where not misled by interest, an habitual disregard of truth, but we are none the less indebted to him for what is perhaps the most enduring charm in the history of the ancient artists. The stories we have been studying, like those countless others which enliven the pages of Greek history, have their rise in a profoundly popular instinct, in the desire to find expression, at once simple and striking, for distinguishing qualities of temperament or of workmanship. And in their graphic force, that "power," if we may borrow from the words which Dionysios applies to the oratory of Lysias, of "driving home to the senses the subject of discourse," they have entered into the very substance of our thought. While every schoolboy is familiar with the tale of Zeuxis and the grapes, a scholar such as August Boeckh could express his ideal of the learned life in the words "dies diem docet ut perdideris quam sine linea transmiseris," or the orator Burke sum up the qualities of that masterly State-paper, "whose every stroke had been justified by historic fact," in the telling phrase, *Thus painters sign their names at Co.*

Another section deals with the cases in which Pliny has been detected repeating or recalling the epigrammatists, those "little masters" of a fastidious decadence, whose tiny chalices sparkle, nevertheless, from the ancient springs. And here, if anywhere, we can feel that Pliny and ourselves stand on common ground, for at the present day we are more ready and apt than he was to mistake literary embroidery about or upon a work of art for the forms and facts of the thing itself. Most people receive no very precise or satisfactory intimation through the sense of sight. They like to have the meaning and motive of what they see carefully drawn out and presented in a compact form of words; but then words, fluent and insinuating, quickly decompose and supplant what they were invoked only to support. The reflection of the real thing, playing fitfully in and out among the adjectives, simulates its first cause or inner motive, and the mind, distracted by the shuffling of labels and

the calling of crow-words, finds no way of escape from the limits of talk to reach the immediate perception of art.

It is said that Memnon used to speak when the sun at his rising, and again at his setting, kissed him. But now "the oracles are dumb" in a sense other than Milton's, and the dry light of science has no such warmth of stimulus to impart, so, like the priests of Baal, we are reduced to the necessity of torturing the tenderness of our own "psychology" to compel the stone gods of the Greeks to hear and answer.

The translation will doubtless be a great help to those of our modern critics who, without knowing either Greek or Latin, must yet be fluent upon the subject of ancient art in the ordinary course of business. We are glad that the learned editors resisted the temptation to reproduce the old version of Holland, not that we ignore the value and the beauty of these English masterpieces, but they belong to the age of full-blooded adventure, when fancy tempted discovery, and their *naïve* exuberances and innocent inaccuracies assort ill with the systematic precaution and precision of modern science. Buddha in one of his parables recounts how that Panini, the great grammarian, through pride in his own attainments, failed to reach Nirvana. Accordingly he was born into the next stage of existence as a dullard, and at school was constantly being whipped for his grammar. It is not for us, however, to disturb the repose of the adventurers upon the ocean of truth, who had first to be bold if their descendants were ever to be wise, and to force upon them all the changes and chances of a new career under the rigid rule of the *privat docent*. "They laboured, so must we." The text that has been followed is, in the main, that of Detlefsen; but not a word has been adopted without revision, or a further appeal, if necessary, to MS. sources.

In conclusion, the present work must be pronounced to be a remarkable achievement on several grounds. As an example of method it should have its effect far beyond the limits of Latin scholarship, for art criticism must begin with documents, even if it ends in delirium. The critic, while he pretends to be as keen as Argus and as quick as Ariel, is tethered to tradition by the ears, and we shall not begin to rave with sobriety about Italian art until it has been shown in the same lucid and systematic way what it is precisely that we have to trade upon.

Meanwhile, between the compiler without eyes and the picture fancier without brains, Clio, the muse of history, waits forlorn for her true lover.

In the second place, this book shows what we are glad to see—namely, that the provincial garden-growth of Cambridge scholarship expands and flowers when brought into the genial and, in the truest sense of the word, humane atmosphere of German science, while to those who watch the signs of the times it affords other and graver matter for reflection. The ideal after which old Pliny groped in the childlike endeavour to touch all he saw and say all he knew still shines beyond and above us like a star; but now both sides of humanity are committed to the quest, for the barriers set up and maintained by ignorance and jealousy are falling or have disappeared. To those who have learnt wisdom under the long discipline of restraint, knowledge now will come quickly, and of this great synthesis posterity will reap the fruit, provided only that they do not forget love.

BUDDHIST ART IN INDIA¹

[1901: AET. 38]



OTHING is more remarkable or characteristic in the present day than the growth and spread of interest in Buddhism. As Dean Stanley remarked years ago, the name of the founder now stands second to one name only. And yet, though we have learnt, or are learning, to appreciate the arts of the Far East—to talk of *bric-à-brac* in terms that might perhaps fit the Sistine Chapel or the Elgin marbles—we are still apt to turn away in disgust from the monstrosities of "Indian Idols." And the cause is not altogether confined to ourselves. The defects of the qualities of Indian literature, its profusion of far-fetched ornament, its tendency to accentuate the occasional and the irrelevant, are brought into fatal prominence by the very conditions of an art like sculpture. In fact, a *Buddhacharita* in fresco or in stone would for most people be difficult to comprehend, impossible to enjoy. And yet there was a time when Buddhist art, touched by the outer waves of the expansion of Hellenism, took on something of the grace and balanced reasonableness of the Greeks without forfeiting its own peculiar secret of tenderness and sublime resignation. Here, too, the parallel with Christianity holds good. Apollo becomes Buddha as Orpheus becomes Christ.

The translator of the present volume was well advised to introduce Professor Grünwedel's work to English readers, for, though it reflects almost too faithfully the character of its theme, being very full of minute detail and by no means easy reading, it is more than a mere survey of Buddhist art; it is an elaborate study of Buddhism on its symbolical as distinct from its literary or historical side. The author, though he makes no concessions to the

¹ "Buddhist Art in India," by Prof. Grünwedel. Translated by Agnes C. Gibson. London, 1902. The "Times," October 16th, 1901.

heretics of modern days, who would exalt the Northern at the expense of the Southern tradition, and minimize, if not cancel, the personality of the Master, is in full sympathy with the exuberance—the grotesque extravagance as some would call it—of the Northern type. This, however, in an inquiry like the present, is all to the good. Moreover, it is a relief nowadays, to find the pages unencumbered with the transitory crow words of “aesthetic” criticism.

At the outset it seems that the Greek influence reached India through Persian channels. This is evident during the period of Asoka, the great King of the edicts, while in the Gāndhāra period, to which most of what we are accustomed to call Graeco-Buddhist work belongs, “the reliefs are entirely based on Grecian composition laws.” The Greek craftsmen or their followers introduced the symbols with which they were most familiar, and these symbols in turn influenced the writers and compilers who, like the author of the “*Lalita vistara*,” recounted or amplified the sculptured story; that is to say, classical symbols were more prolific in the Buddhist than in the Christian sphere. It is true that we find inedited adventures of Jonah frescoed in the catacombs, and Christ not only disguised but employed as Orpheus; but even then the legend was clear-cut and inflexible enough to protect itself against the intrusion of decorative elements. But with Buddhism it was very different. Vajrapani, the attendant and protector of Gautama, begins in the guise of Zeus, but ends in full possession of the dignity of a Bodhisattva; while Ge, or the earth-goddess, seems to have contributed a whole episode to the legend.

With regard to the date of these interesting relics, it seems that we have been too apt to attribute everything in India with a classical savour to the conquests of Alexander, forgetting how faint and fleeting were the traces left by the remotest of his escapades. His Indian venture was abortive and fruitless; in fact, as Foucher points out, the retreat from the Punjab probably resembled a subsequent retreat from Moscow. Moreover, art rarely breaks its native bounds in the period of efflorescence. As a rule it is only when the vital force is spent or on the wane that the last results of effort and experiment can be exported for imitation in definite forms. Leonardo died in France, but it was Primaticcio—*quantum mutatus*—who founded a school there. Anyhow, it was to the *pax*

Romana far more than to the adventures of "Macedonia's madman" that Hellenic art owed its possibility of expansion. What we should have guessed antecedently is confirmed on examination of the forms themselves. The influence at work is not pure Greek, but Graeco-Roman; and, on the whole, Senart is probably right in assigning the bulk of what we call Graeco-Buddhist sculpture to the first two centuries of our era.

The book is sufficiently, though by no means lavishly, illustrated. In this respect the subject would be worthy of more generous treatment. Lastly, not a little of the value of the translation is due to the elaborate care with which it has been edited and in places supplemented by Mr. James Burgess, C.I.E.

APPENDICES

APPENDICES

I

ONE HUNDRED NOTABLE BOOKS SELECTED FROM ARTHUR STRONG'S PURCHASES FOR THE LIBRARY AT CHATSWORTH¹

A. *Fifteenth Century*

ALIGHIERI, DANTE.

Convivio di Dante Alighieri Fiorentino. *Firenze, Francesco Bonaccorsi.* 1490. 4to.

FIOR DE VERTU.

(Begins) [Q]Vesto Libro sie chiamato Fior de Vertu E de uizii metando e raxonâdo. In prima de lauirtu, *etc. s. l. et a.* [c. 1480]. 4to.

An undescribed edition.

REUCHLIN, JOANNES.

De Verbo mirifico. *[Basel, Jo. Amerbach, 1494.]* Folio.

Presentation copy from the editor Conrad Leontorius to Jacob Wimpheling, to whom the work is inscribed.

With this may be noted the purchase of Reuchlin's "Destructio Cabale," 1519.

CAOURSIN, GULIELMUS.

Obsidionis Rhodiæ urbis descriptio. *Ulmæ, per Joannem Reger de Kemnat.* 1496. Folio.

TERENTIUS.

Eunuchus. *[London, Pynson. 1497.]* 4to.

¹ This selection is due to the kindness of Mr. Alfred W. Pollard of the British Museum. Mr. Strong had planned a complete revision of Sir James Lacaïta's Catalogue, into which he should incorporate the additions (to the number of about 1,200 vols.) he had himself made to the library. As this, one of the most cherished of his schemes, was not put into execution, the above list may serve to give a notion of his activity as librarian.

SIMPLICIUS.

Hypomnemata in Aristotelis *Categoryas* (Gr.). *Venetiis, opera et industria Zachariæ Caliergi.* 1499. Folio.

With Casaubon's autograph.

B. Sixteenth Century

POLITI, LANZILOTTO.

La Sconfita di Monte Aperto. *Impresso nella alma citta di Siena per Symione di Nicholo cartolaio.* 1502. 4to.

As a frontispiece is a woodcut view of Siena with an apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and the inscription "Salva nos ne pereamus."

SALLUST.

Here begynneth the famous cronycle of the warre which the romayns had against Jugurth . . . translated by syr Alexander Barclay preest at cōmaundement of the right hye and mighty prince: Thomas duke of Northfolke. [With the Latin text.] *London. Pynson [c. 1520.]* Folio.

With the Roxburgh arms on binding. From the Carr sale.

GAFURIUS, FRANCHINUS.

Franchini Gafurii . . . de Harmonia Musicorum Instrumentorum Opus. *Mediolani per Gotardum Pontanum.* 1512. Folio.

Dedicated to Grolier.

JOSQUIN DES PRÈS.

Liber primus Missarum Josquin. [Fossombrone, Petrucci, 1516.]

The alto part only: with the alto parts of four other masses printed by Petrucci, 1503-1515.

MORE, SIR THOMAS.

Libellus vere aureus . . . de optimo reip. statu deq. nova Insula Utopia. [Louvain, Thierry Martin.] 1516. 4to.

EURIPIDES.

Hecuba & Iphigenia in Aulide, Euripidis tragoeiae, in latinum tralatae Erasmo Roterodamo interprete. Eiusdem Ode de laudibus Britanniae Regisque Henrici septimi . . . Eiusdem Ode de senectutis incommodis. *Venetiis, in Edibus Aldi.* 1517. 8vo.

AESCHYLUS.

Tragoediae Sex. *Venetiis, in Aedibus Aldi et And. Soceri.*
1518. 8vo.

From the Carr sale. With the autograph of the Basel printer Hervagius.

LA FONTAINE DES AMOUREUX.

Paris, Jehan Janot. [c. 1520.] 4to.

LUTHER, MARTIN.

[A volume of Luther pamphlets mostly printed at Wittenberg in the years 1520-1522.]

SACHS, HANS.

Disputatio zwischen eynem Chorherren vnd Schumacher
darinne das wort Gottis vnd ein recht Christlich wesen ver-
fachten wirdt. *Spyer.* 1524. 4to.

CARPI, UGO DA.

Thesauro de Scrittori. Opera artificiosa. . . . Intagliata per
Ugo da Carpi. [Rome.] 1525. 4to.

HESIOD.

Opera cum Comentariis T. Tzetze.

Gaisford's copy, interleaved and annotated with readings of 12 Paris
MSS.

ERASMUS, DESIDERIUS.

Christiani Matrimonii Institutio. *Basileae, Froben.* 1526. 4to.

DÜRER, ALBRECHT.

Vier bücher von menschlicher Proportion. *Nüremberg.* 1528.
Folio.

TORY, GEOFFROY.

Champ Fleury. Auquel est contenu Lart & Science de la
deue & vraye Proportion des Lettres Attiques . . . Propor-
tionnees selon le corps & Visage humain. *A Paris,* . . . a
Lenseigne du Pot Cassé. 1529. Small folio.

SKELTON, JOHN.

Here after foloweth a lytell boke, whiche hath to name, why
come ye not to courte? *London, Richard Kele* [c. 1520.] 8vo.

MELIADUS DE LEONNOYS.

Du present Volume sont contenus les nobles faictz darmes
du vaillant roy Meliadus de Leonnoys. . . . Nouuellement
Imprimee a Paris. *Paris, Denys Janot.* 1532. Folio.

HOLBEIN, HANS.

Les simulachres et historiees faces de la Mort, autant elem gammēt pourtraictes, que artificiellement imaginees. *Lyon. Melchior et Gaspar Trechsel. 1538. 4to.*

The first edition of these Holbein woodcuts; with quatrains by Gilles Corrozet.

— Historiarum Veteris Testamenti Icones. [Similarly with quatrains by Gilles Corrozet. 4to. *Lugduni. Trechsel. 1539.*]

HENRY VIII.

A Necessary Doctrine and erudition for any chrysten man, set furth by the kynges maiestye of Englande. *London, Thomas Berthelet. 1543. 8vo.*

Also the Latin version of this work, 1544, 4to, in original soft calf binding, with MS. verses on fly-leaf and at end.

ARCHADELT, JACOB.

Primo libro di Madrigali. *Venetiis, apud Antonium Gardane. 1543.*

LELAND, JOHN.

Assertio inclytissimi Arturij Regis Britanniae. *Londini, apud Joannem Herford. 1544. 4to.*

COMPLAINT.

A ruful complaint of the publyke weale to Englande. *London, Thomas Raynald [c. 1548.]*

CHAMPIER, SYMPHORIEN.

La Vie et les Gestes du preux Chevalier Bayard. *A Paris, pour Jehan Bonfonds. [1550.] 4to.*

BALE, JOHN, BISHOP OF OSSORY.

The Image of both churches after the moste wonderful . . . Revelacion of Saint John. *London, Jhon Daye & William Seres. [c. 1551.] 8vo.*

[There were also purchased "The Apology of Johan Bale agaynst a rank Papyste" (Day, 1560); his "Declaration of Edmonde Bonners articles concerning the cleargye of London dyocese" (Tysdall for Coldocke); another edition of "The Image of Both Churches" (East, 1566?); "A mystery of Inyquette" (Geneva, Michael Woode, 1545); and "The Pageant of Popes" (Marshe, 1574).]

SEYMOUR, LADY ANNE.

Le Tombau de Marguerite de Valois, Reyne de Nauarre.

Faict premierement en Distiques Latins par les trois Sœurs (Anne, Marguerite, Jane de Seymour) Princesses en Angleterre. . . . Avec plusieurs Odes . . . sur le mesme subject. *Paris, Michel Fezandat & Robert Cranzon.* 1551. 8vo.

Engraved portrait of Marguerite.

GEMINUS, THOMAS.

Compendiosa totius Anatomiae delineatio. *London, Nycholas Hill.* [1553.] Folio.

With a fine engraved title-page.

BOCCACCIO, GIOVANNI.

A Treatise excellent and compēdious shewing and declaring, in maner of Tragedye, the falles of sondry most notable Princes and Princesses with other nobles through y^e mutabilitie and change of unstedfast Fortune, together with their most detestable and wicked vices. First compyled in Latin by . . . Bocatius. . . . And sence . . . translated . . . by Dan John Lidgate Monke of Burye. And now newly imprinted. *London, Richard Tottel.* 1554. Folio.

DARINEL.

La Sphere des deux mondes, composée en François, par Darinel pasteur des Amadis. Avec un Epithalame sur les nupces & mariage de Tresillustre . . . Prince, Don Philippe, Roy d'Angleterre, etc. Commenté . . . & enrichy de . . . fables. . . . Par G. B. D., B. C. C., de C. N. L. [Gilles Boileau de Bouillon] OUBLI. *Anvers, F. Richart.* 1555. 4to.

Woodcut maps and other illustrations.

BONIZZONI, ELIZEO.

Il primo libro delle Canzoni a quattro voci. *[Venice.]* 1569.

FULKE, WILLIAM.

Oυρανούχια, hoc est Astrologorum Ludus. *Londini, Per Thomam Eastium & Henricum Middletonum, impensis Gulielmi Jones.* 1572. 4to.

HENRY III, KING OF FRANCE.

Ordonnance du Roy par laquelle il est prohibé à toutes personnes [excepté ceux qu'il a pleu à sa Majesté en exempter] de porter sur eux, en habillements ne autres ornemēts, aucuns

draps ne toiles d'or & d'argent . . . ne autres telles superflitez: avec defense aux bourgeois de changer leur estat. *Paris.* 1573. 4to.

VARAMUNDUS, ERNESTUS, PSEUD.

De Furoribus Gallicis. . . . *Londini, Bynneman.* 1573. 8vo.
Attributed to François Hotman.

PETRARCA, FRANCESCO.

Phisicke against Fortune as well prosperous as adverse . . . now first Englished by Thomas Twyne. *London.* 1579. 8vo.

Also the German translation of "De remediis utriusque fortuna," "Trostspiegel in Glück und Unglück" (Franckfort-am-Main. 1572). With cuts by Hans Weiditz. Folio.

BATMAN, STEPHEN.

Batman upon Bartholome. His booke De Proprietatibus Rerum [translated by J. Trevisa]. Newly corrected, enlarged and amended. *London, T. East.* 1582. Fol.

JAMES I, KING OF ENGLAND.

The Essayes of a Prentise, in the Divine Art of Poesie. *Edinburgh, Thomas Vautroullier.* 1584. 4to.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Declaratio causarum, quibus adducta Angliae Regina Belgis afflictis & oppressis copias quasdam auxiliares miserit. *Londini, Christopherus Barkerus.* 1585. 8vo.

CHYRSOSTOM, S. JOHN.

D. Iohannis Chrysostomi Homiliae sex, ex manuscriptis Codicibus Noui Collegij: Joannis Harmari . . . opera & industria nunc primum graecè in lucem editae. *Oxonii, Ex officina typographica Josephi Barnesii.* 1586.

The first Greek book printed at Oxford.

MADRIGALS.

Canto de Flori da Virtuosi d'Italia. . . . Madrigali à Cinque Voci. *Venetia.* 1586.

With other Italian madrigals of the same date by Luca Marenzio and others.

PREMATICAS.

[A Collection of Spanish Royal Proclamations.] *Madrid.* 1588-1638. Fol.

STAPLETON, THOMAS.

Tres Thomae. Seu de S. Thomae Apostoli rebus gestis. De S. Thoma Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi & Martyre. D. Thomae Mori Angliae quondam Cancellarij Vita. *Duaci, Ex Officina Joannis Bogardi.* 1588. 8vo.

Copperplate portrait of Thomas More.

CAMPION, EDWARD.

A true reporte of the death and martyrdome of M. Campion, Jesuite & preiste, and M. Sherwin, and M. Bryan priestes, at Tiborne the first of December 1581. Observid and written by a Catholike preist, who was present. *s. a. et l.* 8vo.

HOLLAND, HENRY.

A treatise against Witchcraft, or A Dialogue, wherein the greatest doubts concerning that sinne, are briefly answered. . . . Hereunto is also added a short discourse, conteining the most certen meanes ordained of God, to discover expel and to confound all the Sathanicall inuentions of Witchcraft and sorcerie. *Cambridge, John Legatt.* 1590. 4to.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Discours véritable de diverses conspirations nagueres descouvertes contre la propre vie de la très-excellente Majesté de la Royne: par assassinement autant barbares, comme la conseruation a este miraculeuse. *A Londres, Par Charles Yetsweirt. Et a la Haye.* 1595. 4to.

GONZALEZ DE MENDOÇA, JUAN.

Las Cosas mas notables, ritos y costumbres, del gran Reyno de la China . . . el ano 1580. Con un Itinerario del nuevo Mundo. *Anvers.* 1596. 8vo.

BACON, FRANCIS, VISCOUNT ST. ALBANS.

Essaies. Religious Meditations. Places of perswasion and dissuasion. Seene and allowed. *London. For Humfrey Hooper.* 1598. 12mo.

Bound with these are the Essays by Sir W. Cornewaleys the younger, Knight (E. Mattes, 1600).

LOMAZZO, GIOVANNI PAULO.

A Tracte contayning the Arte of Curious Painting . . .

Englished by R[ichard] H[aydocke]. *Oxford. J. Barnes.*
1598. 4to.

Copperplate title and illustrations.

MANUSCRIPT.

PARKER, HENRY, 8TH BARON MORLEY.

Boccaccio's "De Praeclaris Mulieribus, that is to say in
Englishe of the ryght renomyde ladyes." 4to. 96 pp. on
vellum.

This translation, with the exception of a short specimen inserted in F. G. Waldron's Literary Museum, 1789, has never been published. The MS., which is in perfect condition, begins with a short dedication "to the moste hygh, moste puysaunte, moste excellent and moste Chrysten Kynge . . . Henry the Eighte . . ." and ends with the life "of Lucres the wyfe to Collatayne." On the back of the last page is a short calendar of the months with the number of hours in the days and nights of each. Probably the identical book presented to Henry VIII by Lord Morley. From the Phillipps sale, MS. 10416.

C. Seventeenth Century

BEROALDE DE VERVILLE, FRANÇOIS.

Les Tableaux des riches inventions couuertes du voile des
feintes Amoureuses, qui sont representees dans le Songe de
Poliphile desvoilees des ombres du Songe, & subtilement ex-
posees par Beroalde. *et Paris, Chez Matthieu Guillemot.*
1600. 4to.

With the autograph of the Duc de Valentinois.

DEKKER, THOMAS.

The wonderfull yeare. 1603. Wherein is shewed the picture
of London, lying sicke of the Plague. *London, Thomas Creede.*
1603. 4to.

SCHICKHAUT, HEINRICH.

Beschreibung einer Raisz welche der . . . Fürst . . . Friderich
Herzog zu Württemberg . . . Im Jahr 1599 . . . auss dem
Lande zu Württemberg in Italian gethan. *Tübingen.* 1603.
4to.

JAMES I, KING OF ENGLAND.

Bazilikon Doron. *Londini, Johannes Norton.* 1604. 8vo.

COPRARIO, JOHN.

Funeral Teares for the Death of the Right Honourable the Earle of Devonshire. Figured in seaven Songs whereof sixe are so set forth that the wordes may be exprest by a treble voice alone to the Lute and Base Viole. . . . The Seaventh is made in forme of a Dialogue, and cannot be sung without two voyces. *London, printed by John Windet, . . . for John Browne.* 1606. Fol.

Bound with Campion and Coprario's "Songs of Mourning." See below.

STEVIN, SIMON.

Hypomnemata Mathematica. *Leyden.* 1608. Fol.

In a fine De Thou binding.

MORLEY, THOMAS.

A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke. Set downe in forme of a Dialogue. *London, Humfrey Lownes.* 1608. Fol.

ROWLANDS, SAMUEL.

Humours Looking Glasse. *London, Imprinted by Ed. Alde for William Ferebrand.* 1608. 4to.

WEELKES, THOMAS.

Balletts and Madrigales to fие voyces, with one to 6. voyces. *London, Thomas Este.* 1608. 4to.

LESCARBOT, MARC.

Nova Francia Or the Description of that Part of New France, which is one Continent with Virginia. . . . Translated . . . into English by P. E[rondelle]. *London, for Andrew Hebb. [1609.]* 4to.

Map of Canada by Lescarbot inserted after Table of Contents.

CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE.

Galatea. *Paris.* 1611. 8vo.

CAMPION, THOMAS, AND COPRARIO JOIN.

Songs of Mourning: Bewailing the untimely Death of Prince Henry. Worded by Tho. Campion. And sent forth to bee sung with one voyce to the Lute, or Viole: By John Coprario. *London, printed for John Browne.* 1613.

ROWLANDS, SAMUEL.

More Knaves Yet? The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds.
London, printed for John Toye, at St. Magnus'. [1613?] 4to.

The only other copy known is in the Bodleian.

GALILEI, GALILEO.

Istoria e Dimostrazioni intorno alle Macchie Solari. *Roma.*
 1613. 8vo.

Also "Il Saggiatore" (1623) and the "Dialogo . . . sopra i due . . . Sistemi del Mondo Tolemaico, e Copernicano" (1632).

GRAYS INN.

The Maske of Flowers. Presented by the Gentlemen of Graies Inne, at the Court of White-hall, in the Banqueting-House, upon Twelfe night, 1613. *London.* 1614. 4to.

A very beautiful copy in original vellum, edges untouched.

LINSCHOTEN, J. H. VAN.

Navigatio ac Itinerarium Johannis Hugonis Linscotani . . . in Orientalem sive Lusitanorum Indiam. *Amsterdam.* 1614. Fol.

CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE.

Segunda Partie del Ingegnoso Caballero Don Quixote de la Mancha. *Madrid, Por Juan de la Cuesta.* 1615. 8vo.

BARLOWE, WILLIAM.

Magneticall Aduertisements: or Divers Pertinent obseruations, & approued experiments concerning the . . . Loadstone: Very pleasant for knowledge, and most needful for practise, of travelling. *London.* 1616. 4to.

ALVA, DUKE OF.

Le Miroir de la Cruelle et Horrible Tyrannie Espagnole perpetree au Pays Bas, par le Tyran Duc de Albe. . . . Ou a adjoint la deuixiesme partie de les Tyrannies commises aux Indes Occidentales. [By Las Casas.] *Amsterdam, Cloppenburg.* 1620. 4to.

TAYLOR, JOHN.

An English-Mans Love to Bohemia: With a friendly Farewell to all the noble Souldiers that goe from Great Britaine to that honorable Expedition. *Dort.* 1620. 4to.

HELIODORUS.

Heliodorus, his Aethiopian Historie. *London, Printed by Felix Kingston, for William Barret.* 1622. 4to.

From the library of William Morris.

RUGGLE, GEORGE.

Ignoramus. *Comoedia coram Regia Maiestate Jacobi Regis Angliae. Londini.* 1630. 12°.

CAMPANELLA, TOMMASO.

Atheismus Triumphatus seu reductio ad religionem per scientiarum veritatis. *Romæ, apud hæredem B. Zanetti.* 1631. 4to.

CAREW, THOMAS.

Poems. By Thomas Carew, Esquire. One of the Gentlemen of the Privie-Chamber, and Sewer in Ordinary to His Majestie. *London.* 1640. 8vo.

LAUD, ARCHBISHOP.

Ladensium *αὐτοκταυρίς*, The Canterburyans self-conviction. Or an evident demonstration of the avowed Arminianism, Poperie, and tyrannie of that Faction, by their owne confessions. With a Post-script to the Personate Jesuit Lysimachus Nicanor [John Corbet], a prime Canterburyan. 1640. 4to.

Bound with twenty-four other pamphlets, attacking the Archbishop, or narrating his trial and execution.

LITTLE GIDDING.

The Arminian Nunnery: or A brief description and relation of the late erected Monasticall Place, called the Arminian Nunnery at Little Gidding in Huntingdon-Shire, humbly recommended to the wise consideration of this present Parliament. *London.* 1641. 4to.

TERENTIUS, PUBLIUS.

Publii Terentii Comoediae. *Parisiis, E Typographia Regia.* 1642. Fol.

At the bottom of the title-page: "Présenté à sa Majesté La Reine de Suede par monsieur L'Eminentissime Cardinal Mazarini premier Ministre du Roy tres chrestien le 2 Januier 1647."

HAMOND, WALTER.

Madagascar, the Richest & most Fruitfull Island in the

World. . . . Dedicated to the Hon. John Bond, Governour of the Island, whose proceeding is Authorized for this Expedition, both by the King and Parliament. *London.* 1643. 4to.

USHER, JAMES, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

Jacobi Usserii Armachani de Macedonum et Asianorum Anno Solari dissertatio. *Londini.* 1648. 8vo.

HOWELL, JAMES.

Epistolae Ho-Elianae, Familiar Letters Domestic & Forren. . . . The Second Edition, enlarged. . . . With . . . a third volume of new Letters. *London.* 1650. 8vo.

3 vols. in 1. Engraved title-page by Marshall.

MANASSEH BEN ISRAEL.

The Hope of Israel. Written by Menasseh Ben Israel, an Hebrew Divine, and Philosopher. Newly extant, and Printed in Amsterdam, and Dedicated by the Author to the High Court, the Parliament of England, and to the Councell of State. Translated into English, and published by Authority. *London.* 1650. 8vo.

TERENTIUS.

Comoediae Sex. *Leyden.* 1651. 8vo.

[Porson's copy with MS. notes; and the autograph of the Prince of Orange on title-page. Other classics which had belonged to Porson were also purchased: an "Aristaenetus: Epistolae Graecae, 1590," also with MS. notes and emendations in his hand; and an "Aesopus, 1716," from the Carr Library.]

MAZARINADES.

[A collection of sixty Mazarinades of the year 1651, bound in one quarto volume.]

REPORTS AND TRIALS.

The Tryall and Examination of Mrs. Joan Peterson. . . . at the Sessions House in the Old Bayley, for her supposed Witchcraft, and poysoning of the Lady Powel at Chelsey, Together with her Confession at the Bar.

Also, the Tryal, Examination, and Confession, of Giles Fenderlyn, who had made a Covenant with the Devil . . . and how the Devil saluted him in the likeness of a Lawyer. [With other Reports and Trials.] *London.* 1652. 4to.

HERBERT, OF CHERBURY, LORD.

Expeditio in Ream Insulam. *Londini, H. Moseley.* 1656.
8vo.

HOBBS, THOMAS.

$\Sigma \tau i \gamma \mu a i$ Ἀγεωμετρίας, Ἀγρονίας, Ἀντιπολιτέας Αμαθείας or Markes
of the $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Absurd Geometry} \\ \text{Rural Language} \\ \text{Scottish Church-Politicks} \\ \text{And Barbarisme} \end{array} \right.$

of John Wallis Professor of Geometry and Doctor of Divinity.
. . . *London.* 1657. 4to.

With Wallis's "Correction for Mr. Hobbes or Schoole Discipline,
1656-7."

PASCAL, BLAISE.

Les Provinciales ou Les Lettres esrites par Louis de Montalte a Un Provincial de ses Amis & ami RR. PP. Jesuites: sur le sujet de la Morale, & de la Politique de ces Pères. *A Cologne, Ches Pierre de la Vallée.* 1657. 4to.

The "Advis de Messieurs les Curez" and Arnauld's letters "à un Duc et Pair" are bound in same volume. This is the first collective issue of the "Provinciales."

LEIBNITZ, GOTTFRIED WILHELM VON.

Dissertatio de arte combinatoria . . . nova etiam Artis Meditandi seu Logicæ inventionis semina sparguntur. Præfixa est. . . Demonstratio Existentiæ Dei ad mathematicam certitudinem exacta. *Lipsiae.* 1666. 4to.

LOCKE, JOHN.

An Essay concerning Humane Understanding. In Four Bookes. *London, for Tho. Basset.* 1690. Fol.

D. *Eighteenth Century*

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC.

Opticks: Or a Treatise of the Reflections, Refractions, Inflections and Colours of Light. Also Two Treatises of the Species and Magnitude of Curvilinear Figures. *London.* 1704. 4to.

SWIFT, JONATHAN.

A Meditation upon a Broom-Stick And Somewhat Beside of the same Authors. *London.* 1710. 8vo.

Also "A Tale of a Tub," 1704.

STEELE, SIR RICHARD.

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Frontispiece by Gravelot.

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M. T. Cicero's Cato Major, or his discourse of Old-Age; With Explanatory Notes. *Philadelphia, Printed and sold by B. Franklin.* 1744. 4to.

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II

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1890.

(1) Votive Inscription of Assurnatsirpal. (2) Inscription of Rimmon-nivari III. (3) Three Votive Inscriptions of Assurnatsirpal. } "Records of the Past," N.S., vol. iv, 1890.

1891.

(4) The Nimrod Inscription of Tiglath Pileser III: "Records of the Past," N.S., vol. v, 1891.
(5) The Maha-Bodhi-Vajsa: Pali Text Society.
(6) Two Edicts of Assurbanipal: "Journal of R.A.S.," 1891.

1892.

(7) Inscription of Assur-Bêl-Kala: "Records of the Past," N.S., vol. vi, 1892.
(8) Prayer of Assurbanipal: "Records of the Past," N.S., vol. vi, 1892.
(9) Three Cuneiform Texts: "Babylonian and Oriental Record," July, 1892.
(10) Four Cuneiform Texts: "Journal of R.A.S.," 1892.

1893.

(11) On some Oracles to Esarhaddon and Assurbanipal: "Beiträge zur Assyriologie," ii, 1893.
(12) Un texte inédit d'Assurbanipal: "Journal Asiatique," 1893.
(13) A Letter to Assurbanipal: "Hebraica," vol. iv, 1893.

1894.

(14) The *Futah al-Habashah*, or The Conquest of Abyssinia: Monograph, Williams and Norgate, 1894.
(15) Note on a Fragment of the Adapa Legend: "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology," vol. xvi, 1894.

¹ Taken from the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society" for April, 1904.

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- (16) Additional Note on the Adapa Legend: "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology," vol. xvii, 1895.
- (17) "Some Assyrian Alliterative Texts: *ibid.*
- (18) A History of Kilwa: "Journal of R.A.S.," 1895.

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- (19) A Hymn of Nebuchadnezzar: "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology," 1898.

1903.

- (20) Arabic Text of Ibn Arabshah's History of Jakmak, Sultan of Egypt. The editing has been undertaken by Mr. Seyd Ali Bilgrami, and the complete text will be published shortly by the R.A.S.
- (21, 22) A long Assyrian Text and an Egyptian Inscription have been left in an advanced state of preparation.

III

ARTICLES BY ARTHUR STRONG NOT REPRINTED IN THIS VOLUME

1877 (*aet. 14*) Note on Jacopello del Fiore: "Notes and Queries," V Series, vol. vii, p. 395, May 19th, 1877.
(?) "My Experiences at Lloyds." Contributed to — (?).
(?) "Appointment to the Slavonic Readership at Oxford": "Galigiani's Messenger" (?).
(?) Max Müller's "Science of Language": "Nature" (?).
(?) Article on a Book of Professor Sayce. Contributed to — (?).
(?) Article on a Book of Dr. Rutherford. Contributed to — (?).
1890 (*aet. 27*) "The Golden Bough." By J. G. Frazer: "Athenæum," August 2nd, 1890.
" " " Les Conférences de M. Robertson-Smith sur la Religion des Sémites": "Revue de l'Histoire des Religions," vol. xxi (1890), pp. 312 ff.
1894 (*aet. 31*) "Cyprus, the Bible, and Homer." By Max Ohnefalsch Richter: "Speaker," May 26th, 1894.
" " " Sir Joshua Reynolds." By Claude Phillips: "Art Journal," April, 1894, p. 127.
1895 (*aet. 32*) "The Art of William Quiller Orchardson." By Sir Walter Armstrong: "Guardian," May 29th, 1895.
1898 (*aet. 35*) "Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton: "Times," November 23rd, 1898.

Mr. Strong also translated and edited Dr. Paul Kristeller's "Andrea Mantegna" (1900), and prepared for the Duchess of Devonshire the "Selection from the Letters of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," which appeared in the "Anglo-Saxon Review" of June and November, 1899. Mr. Strong, after making arrangements for the new edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in Italy," was prevented by illness either from contributing to the new notes or from assisting his co-editor in the general revision of the work, nor was he able to write the Prefatory Essay which he had planned on the history and development of art-criticism.

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